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EDITED BY

THE REV. LAL BEHARJ DAY.

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THE BENGAL MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1875.

LORD GEORGE HAMILTON ON OPIUM.

By A Hindustani.

The Opium Traffic, which is perhaps a greater source of iniquity than of revenue to our Government, has just passed through a fresh Parliamentary "fight," and a British peer has assured the world that opium being a stimulant suited to the habits and dispositions of Asiatic peoples, the denunciations of which it is occasionally made the stock-theme are absurd. Lord Hamilton's arguments cannot be properly comprehended and prized till we enjoy a bright glimpse of the incontrovertible premisses on which they are based. The axiomatic truth on which he hangs his array of reasoning in favor of the traffic denounced by his opponents is, that man, in all conditions and circumstances of life, needs some artificial stimulant or other to soothe his irritated feelings, to revive his drooping spirits, and to enliven and animate him so far as to enable him to fight cheerfully and hopefully the great battle of life. There are certainly many things that prepare us for the great and awful conflict which we are engaged, heart and soul, in pushing forward, and from which we have not the slightest hope of being liberated on this side the grave, wholesome food, good living, mental exercise and moral earnestness;—the gross material things that nourish and cherish our bodies, the pure and lofty truths that invigorate and expand our minds, and the holy principles that sanctify and adorn our moral nature are all calculated to nerve us, so to speak, for the sharp struggle which is our inevitable portion in this life. And none of these valuable things ought to be despised or thrown into the back

ground. Wholesome food and good living are as essential to our success in the terrible warfare in which we are necessarily and unavoidably engaged, as intellectual exercise and moral principles. To feed and pamper the mind and soul, and let the body to perish by starvation—this is the very best way of flying out of the world, not of carrying on its great work and arduous conflict. Nay, it is impossible to secure a healthy mind and a vigorous moral nature without the help of a healthy body. Good food, therefore, and good living must not be despised, must be secured ere we can be in a position to perform the arduous duties, and carry on the prodigious and formidable warfare of life. But good living supposes seasons of healthy recreation, as well as times of hard work, the din and turmoil of a regular campaign season, as well as the quietude and rest of an armistice. Some resource for a season of rest is as much a necessity as something definite to do when working hours have to be whiled away. Some stimulant is needed to make hours of recreation more pleasant than they would be, were such an auxiliary to the agreeable and pleasant elements of life entirely thrown out of the work. Nay, Lord Hamilton would very likely go further, and maintain, that some stimulant or other is needed, not merely to enliven our hours of relaxation, but to make our working hours more productive. We need something, over and above the stimulus supplied by the mechanism of our bodies, as they are propelled by our animal spirits and other internal forces, to make us work at the railway speed at which things are done in this age of progress. Something volatile, brisk and exhilarating as the libations poured forth in our festive meetings, or glutinous, wax-like in consistency, but dreadfully dark in color, as the drug which is swallowed and smoked in China, is needed to spur us on, when working or sitting, to stimulate our industry or laziness, and lash up our zeal into feverish excitement, or cause it to subside into a dead calm. The man, who works with his brains clear and eyes innocent of the sparkle attached thereto by some stimulating force, is sure to work in a dull, humdrum, creakish way, while one who is under some influence or

inspiration is equally sure to dash off at railway speed, displaying a vivacity and a sprightliness that must needs extort the applause of all spectators. Witness the coachman, who is half seas over, driving merrily over slow-moving carts and stupid pedestrians, and pouring contempt on your municipal regulations and civil laws! Some stimulant thus is needed to make work itself productive and remunerative. The axiom then is established that man needs some stimulant or other to grace his hours of relaxation as well as to make his work both energetic and productive.

But man is a big, generic term, and represents various species of human beings with various habitudes of life and modes of thought and feeling. The European races, for instance, occupy a position, so far as habits of life are concerned, which is the very antipodes of that occupied by the Asiatic races. The ethnological peculiarity of the European races is in one word *activity*, while that of the Asiatic races is *indolence*. Action is the *forte* of the one set of peoples, and meditation is the *forte* of the other. The European nations, therefore, need a stimulant which stimulates activity and enterprise, but the Asiatic nations need one which stimulates passivity and meditateness. One stimulant will not do for both these families of nations. Beer and brandy are peculiarly suited to the European peoples who need something to stir up their activity, their energy and their enterprise, the sensitive spirit which becomes uncontrollable under insult, the buoyant courage which smiles at such things as difficulties and obstacles, the impetuosity which flies at the enemy with something like bull-dog fury, and the recklessness which in the hour of danger cares a fig for comfort or life. To give them a soothing, sedative and a soporific drug like opium is to destroy their national peculiarities, to annihilate their ethnological buoyancy of spirit and force of character. John Bull needs beer and whiskey to place within his reach the wholesome stimulus of which he stands in need. Beer has made him what he is, steady, industrious and enterprising, polite but not over-refined, cheerful, but not gay, courageous but not dashing; fond alike of work

during working hours and of pleasure during seasons of recreation. Beer has made him, but opium is sure to unmake him,—to deprive him of his diligence and perseverance, his practical turn of mind and business-like habits, and change him from an earnest worker into an imaginative, dreamy thinker. The stimulant suited to his constitutional peculiarities and habits of life is beer, not opium. It should be remembered that he needs wines of a stronger kind than his neighbours of hot, Keltic blood. He is less excitable, less volatile, less hot-blooded than, for instance, the Frenchman, and the sweet wines of France which are strong enough to pitch up his Keltic brethren to the boiling point may not find him far above zero. The sweet wines of France and Italy may do for the excitable, hot-blooded peoples of those countries, but ale, brisk ale, mighty sherry, and all-conquering whiskey, are the beverage he needs to work up his more phlegmatic temperament into the feverish excitement needed to enable him to lead a happy life in the midst of his various duties.

But the stimulant needed by John Bull is not suited to Asiatic peoples. These peoples have very little activity and energy in them, and the stimulant which stirs up activity and energy is evidently wasted on them. The “national beverage” of good, old England is a powerful auxiliary to the national virtues of England; and where the virtues are wanting the beverage is a superfluity, and may do more harm than good. But it must not be supposed that Asiatic peoples, because they are destitute of the excellencies by which John Bull is distinguished, are therefore devoid of all virtue. Though deficient in what philosophers and moralists call the active virtues, the principle of compensation, so conspicuous in every department of nature, has clothed them with the passive ones. Gentleness, meekness, quiet endurance and calm meditation, are the moral delicacies in which these peoples revel. And consequently they need a stimulant which can prove a potent auxiliary to these virtues, which will make them more immobile, more meditative and more imaginative. Now, opium is obviously such a stimulant. It robs man of whatever little activity and energy he may boast of,

stupifies his mind, sinks his spirits, and makes him a sworn enemy to action, and a bosom friend to perpetual dreaming. Is not this the stimulant the Asiatic nations stand in need of? And so long as England has its beer and whiskey, is it not wrong to deprive the Asiatics of that which is the only solace they have amid the trials and vexations of life? We, Asiatics, ought to feel grateful to "the noble Lord" for manifesting so deep an interest in our affairs, for striving to preserve to our use the only life-giving or rather death-giving stimulant, suited to the dead immobility of our natures, and to our paternal Government the benefits of a trade which next to Land Revenue is the largest source of income within its reach!

Lord George Hamilton has not only conferred on us a great boon, and on the Government the continuance of a perennial though fluctuating source of income, but scattered to the winds the arguments of the fanatics who now and then make the holy Opium Traffic the butt of their ignorant and senseless attacks. If the opium must be decried, beer must be decried; and if beer is decried, the fundamental principle that man needs some stimulant or other to make life agreeable to him must be called in question. And if all stimulants are thrown away, then is our faith in the necessities of human nature vain—we are still in our sins! So you cannot prohibit the use of opium without at the same time prohibiting the use of alcohol. And if alcohol is prohibited, what will the poor Englishman do? It were better for him that a millstone were hung about his neck and he cast into the sea! Lord Hamilton is, doubtless, aware that there are some fanatics who do most presumptuously call in question the grand intuitive truth on which his warm advocacy in favor of the opium traffic is based, who in the teeth of both common sense and fact maintain that man does not need any physical stimulant more powerful than food and Adam's ale. But the arguments of these zealots are not worthy of a formal mention in the British Parliament. There is only one objectionable feature in the Opium Traffic to which it were to be wished reference had been made by his Lordship. If opium is needed by Asiatic nations, it is

needed by our countrymen as well as by the people of China. It ought therefore to be served for domestic consumption, rather than be exported to a foreign country. But perhaps Lord Hamilton is of opinion, that as we belong to the great "Aryan stock" beer is the stimulant we need rather than opium; and as we can depend upon England for a copious supply of that beverage, we need not hesitate to make China happy by an abundant supply of the dark drug as England has made us happy by an abundant supply of the red drink.

REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT IN INDIA.

At the present day somehow or other there is fast growing in our educated youth generally a hankering after Representative Government. Whether such a government is favorable to the future political progress of our country, or calculated to deteriorate its future well-being, we are now scarcely able to determine. But it does seem to us that, however much our educated youth may declaim against England and Englishmen for withholding representative institutions from us, we are not yet prepared to govern ourselves.

There are several very strong reasons which have led us to the conclusion that we should at present be satisfied with the existing system of government. Our space will not permit us to put in all those reasons; we shall therefore touch upon some of them, together with suggestions as to how our educated youth may best raise the status of the country politically.

In the first place, however strongly our educated young men may denounce the old-fashioned notions of our ancestors about government, and express condemnation in the strongest language of their plebeian proclivities, it is nevertheless a fact that most of them are very little superior to their forefathers either in political

matters or in civilization. We believe none can shut his eyes to the fact, that there is at present in our educated youth a total absence of desire for action. Indeed, such an inert state in which they have placed themselves is prejudicial to the future welfare of the country. For the consequence will be that none will devote his energies and talents to the advancement of our country. We think we are right in saying, that the want of a strong native voice in the Indian Legislative Council, the want of a representative from this country in the British Parliament, and the want of a healthy public opinion which alone can resist the oppressions of a despot and before which the learned and the illiterate, the powerful and the weak, all alike bow down without hesitation,—all these wants are not felt by our educated countrymen. This is to be attributed to the fact that their wish for liberty melts into air, as soon as it is required to be carried into action.

In the next place, most of our countrymen have no individuality. It often astonishes Europeans to find that we allow the state of our country to be investigated for us by foreigners. But this is not at all to be wondered at when we bear in mind that, in questions of political importance, our countrymen degrade themselves into so many machines and become the vehicles of this or that man's views. They readily sacrifice their opinions, if they have any, to one's whims and caprices. And thus they persistently shut their eyes to originality of thought and freedom of action. The result is, that the public mind is lapsing into that unhappy stagnation which is the precursor of national decay.

Another reason for which we do not consider our country fit to receive representative institutions is the want of trained political men amongst us. Very few of our educated youth have made politics a subject of their study; as a general rule they confine themselves to those subjects which do not require the exercise of their thinking powers. The consequence is, and it must have struck political observers, that there has been an apathy in the public mind on all great political questions, and this apathy tells with the most pernicious effect upon our national character. It is

painful to observe that most of our educated youth devote themselves to light literature exclusively. Political economy, as a rule, is discarded from the curriculum of their studies; how can we possess an acquaintance with the federal relation of England with the native states, and have studied the constitutional histories of modern Europe and of our own to advantage. Indeed, this is a state of things which is by no means conducive to the growth of a healthy public spirit for liberty and representative government. Generally, our educated youth pour contempt upon the study of history and, as a consequence, ignore great historical lessons. From the political history of mediæval Europe we learn principally what the administration is to avoid, and what it is to adopt during a political crisis. In order therefore to raise our country politically, one must have English and ancient political ideals ever before one's mind. We say *ancient*, for all modern political phenomena are mere echoes of the political ideas of the past.

To illustrate the want of the political training of our educated countrymen, we shall not have to go far. For we believe, none has forgotten what absurdities and egregious blunders our countrymen ran into when they gave evidence on finance before the Select Committee of the House of Commons in 1872. Indeed, their evidence reminds us of a man whom we have the honor to know, who advocates the abolition of excise on liquor without at the same time being able to show how the falling off in the national revenue that will arise therefrom is to be met. If you ask him how to make up the deficit that would arise, why, he will answer "All I can say is, that Government should abolish such an odious tax, for it encourages the people to drink, and thus indirectly helps them on to ruin; Government should, therefore, for the sake of its good name and for discharging its duties to the country, abolish it. As for the deficit in the revenue, why, it must be made up somehow ?!"

But the strongest reason that may be urged in support of our opinion is the want of mass education. So long as the people grope in the dark, it is idle to expect the political advancement

of this country, for it cannot rise in political importance, unless the general intelligence of the people is developed; and as Mill says, "In proportion the general intelligence of the people is developed, the country prospers socially and politically, for the right and interests of every and any person will be secure from being disregarded as the person interested will be himself able, and habitually disposed to stand up for them. And the general prosperity attains a greater height, and is more widely diffused, in proportion to the amount and variety of personal energies enlisted in promoting it." But our people are not acquainted with the ordinary functions of government. They know not what finance is, who passes the laws or how the government is carried on. Whether a prince is dethroned or exiled, the people do not care to know. Whether a tax is rightly imposed on us or not, it does not concern them in the least. Can it be a wonder then that the agitation in England about Indian finance in 1872 did not reach their ears, nor have they now even heard of it. Let us compare them with the people of England, and what do we find? We can do no better than give it in Mr. Fawcett's own words in his memorable speech on that occasion.—"The local representative institutions in England provide a security that the money devoted to local purposes will be more economically expended if it be obtained from local instead of imperial funds. People think that if money is spent in their own locality and is provided from the national exchequer, only a very small portion of it is really contributed by them. In India, however, it is not the people but those who govern them who determine what money is spent for local purposes and from what taxes it should be provided. The people, therefore, have no voice in checking or controlling the expenditure." But Mr. Fawcett is perhaps not aware of the fact that our people have no idea of what is called public expenditure.!

But to come to the main point. When the people will have received education, the interest that will then be felt in all that relates to the actions of Government will strengthen the principles of liberty, and encourage the growth of a manly and

independent spirit as well in the upper classes as in the lower. The necessity of mass education has of late been so warmly discussed, that it needs no argument for its support at present. Whether the people are to be taught those arts which conduce to material progress, or whether they are ~~to~~ pursue those studies which will develop their mental, moral and active qualities, as Bentham classifies them, we do not discuss here. This much we must say, that Zemindari accounts and other trivial subjects which they are at present taught at *Patshalas* will do them no good whatever, so far as intellectual development is concerned.

Owing to these reasons, we are of opinion that, however much our countrymen may cast opprobrium on the English nation for riding rough-shod over the liberties of the natives, we are not in any way fit to have representative government at present.

A few words by way of advice to our countrymen. If they are in right earnest to raise India politically, they should not lose their individuality in awe of some great man who has, perhaps, himself achieved greatness by reason of having had originality of thought to a large extent, and for having acted up to his own principles and not to those chalked out by others. They should be active and aspiring, for inactivity, unaspiringness and absence of desire are more fatal hindrances to improvement than any thing else. They should always bear in mind that aspiringness and desire do not consist in mere talk without action. The country now stands in need of zealous actors and not of theorists and idle talkers. The maxim that "contentment is happiness" has been the ruin of India, for contentment is nothing but mere passiveness, which is a bar to one's advancement in the path of progress and civilization. In the next place, we want some trained political men amongst us, able to deal with all political problems that present themselves. The country requires men, at this moment, who have capacities, combined with patriotism and courage sufficiently tried and proved, to be able to assume a high position amongst political reformers. Then comes the question of mass education. We think enough has been said on this head already. We shall, therefore, dismiss it with the remark, that no

nation can be called politically great, the component units of which do not take an interest in politics. There can be no denying the fact that the higher classes alone, if unsupported by the people, are not able to keep the Government in the straight line of honesty. If our people once receive the germs of western education, their eyes will be opened to the miserable pit they are at present lying in, and they will devote all their energies to improve their present degraded condition, and will be instrumental in bringing about political reforms in the country. In our opinion, some of our countrymen should go to England, and having perfected their education at some English universities, should there devote all their energies and talents to create an interest in the generous English public. By speeches and by newspapers there to be conducted by them, they should try to make the English people feel for us and for our country. And should they succeed in doing so, they would induce the House of Commons to direct their attention to the affairs of this country, which Mr. Fawcett says, "it is a thankless attempt to do at present." It cannot be that generous Englishmen would prevent us from having a voice in the Government, should they find us properly qualified.

P.

ANNALS OF KASHMIR.

From the Sanskrit of Kalhana Pundit.

BY J. C. DUTT.

(Continued from page 561.)

Matrigupta then entered into the interior of the country accompanied by his vast army, and commenced his reign. He was one of those kind-hearted kings who would not kill animals. Once

it is said he made preparations for a religious feast, but he had not the heart to kill animals. He forbade the destruction of animals in his kingdom. His good qualities and bounties attracted more persons to his court than to the court of Vikramaditya, and he bestowed his gifts with judgment. The poet Mentha or Matrimantha as he was sometimes called, lived in his court, and composed a work named Hayagrivabadha. This work, when in progress, he showed to the king, but the king did not pronounce his opinion till the book was complete, when the king rewarded the author by bestowing wealth on him, and had the copy bound with gold. He set up the god Madhusudhana* which he named Matrigupta Svami. The villages which he bestowed on this god were afterwards retaken by Mamma to defray the expenses of building the house of his father-in-law. Thus reigned Matrigupta for a period of four years, nine months and one day.

Now, on the other hand, the son of Anjjana, after he had performed the ceremonies for the benefit of the souls of his ancestors, heard that a stranger had usurped the throne of his forefathers, and was ruling in Kashmir. This is said to have inflamed him so much as to make him forget his grief for the death of his father.† When the prince arrived at Kashmir, he learnt the state of the country; and the ministers came to him, and were ready to revolt in favor of the prince descended from the ancient kings of the country, and who was the legitimate heir to the throne. But with a romantic generosity he declined to countenance their revolt. "I am eager," he said, "to destroy Vikramaditya, but I am not angry with Matrigupta. For what is the use of harassing those who are weak and cannot endure pain? there is glory in rooting out those who are strong. It is strange that one should show his

* This is the first instance on record, of an image of Krishna being set up in Kashmir.

† Here follows the superhuman visitation of Siva and his disciple Ashvapada with this prince at Sri hill. Ashvapada reminded the prince that on a former birth he (the prince) asked to be a king, and Siva granted his request, as a temporal benefit, and promised salvation hereafter. The god further said that when he would be reigning Ashvapada would appear to him once more to warn him of his approaching death. What facts are hid in this absurd tale, we fail to see.

valor on those who are not his equal ; he who is really great will not be angry with his inferiors." He turned his arms against Trigatta (Thibet,) and conquered it, and commenced his march against Vikramaditya. But on his way he learnt that Vikramaditya was dead. This news so much afflicted him, that he neither ate nor slept that day but generously shed tears for his dead antagonist. On a subsequent day he learnt that Matrigupta had left his kingdom, and come out of Kashmir, and was near where he himself was at the time. Suspecting that it was some of his partisans that had driven Matrigupta out of the kingdom, he went to the ex-king clad in a simple dress, and asked, as if inadvertently, the cause of resigning his kingdom. The other replied after sighing, "O king, dead is that virtuous monarch that made me king, I am like a sun-jewel that brightens so long as the sun shines on it, but is a common stone when the sun is set." "Who has injured thee," then asked Pravarasena, "that thou grieveest for Vikramaditya, unable to be revenged on those who have done thee harm?" "Who can injure me," said Matrigupta with dignity, "think not that Vikramaditya poured *glim* on ashes, or sowed seeds on barren soil." "But," continued he, "even the inanimate objects are grateful to those who do them good. The sun-jewel looks dim when the sun is set, and so does the moon-jewel when the moon is out of sight. I will therefore go to the holy city of Benares, and enjoy the pleasures of devotion by turning a hermit. For without Vikramaditya the world is dark. I cannot look on it through fear, far less enjoy it." Astonished at his words the young prince replied, "True, O king, that the world has produced jewels, since it is adorned by persons like you ; who can understand human nature better than Vikramaditya, since he discovered your noble qualities. Long was the path to gratitude closed, now you are traversing the way. The low and the ungrateful think that it is through their good fortune that they receive gifts from their masters, and they argue that that if they had not worth in them, their masters would not single them out, when there were other poor friends. Or if they had not discovered some faults in their masters, and if their miserly masters had not stood in awe

of them, would they have given them away any thing? But if a small benefit is done to the good, it increases a hundred-fold. Thou, chief of the virtuous, like a tested jewel, art loved by the good. So do me a favor by not resigning the crown, and let the people know, that I too am partial to men of merit. This kingdom was first given to thee by Vikramaditya, I bestow it on you now, so accept it again." Matrigupta heard this noble speech, and smiled and said, "Though it be harsh yet I say, that I disregard your noble gift. You know my former low position, and I know yours, our present greatness is felt by ourselves alone. So you cannot understand the motive which induces me to reject, nor can I understand that which induces you to offer me the kingdom. Being now a king how can I accept your gift? or if I had wish to enjoy the kingdom why should I forsake it myself? Shall I slight the gift of my benefactor for mere enjoyment, and leave the duties that befit me now? The benefit which he did to me, I can never repay, it is therefore lost in me. I will now follow him, and show that he was not mistaken in his estimation of me. This is all that I have to do in this world. This then I will perform, and leave off all enjoyment." Pravarasena then resolved not to touch what he called Matrigupta's property; and when the latter went to Benares and became a hermit, Pravarasena used to send him the income derived from Kashmir. Matrigupta, on the other hand, distributed the money in charity to the poor; and thus lived for ten years.

Pravarasena subdued many kings, and his fame spread far and wide, and his army reached the sea in their march of conquest; and his elephants were seen bathing in the waters of the Ganges. He invaded Saurashtra (Surat), upset the administration of the kingdom creating confusion there. His mind was so much bent on the acquisition of fame, that it is said he was indifferent to all earthly things, having neither attachment nor hatred towards any object. Pratapasila otherwise called Shiladitya, son of Vikramaditya, was expelled by his enemies from his father's territory. Him Pravarasena reinstated, and brought back the throne of the kings of Kashmir from the capital of Vikra-

maditya.* Pratapasila for seven times refused to acknowledge the supremacy of the king of Kashmir, and the latter had to subdue him seven times. After conquering the world, as it is said, he lived in the city raised by his grand-father, but felt a desire to found a city himself. Here follows one of those absurd tales regarding superhuman events from which the early history of Kashmir is not altogether free.

• BENGALI CHRISTIAN BIOGRAPHY. •

BY THE EDITOR.

L. Krishna Chandra Pal.

On the 28th December 1800, the right bank of the Hooghly at Serampore witnessed an extraordinary scene. On that bank, as on every spot on both banks of the river, Hindu widows, dressed in their gayest attire, had, from time out of mind, immolated themselves on the funeral pyres of their husbands amid the jubilant exclamations of thousands of spectators. But the scene which was enacted on the closing Sabbath of the opening year of the present century was quite different. On that day, the river-side near the Mission House was thronged with a large crowd. Hindus, Mussulmans, Europeans and Portuguese were there. His Excellency the Danish Governor of Serampore was there. The party nearest the water's edge began to sing. The singing over, Dr. Carey, for it was he who headed the procession, addressed the multitude. He engaged in prayer. The Christian portion of the crowd joined devoutly. Hindus and Mussulmans listened in silence. The prayer ended, Dr. Carey taking his son Felix by the arm descended into the stream and baptized him. The ceremony was solemn, but the

* This sentence seems to confirm our opinion expressed in note (2), that Kashmir was conquered by Vikramaditya, and Matrigupta was consequently sent as his viceroy, and not because the Kashmirians asked Vikramaditya to select for them a king, as they told Matrigupta at his coronation.

scene became more interesting. Lo! a Hindu went down into the sacred stream, and was baptized in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Hindus and Mussulmans gaped in wonder. The good Governor burst into tears. A German lady took the Hindu convert by the hand and held him for some moments for very joy. Mr. Ward, one of the venerable trio of Serampore, exclaimed—"Ye gods of stone and clay! did ye not tremble when, in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit, one of your votaries shook you off as the dust from his feet?" The name of this Hindu convert, the first-fruits of the Mission field of Bengal, was Krishna Chandra Pál.

Krishna Chandra Pál, the son of Muluk Chand Pál, was born near Chandernagore on the banks of the Hooghly about the year 1764. As his forefathers were all *sutradharas*, literally *holders of the plumb-line*, that is carpenters, he, as an orthodox Hindu, took up the same occupation. He inherited too the religion of his ancestors. They were Hindus of the Vaishnava persuasion, and followed the teachings of Chaitanya, the greatest religious Reformer of Bengal. Krishna Chandra therefore adopted the same faith, and was early initiated into the mysteries of Vaishnavism by one of the *goscamis* or spiritual teachers, of Malapáda, a celebrated Vaishnava town in the district of Hooghly. It is interesting to note that the first Bengali convert to Christianity, of whom we have any authentic record, was a Hindu of the Vaishnava sect. It is not perhaps too much to assert that, of all the forms of Hinduism, Vaishnavism approximates Christianity most. Like Christianity, it places the same doctrines before all its votaries whether learned or unlearned. In other forms of Hinduism, *Jnyán Kánda* contains the theology of intellectual men, and the *Kárma Kánda* that of the illiterate multitude. The transcendental theosophy of the priestly class is quite different from the mythical religion of the people. This want of religious community between men of culture and the unthinking multitude was repudiated by Chaitanya. His system encourages no monopoly of religious knowledge: Vaishnavism, like Christianity, is characterized by great simplicity. Unlike the metaphysical abstractions

and refined subtleties of the Vedānta, which unfit it to be the religion of a nation, the doctrines of Chaitanya are simple and level to the comprehension of the meanest capacity. Unlike too the multitudinous rites and ceremonies prescribed in the Hindu rituals, Vaiṣṇavism, like Christianity, proclaims the omnipotence of one principle, and the infinite efficacy of one religious duty. That principle or duty is *bhakti*, that is, faith, which is insisted on as a *sine qua non* of personal religion. But Vaiṣṇavism does not insist on faith only. It attaches equal importance to *prema*, or love. Thus *faith* and *love*, which are the cardinal principles of practical Christianity, are also the cardinal principles of Vaiṣṇavism. And though in conversion the grace of God is all in all, it can hardly be denied that, humanly speaking, a Vaiṣṇava is more disposed to receive the truth as it is in Jesus than any other Hindu sectary.

Krishna Chandra, however, did not long remain a Vaiṣṇava of the orthodox type. He soon joined the fraternity of *Kartā Bhajās* or worshippers of the *Kartā*, that is, the Creator. These are a sub-division of the Vaiṣṇava sect, founded by Aule Chānd, a Vaiṣṇava fanatic. Their chief peculiarity is, that they regard their *Guru* or spiritual teacher, as almost equal to God, and that, discarding the *gōvāmīs*, they attach themselves to one particular family of spiritual guides, the Pāls of Ghoshpada, the Mecca of *Kartā Bhajism*, a village about thirty miles north of Calcutta, not far from the station of Kaucharapada on the Eastern Bengal Railway. The whole of their practical religion is comprised in the following precept of the founder:—

Guru dhara, satya bala, sanga chala, that is, "Take hold of a guru, follow him, and speak the truth." Amongst *Kartā Bhajās* miracles are pretended to be performed. They cure all sorts of diseases without the application of medicine. They are all full of zeal in the spread of their religion. They send into all parts of the country missionaries and deaconesses to make proselytes of the other sectaries, chiefly from the lower classes. The circumstance which led to Krishna Chandra's becoming a *Kartā Bhaja* is soon told. He had been suffering for a long time from a certain

disease. He had consulted many physicians, but without success. While languishing on his sick bed, a *Kartā Bhajā* missionary from Ghospada visited him, and told him that if he believed in the true *guru*, that is, the Pāl *guru* of Ghoshpada, he would be at once cured of his disease. Krishna Chandra, in his simplicity, took the man's advice, and was initiated into the *Kartā Bhajā* faith. It so happened that shortly after his initiation, his ailment left him. This circumstance confirmed his faith, and Krishna Chandra became not only a zealous *Kartā Bhajā*, but an indefatigable preacher of the religion which he had embraced. Whatever may be our opinion of Krishna Chandra's intelligence, we cannot question his sincerity. He acted according to the light he had. A better and a purer light, however, was about to shine into his soul.

When Krishna Chandra left his native place near Chander-nagore, we do not know; but it appears that, before the close of the last century, he had taken up his abode in the Danish town of Serampore, the scene of the missionary labours of Dr. Carey and his co-adjutors. As he was one day going to the bazaar, he heard a missionary, Mr. Thomas, preach. The history of this singular individual is full of interest. The son of a deacon of a Baptist Church at Fairford in Gloucestershire, he had been piously brought up, and had received a medical education. Having been unsuccessful in his profession, which was the practice of surgery and midwifery, he had taken to sea, and had sailed for Bengal in 1773 as surgeon of the *Oxford Indiaman*. In that country, he had cherished the desire of preaching the Gospel to its natives. He had advertized for "a Christian" in the public prints of Calcutta, and had found none. In his second voyage, however, he had found a few pious people, at the request of one of whom, Mr. Charles Grant, he had resigned his situation on board the *Oxford Indiaman*, and had given himself up to the evangelization of the people of Bengal. He had learnt the Bengali language, had translated one or two of the Gospels, and circulated a few manuscript copies,—Bengali printing not having been yet introduced into the country. But he had met with little success and less encouragement. He had therefore

returned to his native land to obtain assistance. The Baptist Missionary Society having been instituted in 1792, Mr. Thomas offered his services to that Society as a missionary to Bengal. He was sent out along with Mr. Carey, as the first missionaries of the Baptist Missionary Society to Bengal. On reaching Calcutta, he had spent in a short time the Mission funds entrusted to him, had quarrelled with Carey, and, by depriving him of the allowance granted by the Society, had reduced him and his family to absolute want. He had after this accepted the situation of the superintendent of the Indigo Factory of Mr. Udney at Mahipaldighi in the district of Dinagepore, on a salary of Rs. 200 *per mensem*, besides commission on the Indigo that was sold; had there become reconciled to Carey, who had accepted a similar post at Madnabati in the same district; had subsequently given up the Indigo business, and had joined the Mission establishment at Serampore.

Such was the erratic genius, to whose preaching in the Bengali language Krishna Chandra listened in the bazaar of Serampore. The subject of the sermon was the salvation of sinners through the death of Christ. However wild the life of Mr. Thomas had been, there is reason to believe that he was a good preacher. Krishna Chandra was struck with the new truths which he then heard for the first time in his life. The good seed took root in his soul. As he was not unaccustomed to religious thought—having been himself a *Kartā Bhajā* preacher—he saw at once the immense superiority of the new faith over his ancestral religion. The point in the new religion which struck him most was its beautiful adaptation to the sinful nature of man, inasmuch as the remedy which the Gospel proposes is an exact counterpart to that malignant disease with which humanity is afflicted. To quote Krishna Chandra's own words translated into English:—"I then considered that no Śāstra made an end of sin, and even among the people of Ghoshpádā there was no provision for the pardon of sin. I began daily to examine into this amongst my friends and relations, and to be thoughtful how to get acquainted with the missionaries." This was properly speaking the turning-point in Krishna's life. He had now become a "stricken

deer." The arrow of conviction had entered into his heart, and he was restless. A ray of heavenly light had been darted into his soul, and the powers of darkness within him were struggling with it. This new idea gave him no repose. Every day he was thinking about it in the depths of his own mind, and discussing it with his friends and relations; and as he was not satisfied with the faint glimmering of the truth which he had as yet obtained, he longed to cultivate the acquaintance of the foreign teachers that he might have fuller light on the subject.

Krishna Chandra's longing was soon satisfied. One day as he was going to bathe in a tank, his foot slipped, he fell down and dislocated his right arm. On being told that there was a doctor Sahib on the Mission premises, he sent his daughter and the child of a friend to beg the doctor to come to his help. Mr. Thomas—for he was the doctor Sahib of the Mission premises—readily went to see him. In the course of the day Mr. Carey visited him, spoke to him on the subject of religion, and gave him tracts to read. Thus commenced Krishna's intercourse with the missionaries. From this time he used often to go to the Mission House and receive Christian instruction from Mr. Ward and Felix, Dr. Carey's son, who read and expounded to him the Holy Scriptures. While this was going on, an incident occurred, which we shall give in Krishna's own words.—“One day Dr. Thomas asked me, whether I understood what I heard from Mr. Ward and Mr. Carey. I said I understood that the Lord Jesus Christ gave his life up for the salvation of sinners, and that I believed it, and so did my friend Gokul. Dr. Thomas said,—“Then I can call you my brother—come and let us eat together in love.” At this time the table was set for luncheon, and all the missionaries, and I, and Gokul; sat down and ate together.”

We confess we consider this act, performed at the suggestion of Mr. Thomas and acquiesced in by the other missionaries, as both unnecessary and unwise. It was unnecessary, because the kingdom of heaven does not consist in meats and drinks, and a Hindu may be an excellent Christian though he may have never eaten with a single European. We are not forgetful of the fact

that the act alluded to was performed seventy years ago, when the system of caste had a firmer grasp of the minds of the people than it has at present, and that the missionaries recommended the act *bona fide*, believing that it was their duty to break down the fetters of caste which was then, and is now, one of the greatest obstacles to the propagation of Christianity in this country. Besides, they might have been anxious from the commencement to preclude the observance of caste amongst Bengali Christians, and thus avoid the mistake committed by Swartz and others in the Southern Presidency. But discouraging the observance of caste amongst converts is one thing, and making a neophyte differ with a *Mlechha*—and a European is considered such by a Hindu—quite another. And we consider the act to have been unwise as it might lead Hindus and Muhammadans to believe that to become Christian was only to eat and drink with Europeans.

The news of Krishna and Gokal having broken their caste spread like wild-fire among the people. The quiet town of Serampore was greatly excited. The relations of Krishna ran to his house and carried away his eldest daughter by force; Krishna himself and his wife were taken before the Magistrate, who said he could do nothing in the matter. They were hauled before his excellency the Governor; and Krishna was charged with having eaten with Sâhebs and with having become himself a Sâheb. The good Governor told the complainants that Krishna had not become Sâheb but a Christian, that he had done right in becoming a Christian, and that his neighbours must not molest him for having followed the dictates of his conscience. By the order of the Governor Krishna's eldest daughter was restored to him. The relations of Krishna, having failed in their attempt to get him punished by law, began to molest him in all manner of ways; and as there was some apprehension of his being murdered by his relatives and other people, the Governor sent a Sepoy to guard his house. On the following Sunday, as we have already related, Krishna was baptized.

Shortly after his baptism Krishna gave himself up to missionary work. The *Karta Bhaja* preacher now became a preacher

of the everlasting Gospel. He itinerated to different parts of the country, and his labours were blessed. He went to Jessore, to Cutwa, to Berhampore, to Beerbloom, to Dinagepore, to the Saugor Island, to Benares, and proclaimed the Gospel. He went to Sylhet and the Khásia hills, where two hill-men, four Sepoys, and a native of Assam, were converted to Christianity through his instrumentality. At Calcutta he remained for five years, and preached in different parts of the city and visited from house to house. In the midst of his useful labours at Serampore, he was attacked by cholera on the 21st August 1822. During his illness he manifested the spirit of Christian resignation, and was so little afraid of death that he enquired whether his grave had been prepared. When asked whether he loved Christ, he replied,—“Yes, but He loves me more than I love Him.” He expressed a wish to give his all to the cause of Christ who had done so much for him, and his all consisted in a humble Chapel of straw which he had raised at his own expence. Thus died, on the 23rd August 1822, the first Bengali Christian of whom we have any authentic record. Krishna Chandra Pál was of humble attainments, but he was a consistent Christian; and he consecrated his abilities, such as they were, to the service of his divine Master and the good of his countrymen.

THE BRITISH RAJ.

* Ever since the Bengali nobles called in the aid of Clive to unseat a hated tyrant, the national life has ceased to exist. One part of India or another continued to show signs of life, while the rest were struck with paralysis. The cold touch of foreign interference has “put out the light;” but is it for ever? The native troops may dictate terms of peace at Cabul or Ava, in Abyssinia

or China, but it is not a Man Singh that leads, the foreign intellect alone guides such expeditions. This vast continent is being intersected with railways and canals, but there is no native Stephenson to design and direct.

2. Since the British rule has asserted its supremacy over native states, it has begun its bright career of developing the resources of the country; valuable tea, indigo and coffee plantations, schools and colleges for general culture, a few workshops for teaching mechanics, engineering, and many courts for the administration of justice, are but a few of the advantages, which we did not enjoy before. India has been made the seat of a high civilisation *flavo* any other country in Asia. We command a disciplined army with which we can contend with the third class powers of Europe. We lay out larger sums of money in feeding, arming and housing it than they. To show our prowess we invade any kingdom of Asia or Africa for vindicating our fancied rights, when it suits our purpose. We are not close-fisted enough "to pay too much for a whistle," as in feasting and bribing foreign royalties. We turn out students from our educational institutions that can "spout" Shakespear, Burke or Bacon; but they sadly break down in attempts at originality. Our commerce has shewn steady progress. From 1850 to 1857 according to the accounts returned, the quantity of raw cotton exported was not above three millions of pounds, and in 1871 it rose to above twenty millions. * * In 1860 the exportation (of jute) rose to 1,000,000 cwt., and since then it has been continually developed, for in the year 1872 India exported seven millions and a quarter cwt. of jute valued at four millions and a quarter of money. But in whose hands is this extensive commerce? How many ships are owned by the natives? Is there a native who can guide a ship? We have produced statesmen and generals that can compare favorably with those of some countries of Europe. Nevertheless, we lack what is most prized in the glorious race of nations. We are moved as a machine is moved. We sadly want self-action, action planned and executed by ourselves. Where can we find a man of whom India may justly be proud? I do not mean to say that we have not more

than the usual number of great men ; but our great ones are but pigmies beside the giants of Europe. How many persons have distinguished themselves in war, politics or science ? But in almost all the civilized countries of Europe and America, many men have left "foot prints in the sands of time," which will not be soon rubbed out. But where, oh ! where shall we find such Indian worthies ? What is the cause of this ?

3. The only boast of foreign rule is, that it has brought in security of life and property and peace in place of anarchy. This is true to a certain extent, but when the issue is between a white man and a black man, justice is sometimes hood-winked. This alone had nearly sunk a most industrious and frugal peasantry into abject poverty. We have not to go far to seek for the sad illustration of our meaning. Look at the tea, coffee and indigo plantations ; the men whose sweat turns the wilderness into gardens are hardly free. Have we heard of a strike amongst them ? But have not desertions proved that their lot is hard ? Have not there been proved cases in which some planters have tied men and women to trees and flogged them almost to death ? I do not say that there is miscarriage of justice in every case ; but race prejudice is often strong. Is there no invidious distinction between the conqueror and the conquered even in the statute book ?

4. The only justification of an alien rule as alleged by the foreigners themselves is, that it has brought order instead of chaos. But was the hand of every man against his neighbour before ? Had it been so, society would have dissolved, and man would have returned to his primeval state. It is true, the Mahrattas delighted in nothing more than in levying a *chout* ; but that was from the subjects of foreign states. Nor were the Sikhs in higher spirits than when they had an opportunity of hammering an Arghhan fort, and of conquering Thibet. This must inevitably happen when a country is parcelled out among so many rival chiefs. So it was in Europe during the middle ages. A Baji Rao or a Ranjit Singh would have, but for foreign interference, welded all the petty states into a compact nation. From the

latter end of Aurangzob's reign, the Muhammadan power was tottering to its foundations, and shortly after his death, the Mahratta leaders humbled Mysore, Haidarabad, Oudh and Bèngal; the only Muhammadan states of any consequence then in India; and the Mughul Emperor was a puppet in their hands. Though Ahmad Shah Abdali had almost crushed their power on the ill-fated field of Panipat, they had again crossed the Nerbudda and were as powerful as before. If the English had not come in, the sun of Hindu supremacy would have now blessed the land. In that case we could have revived or improved our old civilization. Our sciences, arts and literature would have had an original cast; not like the sickly plant watered by foreign hands. They shall never enjoy a healthy growth; their fruits will at best be bitter.

5. That a country can never flourish under a regime, in which the children of the soil have no voice, needs mere mention to carry conviction. Compare the present condition of the United States of America with that of the British possessions in that continent, and weigh well the rapid progress the former have made. They were as insignificant before 1783 as the latter are at present. What was Italy under the Hapsburgs, and what is it now? What was Poland before it fell a prey to the dissensions of its fearfully nobles. It was once the bulwark of Europe against Asiatic invasions. What is it now? What was Prussia when it was an appanage of the Austrian Empire? It is now the first military power in the world. Turn to whatever country you may, ancient and modern history will bear us out.

6. It might be urged that if the English had not come in, some Asiatics would have stepped in. But since 1761 there has been no such prince born in our continent, as would have dared the conquest of India. Call to mind the capture of Peshwar and the battle of Nowshera, and they will shew at least that India was then more than a match for any of them. Ponder well on the battle of Chillianwala. If the English with superior discipline and civilization had almost an unequal contest, no Asiatic power had the remotest chance of obtaining a footing in the land.

Perhaps for the second time in the history of India, we would have had a Hindu invasion of western as there was of central Asia.

7. But we are digressing. Can we not stand on our legs, without the help of leading strings? Are we not socially alive, though politically dead? Have we not more than enough *matériel* for political existence. We can raise an army of 2250,000 strong without causing a general dead lock to the social organisation of the country, and may quadruple it in case of emergency. With it we can stand against any power in the world. Our forests can supply us with materials for building a navy sufficiently formidable for protecting our trade and other interests. That in ancient times Hindu vessels ploughed the Indian and the Pacific oceans is a well known fact, and in the 17th and 18th centuries, some of the Mahratta chiefs had navies with which they carried terror into the hearts of the Mughuls and boldly fought with an English squadron. They would have grown in process of time into a formidable power, but for the premature blow they received. Now, we have all the material and moral resources at hand to make us a united and powerful nation. And yet we are but an appendage to an empire in the affairs of which we have no voice.

7. The vassalage in which we have been placed since 1759, has tended to damp our highest aspirations and the springs of our noblest deeds have been dried up. During the Muhammadan supremacy, which was never as paramount and as withering in its effects as the present domination, there were openings to native talent, which we now in vain pray for. There were then tyrants, and indeed some of them of the worst type; but their baneful influence lasted only for a few years. However, the shortcomings of one generation were repaired by the prosperity of the succeeding one, and taking all circumstances into consideration, we may safely assert that the people were not losers to the extent they are at present. What was robbed in India was spent in India, and the wealth returned to increase the general prosperity of the community.

S. All the offices under British rule, which add to the dignity and riches of the incumbents, are held by foreigners from which the children of the soil are rigidly excluded. This acts prejudicially on the nation in two ways; 1stly, its birth-right is despoiled and thereby the wealth which is raised by the people is partly spent elsewhere; and 2ndly, no natives being in responsible posts, they are not educated to act in emergencies. Such baneful influences have been at work from the middle of the last century, and the history of British India has been a perfect blank, if regard be had to the natives of the country. No improvement is possible in a country in which a large part of the wealth produced is spent out of it. Thus one of the main sources of acquiring wealth being sealed up, there is but little chance of its accumulating, and that capital, which, if judiciously laid out would have returned to us large profits, is in the hands of foreigners. There are a few natives in Government employ that can lay up £10,000 after a life long service, while there are hundreds, if not thousands, of Europeans who return to their native shores with more than that amount. "Unfelt by the ryots, whose wants seldom extend beyond the cultivation of their humble allotments, the monopoly of all situations of trust or importance by the British is a most galling and disheartening circumstance to the native higher classes in India. * * * None but Europeans can hold a higher situation than that of the Lieutenant in the army or very subordinate collector or other functionary in the civil service*." I do not mean to assert that for all this draining of the acquired wealth of the country, we receive no return; but we pay dearly for it. Apart from all consideration of the riches of the country being thus unfairly taken away, we are superseded to our utter demoralization. A well known Paris gentleman calculated that from ten to twelve millions of pounds sterling are annually sent to Great Britain in the shape of family remittances; add to this the twelve millions for 'home charges.' It is not therefore to be wondered at that the general indebtedness of the country should continue in a chronic state, and not a decade

* See p. 151-55 of Volume VI. of the Continuation of Alison's Europe.

passes without plunging the people into grim famine.* It is a miracle that India has escaped bankruptcy yet. This is owing to the patient industry of the natives who toil, hoping that justice will be yet done to them by the English public at home.

9. We spend nearly fourteen millions in paying our army, which is at best an incubus on our national progress, and yet the natives are jealously excluded from all offices, which the sons of the nobility might fill with credit to themselves and to the empire at large; but they have instead to pine away in listless frivolity and idleness. The number of natives who draw Rs. 200 in the army may be counted on one's fingers. "The largest pay obtainable in an army of 275,000 soldiers of the soil is Rs. 300 a month, and we do not know that more than three men enjoy such pay." † Again, "Is there no mind above the level of £10 monthly pay in all the native legions of the three presidencies of India? No Odeacer, no Sivaji again to revive?" ‡ A German, an American, or a Dutch may have an opening, but the native must not look for any responsible post in the army or the navy. In every other country you will find the reverse Japan, China and Siam even have ships of war in which a large number of the people find profitable employment. The money is not the only consideration; they are thus made enterprising.

10. The pretext for this wholesale exclusion of the children of the soil from all important and trustworthy posts is, that they are not fit for them. Is it a fact? For nearly the last twenty five years, the country has been spending large sums of money in the shape of guaranteed interests to the railway companies yet the inhabitants do not find employment under them but in the lowest capacities. Even among these there are men who could honorably fill high posts. The Nalhati and the Matla lines did not pay at all under European management. The former under native agency now pays 12 per cent,—§ a fact which

* It must be thankfully owned that John Bull subscribes liberally to funds for relief of distress.

† Sir H. Lawrence's *Essays* p. 391.

‡ *Tod's Rajasthan*. Chap. VIII.

§ See the *London Times* of the 12th August 1874.

speaks for itself. How many natives promoted to higher posts, have broken down? If *one native* has failed, there is at least *one European*, who did likewise. Why is it then that the latter are not shut out? If the native element in the management of railways were largely increased, all of them would give us large returns. Lately a Resolution for employing natives on the railways has been passed, let us hope it may not end in smoke, as so many others have done.

11. Again look at the forest conservancy department from which we are rigidly excluded. Perhaps there are only two native gentlemen, one a Parsi and the other a Burmese in it. Excuse in this as in all other similar cases is, that we have not the stamina needful for the hard work. Has any attempt been made to train us to do it? Why has the Public Works Department failed? Apprentices from workshops in Great Britain are appointed as engineers. They are equally ignorant of the language and the resources of the country. It is hence no wonder that there are blunders without number, and the country pays dearly, not merely for their services, but also for the prodigious waste of money wrung from it. Were not grand works executed during the Hindu and Muhammadan periods? Were then equal failures as at present? What is the cause? To reform this wasting department an Engineering College has been founded at Cooper's Hill at an annual cost of Rs 120,000, besides the large outlay incurred in the purchase of the building &c. Why should India pay for a college in England? There is double injustice in this, in as much as the children of the soil have but little chance of studying in it. If it be urged that the men who are being brought up in it are ultimately to serve in India; then should we not on this principle pay for the support of all educational institutions in Great Britain and Ireland?

12. In the political department of the state no native is permitted to hold any place of trust. To this there is a solitary exception, one Muhammadan gentleman is the British envoy in the court of the Amir of Cabul; but this is only because the latter could not guarantee the life of a European in Afghanistan. Turn

to whatever department you may, the same appalling exclusion of natives is the rule. "A return of natives who were receiving salaries of Rs. 150 a month and upwards shewed that in 1867 there were 709 Hindus and 193 Muhammadans, while in 1871 there were only 351 Hindus and 85 Muhammadans."* When William, Prince of Orange, gave a few places of importance to his followers, how was it looked upon by Englishmen? Did they not murmur at it and annoy him who had saved the cause of civil and religious liberty. "Yet if he employed his own countrymen, on whose fidelity and attachment he could rely, a general cry of rage was set up by all English factions. The knavery of the English Commissariat had destroyed an army: yet a rumour that he intended to employ an able, experienced and trusty commissary from Holland had excited general discontent."† Yet if the natives grumble at, not a few, but all high posts being held by foreigners, and wished that only a few would be kept for them, their so-called friends would lecture them to take to trade! Again, "we have only to ask ourselves what would be our feelings if all situations of dignity and importance in the British islands were monopolised by thirty or forty thousand black intruders from Hindustan, who carried back the wealth made on the banks of the Thames to be spent on those of the Ganges, to be able to appreciate the feeling of the people of India in the corresponding circumstances in which they are actually placed."‡

13. The under-noted quotations will serve to shew how the ancient Romans dealt with conquered races. "With these actual benefits the Roman dominion held out hopes to its subjects of rising sooner or later to a higher political condition. The regular steps appear to have been that an allied state should first receive the Roman franchise without the right of voting; and after the lapse of years these imperfect citizens gradually gained the full franchise and were either formed into one or more new tribes or

* *The Bengalee* for September 1871.

† Read Chap. IV. of Macaulay's *History of England*.

• ‡ See p 155 of Vol. VI. of the Continuation of Alison's *History of Modern Europe*.

were admitted into one of the tribes already existing" (p. 7, Chap. XII. Vol. 3 of Arnold's *History of Rome*.)

"But in the eye of the law all Roman citizens were equal, and all the subjects of the empire were citizens of Rome.* * * And the bold adventurer from Germany or Arabia was admitted, with equal favor, to the civil or military command, which the citizen alone had been once entitled to assume over the conquests of his fathers." (p. 45 Chap. XLIV. Vol. V. of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*.)

14. Again, look at the picture presented to us during the Muhammadan supremacy. Even during the reign of the most hated tyrant that ever disgraced the throne of Bengal, Ram Narayan, Mohan Lal, Krishna Dás, Raj Ballabh and many other Hindus held important posts. Besides, read the following extracts from Elphinstone's *History of India* :—

(a) "He (Ibrahim the fourth king of the Kutub Shahi dynasty at Goleonda) had a Hindu minister named Jagades, and most of his infantry and all his garrisons were composed of Telinganas of the same religion." p. 671.

(b) "Aurangzeb and Morad defeated the imperial troops under Raja Jeswant Singh at Ujen." p. 321.

(c) "And the Nizam Shahi monarchy, which seemed to have come to an end on the surrender of Fátteh Khan was revived by a chief whose family were afterwards to act an important part as the founders of the Mahratta nation. This was Shahji Bosli who had risen to considerable rank in the time of Malik Amber and distinguished himself as a partisan during the late war.* * * Next year the enterprise (the conquest of Blak) was attempted by Raja Jagat Singh, whose chief strength lay in a body of 14,000 Rajputs raised in his own country, but paid by the emperor." p. 509-11."

(d) "After this settlement Akber returned to Agra leaving Raja Bhagwan Das of Jeipur Governor of the Panjab." p. 446.

(e) "The King's (Nasirudin Toghlok) vizir was a Hindu convert." p. 356.

(f) "On the death of the latter king (Mahmud II.) his

favorite, Etimad Khan, who had been a Hindu slave, carried on the government in the name of the boy whom he pretended to be a son of Mahmud and who bore the title of Mozaffer III." p. 441.

(g) The Hindus who are mentioned as military commanders may perhaps have been Zemindars, heading their own contingents and not officers appointed by the crown. There is no doubt, however, that many were employed in civil offices, especially of revenue accounts; and we have seen that Hemu and Melni Rai were intrusted with all the powers of their respective governments, and that under Mabarik Khilji the whole spirit of the court and administration was Hindu." p. 423.

(h) "He (Akber) admitted Hindus to every degree of power." p. 434.

15. Not to speak of the moral and political demoralization of the people, which this exclusion tends to produce, native commerce and manufactures suffer to a large extent from this connexion. It is the sad failing of men in inferior posts to ape their superiors in dress and manners; and as the latter generally prefer, through habit, prejudice and other causes, the produce of their own country, the natives imitate them. The consequence is that what is made in this country finds favor nowhere. It is therefore that the "natives for the most part wear Manchester cotton fabrics, children play in the bazars with English and French toys, Munshis write on foreign paper, the sick drink foreign medicines, native ladies wear imitation pearls manufactured in Paris, the toper has his foreign manufactured glass, out of which he drinks French or British brandy, the sportsman of position shoots with a rifle purchased in the Strand." What is the cause of the ruin of our weavers? Certainly machinery is not the chief cause. "British manufactures are admitted into India at a merely nominal duty; but Indian manufactures coming to this country, were, till very recently, for the most part burdened with the usual heavy import duties, which even at present are 25 or 30 per cent., and before Sir R. Peel's reduction of tariffs, were in many cases 150 and even 200 per cent."* "Again if he (an

* See p. 156 of Vol. VI. of the Continuation of Alison's Europe

Indian financier) could regulate his policy simply by the revenue necessities of this country, he would certainly not admit cotton twist at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. and piece goods at 5 per cent. while he levies $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. nearly all round."* The piece goods turned out of the British mills do not "wear well," and the people are now finding to their cost that cheap goods do not 'pay' in the long run. Considering the very large requirements of our people, only a few mills have recently been opened in Bombay and Bengal, and let it be weighed well how our Manchester friends are trying to undo again our first attempts at recovering our lost position. Instead of protective duties which alone can, in this critical period, save our infant industry from utter ruin, we may find some of these days that imported cotton goods do not pay any duties at all. The enterprising Americans and other nations save their native manufactures by prohibitive duties, while Manchester with its powerful Parliamentary influence tries to kill the goose that promises to lay for us golden eggs. The Marquis of Salisbury sometime since received a deputation of the leading Manchester merchants and others urging repeal of duties on cotton yarns and goods imported into India, his Lordship replied, Government did not regard duty on these articles as a permanent source of income, and hoped in time to abolish it, but at present the Indian revenue could not afford to lose the duties which the same annually produced.

16. Large orders are sent out to England by the British Indian Government for the purchase of *stores*, which may be had or made in this country. It is alleged, that they are bound to buy in the cheapest market. But are their bargains cheap always? The following extract from the *Calcutta Evening Mail* of the 24th October 1874 is to the point:—"With the first part of the remarks we quite agree, for it is in the expenditure in England in purchasing stores at an extravagant price, and in making contracts for their conveyance to this country at rates above those ruling in the open market, that a very strict control is necessary." This checks our trade; our iron, tin, lead, silver and coal mines are thus neglected, and all sorts of industries languish, the effect being to throw

* The *Calcutta Evening Mail* of 14th November 1874.

the people on land only. A drought in one season tends to starve a whole district. Ignorance of the resources of the country entails heavy losses. In a hurry the Government during the last mania ordered ten steamers from England, and it was found at last that they could not ply up the Ganges ! This is but a single instance of the wastefulness of our rulers. The boats that we have in the country especially in North and East Bengal would have helped them to a great extent, and with half the cost of the steamers we would have got boats sufficient to throw rice into the afflicted districts. This would have found employment for many men, giving a stimulus to a native industry.

17. If the loss, which we have annually to incur on account of the Secretary of State's drawings on the Indian Government, were prevented, and the amount were spent on education, science and art, a wonderful progress might be made in elevating the poorer and ignorant masses of the people to a higher standard of living and to loftier thoughts. "The net loss," says the *Evening Mail* of the 17th March last, "under the head of exchange is taken at £1,065,000, a startling sum to be obliged to spend in 'this way.' In arriving at this estimate, exchange has been taken at 1s. 9½d. a rate, which, low as it is, we fear, will not be sustained."

18. Now, this connection with great Britain has not only tended to ruin the most important native industries, but has also brought in many evils from which we did not suffer before. It has made the people depend solely on land. "Every bale," says the Historian of Modern Europe, "of cotton goods sent out from Great Britain to India deprives several manufacturers in Hindustan of bread." Again, the land is taxed so high that the peasants have very little to spare after meeting the charges of cultivation. In the Sonthal Pergunnahs as in the Dakhin, the money-lender is made the scape-goat, 50 to 60 per cent. on the gross out-turn is now the Government demand. The following extracts from Elphinstone's India will shew how lightly land was burdened during the Hindu and Mughul Governments :—

(a) "As the highest proportion aimed by the king, which at

the time of Menu's code *was one sixth is now half,** it is easy to account for the annihilation of many village communities and the shattered condition of others" p. 69.

(b) "The land was divided into three classes, according to its fertility; the amount of each sort of produce that a bigah of each class would yield was ascertained: the average of the three was assumed as the produce of a bigah, and one third of that produce formed the Government demand." p. 472.

I do not mean to assert that there were not despots before the English occupation of the country, who did not scruple to reduce the land holding classes to poverty. But that was only temporary, the prince either mended his way, or rebellion forced him to do so. But under the present rule, each settlement officer,† knowing that his promotion depends on shewing a large increase on the previous settlements, has generally contrived to make land-owning the least profitable of all occupations. A Mr. Welland, Collector and Magistrate of Cawnpore wrote in 1801. "The subjects in this part of the country are in the most abject poverty. Let the face of the country be examined, and there will hardly be a manufacture found or an individual in such circumstances as to afford the payment of a tax. The whole is one desolate waste, in which tyranny and oppression have hitherto prevailed. The Government of the day adopted a most extraordinary plan for improving this deplorable state of affairs. * * * They raised the land revenue by five per cent. The next year a famine occurred and they sold in default no fewer than 405 estates, and they would have sold more if they could have found purchasers."‡ In a resolution of the Bombay Government dated 26th October 1874, a statement is published from which an average percentage increase on the whole is taken at 60·1. The Government "have within the last two years, not failed to enjoin on the officers of the survey department *a policy of*

* The italics are ours.

† There are honorable exceptions. If I forget not, one official had the misfortune to differ from the highest functionary in the North-West Provinces. It is the overzeal to shew first-rate results that make them blind to the interests of the people.

‡ The *Delhi Gazette* as quoted in the *Bengalre* of 17th October 1874.

moderation."* Why is not the Permanent Settlement in Land Revenue effected throughout all the Presidencies? Land is at the absolute disposal of the proprietors in Great Britain and Ireland. It is a wonder that our fields are still cultivated. The pressure of population, consequent keen competition, and the ancient regard of the people for land, will account for this anomaly.

19. This connection has also another injurious effect:—the people, through want of proper nourishment, have been deteriorating in their physique. Compare the present generation with the last, and you will find the truth of the remark. One more instance of the avarice of the present Government is to be found in its excise laws. Drunkenness is daily increasing, and the natives are becoming poorer. If the object of Government be to screw the largest revenue out of an impoverished nation, then it is but too well fulfilled. We have demoralized the Chinese, and we must end in demoralizing ourselves. It has ruined many families, and threatens at no distant date to make our lower classes as much given to drunkenness as the lower Europeans we see here in India. Knowing how poor the former are, with not much prospect of increase in their daily wages, we are pained to think of the sad state that awaits them.

20. The most injurious of all the evil effects of foreign rule is the weakening of the military spirit of the nation. But in all independent kingdoms, the first aim is to nourish it. If the mission of England be the regeneration of the country, a more serious blunder could not have been committed. The strength of a Government depends chiefly on its strong battalions and the good will of its subjects. Both are being undermined, and hence Russophobia haunts our statesmen. Wild schemes are therefore frequently propounded, and some times carried out, to check the progress of Russia. If the British nation had followed the example of ancient Rome or of modern Russia, France, Spain or Portugal, in giving the rights of citizenship to all the people that might be brought under its rule, it would not have had one more thorn to look after, for in the weakness of India

* The italics are our own.

lies the weakness of England. An Arab in Algeria or a Hindu in French India, may vote for or be elected a member of the National Assembly, or he may command a French regiment. The Cossack or the Circassian may do likewise. "If Asiatics and Africans can obtain honorable position in the armies of Russia and France, surely Indians, after a tried service of a century under England's banner, are entitled to the same boon—nay justice."* But a native British Indian cannot hope for such a distinction. The English do not perhaps give the natives commission in the army for fear of their turning their arms against them. But as long as wrongs are redressed and justice is done, so long there is as little fear of a resort to arms in India as in Scotland. Is the risk of rebellion lessened if you disarm and maltreat them? The Government should rather aim to make its subjects feel an honest pride in its service. In course of time, the military spirit will die away leaving the natives wholly dependent on their foreign masters for the defence of their country. Is it the interest of the ruler that the ruled should be weakened? Will any aid given by the latter be of any consequence, when danger threatens from without? This timid and illiberal policy of shutting out the natives from service is subversive of their happiness, for which they sacrifice freedom of action, and part with their earnings: A government is strong in proportion to the contentment of its subjects; where this condition is absent, it is an edifice built on a foundation of sand, and will be found wanting in the day of trial.

21. The influence of foreign rule on our national literature has been yet beneficial. By means of it we have been enabled to acquire a knowledge, though superficial, of the sciences and arts of the West. But there must be a limit to borrowing, which can never make a language valuable. To be worth studying it must boast of original treasures. During the period that the French literature was assiduously cultivated in Prussia and Russia, little progress was made in the indigenous literatures of those countries. It was so during the middle ages, when Latin was taught in

* See p. 389 of Sir H. Lawrence's *Essays*.

the schools of Europe. Annotations and compilations, not deep original works, were produced. But look at the steady progress which the vernacular languages have been making since they have become the languages alike of the courts and of the peoples. The same fate awaits the vernaculars of India. In its infancy our national literature requires help, though Buckle thinks it to be injurious, because our circumstances are quite different from those which existed in Europe formerly. There is perhaps no native who earns a decent livelihood by the profession of letters, unless he becomes a schoolmaster. Primary school books alone pay, which, though useful in themselves, are not to be thought of in an account of the literature of a country. English newspapers and books are alone studied by the flower of our youth of the higher and middle classes. Is this not the effect of habit and imitation? Unless there are readers there cannot be authors of sterling merit. But it must be admitted that greater encouragement has lately been given to the Indian vernaculars than they ever received during the Muhammadan supremacy. The ends of Government as then understood were quite different from our present standard of its duties. If the ruling class were a set of barbarians, we should have nothing to complain of. Though the motives of the statemen that rule our country are good, their energies are misdirected through wrong appreciation of our wants and aspirations. If India were made an integral part of the British Empire, a bright epoch would dawn upon us, humanity would gain, and civilization advance.

VOX.

MADHU GORAI.

Any one who has had occasion to go to Cossimbazar, must have halted for some hours to observe with attention the celebrated swampy spot of land known by the name of *Madhu*

Gorai. In days long gone by,—when the town was in a flourishing state, crowded with factories belonging to the French, Dutch and English merchants, when the whole tract of land along the old stream of the Bhagirathi extending from Choonakhali to Kalkapore was renowned as the great silk mart of Lower Bengal, when the pearl fisheries in the *Bheels* of Vandardah enriched for the first time the commercial people of Choonakhali—this *Gorai* was a large and deeply excavated *dighi* or tank covering an area of nearly five-sevenths of an acre. Its form, when it was first dug, was oblong with two strong brick-built *ghats* on opposite sides. The *ghats* are no longer to be seen. It is not improbable that having lain there in ruins for a long time, they have been slowly removed by people, or have sunk entirely in the antiquated swamp. The *Gorai* is situated on the south side of the old Bhagirathi at a distance of about a mile from the stream, or to be more accurate, nearly four miles and a half from the station of Berhampore. The locality in which the *Gorai* is existing as a relic of its ancient grandeur, may be properly called a desert almost entirely forsaken by men. Here and there on the sites of ancient habitations may be seen temples in ruins, dilapidated walls, fractures of gate pillars with traces of tanks, *ghats* and the like. Further off towards the south-west are to be seen remains of mango groves begirt with bamboo tops, along ditches which have been filled up and flattened by time. The nature of the scenery around the *dighi* will convince the curious observer that this famous tank was excavated in the midst of a densely peopled and rich quarter of the town. The existence of the famous temple of Paresnath on the north-west corner of the *Gorai*, would lead us to suppose that the *dighi* as well as the temple were once the property of the Jainas who had doubtless emigrated into the city in its palmy days from Gujarat and other places of Hindustan, for purposes of commerce. The shrine of Paresnath now kept in excellent repairs is built in an antique fashion. It is not very high nor spacious, but is beautifully partitioned within, into several small compartments with narrow aisles between. This temple is in the charge of an old

abbot under the superintendence of Roy Dhunput Sing Bahadoor. It is frequently resorted to by the Jainas of Azingunge and of other places in the vicinity of Moorshedabad. The *gorai*, which lies immediately below the temple, is now of irregular shape, and is almost wholly covered with long weeds known by the name of *Kushia* grass. Large heaps of thickly congregated clumps of vegetable matter (*called dahms*) floating upon the surface of its waters, look like beautiful small islands bespattered in an extensive swamp. These clumps are so thick and intertwined that cattle often graze on them without sinking. In some places, the swamp is so deep that a full grown bamboo, they say, will not reach the bottom. It is full of alligators and crocodiles, so that people cannot venture to bathe in the waters. On many occasions goats were seen to have been carried away by these carnivorous reptiles. To enable the reader to form an idea of the antiquity of the Gorai from the fact of the miry state of its subsoil, I would cite one remarkable and interesting fact, though I cannot but regard it as somewhat exaggerated. There is a widespread story that in May 1867 an elephant-driver, on taking the animal into the swampy *bheel*, found the beast to have so deeply stuck its feet in the miry subsoil, that he had to call in people to help him in lifting up the huge animal from the waters. It is said that the elephant had to be raised up with great difficulty by the application of bamboos. There are numerous anecdotes of this sort regarding the Gorai in question, but at best, most of them are mere fables, and as such deserve no mention here. There is a tradition that, during the Muhammadan days of Bengal, when the province was subject to the marauding expeditions of the Mahrattas, the wealthy Jainas and Gujarati Kaynas, residents of Cossimbazar, used to throw hoards of treasure and precious jewellery into this *dighi*, with a view to evade seizure by the Mahratta sirdars. The *dighi*, therefore, is believed to be the repository of jewellery of considerable value. Attempts, the Cossimbabadoes say, were of late made on several occasions to rescue these treasures from the waters, but in ninety-nine cases out of hundred, they proved unsuccessful, and the prejudice is gaining ground among the people that these riches are not intended by

Jakhya Deva for the enjoyment of mortals. A great part of this once important *alighi* has been filled up in the course of time, but still there are abundant traces of its ancient and well-defined limits. The Gorai is regarded by the oldest inhabitants now living, as a sacred scene where, they say, their ancestors often flocked to witness extraordinary phenomena. An old woman whom I happened to encounter on the spot on the occasion of my visit last year, told me many legendary stories regarding the scene, but they are so wild that I would not mention them here.

CRINIS.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

DOCTOR BABOO. A drama written by a Doctor. Calcutta: Published by Jogendra Nath Ghose, 1875.

If the revelations contained in this book regarding the character and practices of the medical practitioners turned out every year by the Calcutta Medical College be true, things must be in a truly appalling state. We have always regarded the medical profession as a highly honourable, we had almost said, a sacred profession. It is inferior only to the clerical profession in importance and sacredness. Doctors, like clergymen, are admitted into the *sanctum sanctorum* of families, and should they prove unfaithful to the trust reposed in them, instead of a blessing they become a curse to society. If the representations contained in the volume before us be true—and their truthfulness may be presumed from the fact that they are made by a member of the faculty itself—there are some Bengali doctors, graduates of the Calcutta Medical College, who are disgracing their noble profession by the vilest trickery and roguery, and bringing shame and ruin upon families by acts of the grossest immorality.

Three doctors figure in the play before us, and all three are bad. Though the author tells us in the preface that all doctors are not bad, we could have wished he had introduced a good doctor into the play as a set-off against the bad ones. As it is, one gets

the impression that all doctors are of the type of those described in the play. This omission, therefore, we regard as a serious defect in the drama, if it is to be regarded as an accurate representation of the actual state of things. But perhaps judicial impartiality can scarcely be expected from a satirist; as one who lashes the vices of either society in general, or of a particular class of men, is naturally inclined to exaggerate both the turpitude of those vices and the range of their influence. But making every allowance, the picture which the book presents is sufficiently frightful.

Doctor Krishna, who got his diploma many years ago, was always in league with an apothecary to whom all his prescriptions were sent, and from whom he received at least 25 per cent. of the price of the medicines sold. Krishna was benevolently disposed. Early in the morning he gave medical advice *gratis* to any patient who came to his house, on this condition, however, that the patient should buy medicine from the dispensary which the doctor would recommend. Let us introduce the reader to Dr. Krishna as he is sitting in his consulting chamber, and gratuitously administering to the relief of the sick poor.

(Enter the first patient.)

Krishna. "Come to this side. (Feeling his pulse) why, you, seem to be quite well now. Had you fever yesterday?"

Patient. "O Sir, don't speak of fever! Poor man that I am, I am almost dead. Till 9 or 10 o'clock in the morning the fever is somewhat low, but after that all day and night, it rages with fury. I am suffering a great deal, kindly take pity upon me and heal me soon."

Krishna. "Are your motions regular?"

Patient. "How can I have regular motions, when I have not eaten anything the last 8 or 9 days?"

Krishna. (Writing on a piece of paper—10 grains of quinine and one ounce of water) "Take this (handing the prescription) get the medicine brought immediately, and drink it all at once before the return of fever; if you do that, you will not get fever to-day."

Patient. "Who else, is there to bring it? I must myself go and get it. From what dispensary should I get it?"

Krishna. "From the Darmahata Dispensary; they will charge you one rupee."

Patient. "Good heavens! How can I, late as it is now, go to my house at Garpar, bring money and then go to the Darmahata Dispensary? I have not the strength for it—besides, by that time fever will be upon me. Sir, there is a Dispensary near my house, can I not buy medicine there?"

Krishna. "O dear no! They sell only putrid medicines. You go and buy your medicine at the Darmahata Dispensary. Never mind, if it is distant, you will get genuine stuff. And should the fever return in the meantime, never mind, you can swallow the medicine to-morrow."

(Enter patient, number 2.)

Patient. "O, Sir, Doctor, kindly pay some attention to the case of this child of mine. Poor child! he is suffering for a long time. Poor woman that I am, I can no longer pay for medicines. You are giving so many medicines, and yet the child's fever is not gone, his diarrhoea has not yet stopped, he is getting worse and worse; O, Sir, doctor, let me fall at your feet, do not trouble any longer the son of this poor widow."

Krishna. "What? was there a return of his fever yesterday also? (Thinking a little) how is this? From where did you buy medicine?"

Patient. "O, Sir, yesterday I had no money for buying medicine with; I therefore went to a Baboo, and he brought me some medicine, I do not know from where. Yesterday the child took half, and the other half is in the phial, (gives the phial.)"

Krishna. (Looking at the phial—by George, this is Bathgate & Co's!) (aloud) Oh, I see, that is the reason. Unless you buy medicine from the dispensary I recommend, the medicine will do no good, neither will the disease be cured. (Writing a prescription) take this; go and get the medicine from the Darmahata Dispensary."

(Enter patient, number 3.)

Krishna. "How are you to-day?"

Patient. "Sir, I had no fever yesterday."

Krishna. "Very well, go and repeat that medicine."

This worthy son of Aesculapius has other qualities to match. He is a drunkard of the first water, and is lecherous to a degree, being not only a frequent visitor of houses of ill fame, but often taking out scarlet ladies to drinking parties with boon companions.

Another typical doctor is Dr. Maumatha. He is far superior

to the other in medical skill, has extensive reputation, and is, indeed, one of the most successful doctors in Calcutta. He plays his cards so well, that orthodox Hindus look upon him as the *creme de la creme* of orthodoxy, and at the same time the advanced and liberal section take him to be an ornament to their party. He is always at the van of every liberal movement, at least so far as mere talking is concerned. Whenever occasion offers, he speaks eloquently on behalf of female education, moral culture and other cognate subjects. In public he is an advocate of temperance and total abstinence; in private he empties more bottles of brandy than most of his select companions. He lectures publicly on the charms of virtue and morality; his boon companions see him in garden-parties—leading about women of the town. He goes to Behala, not far from Calcutta, on a professional visit to a respectable Brahman's house and there disgraces himself by his drunkenness. He is partial to lady patients, especially when they are not very old. While to other patients he pays only flying visits, to young lady patients, he puts a thousand questions, feeling the pulse of both their hands, and carefully examining their chests. He makes it a point to see his lady patient—whenever that is practicable—at a time when the gentlemen are not in the house. Hemalata, the handsome daughter of Baboo Nilkantha Raya, and a widow, has been suffering for a long time from pain on her side and has been put under Manmatha's treatment. The doctor contrives to pay her a professional visit when alone, speaks tenderly to her, and touches her chin, on which the virtuous and spirited young lady slaps him in the face and sends for her brother, who, a stalwart young fellow that he is, catches hold of the enamoured doctor, and unmercifully belabours his ill-starred back with his stout walking shoes.

The third and last typical Bengali doctor is Binod Bandhu Haldar, who having been plucked in the Entrance Examination of the University, enters the Medical College, and after repeated failure eventually gets his diploma. He does not enter into Government Service for five reasons:—*first* because he would be obliged to go wherever he was ordered; *secondly*, because the sa-

lary is only Rs. 100 ; *thirdly*, because it is difficult to serve under Civil Surgeons without flattering them ; *fourthly*, because Sub-Assistant Surgeons are no better than mere clerks—they having merely to “fill up returns” and “write reports ;” and *fifthly*, because there would be no room for private practice. He accordingly begins as a practitioner ; but as it is difficult to realise an income by mere practice without selling medicine, he sets up a dispensary at Syam Bazar, and calls it THE NEW BRITISH INDIAN MEDICAL HALL. As he has not capital to buy large quantities of medicine,—and yet his dispensary must have a respectable look to attract customers—he buys some hundreds of empty beer bottles, gets them covered with coloured paper, puts upon them printed labels containing names of various medicines, and arranges them in brilliant array in glass cases and shelves. He also buys some large empty gallipots, covers them with blue paper and places them at due intervals between the beer bottles in the glass cases. The whole makes a grand show equalling, in the number of bottles at least,—whatever their contents—the dispensaries of Messrs. Bathgate and Co. and Scott, Thomson and Co. In order to obtain popularity and to insure the sale of some medicine every day, the following notice is put up at the door:—“Medical Advice *gratis* from 8 to 9 A. M.” He then secures some doctors who, for a consideration, agree to recommend his dispensary to their patients, and in particular obtains the patronage of our old friend Dr. Krishna by offering him 30 per cent. of the prices of medicines, and as much brandy as he can swallow. Dr. Krishna modestly proposes that Dr. Binod should give him only a pint of brandy per diem, but he never keeps to that limit and consumes more. But the reader will ask—Does Binod Baboo sell brandy and wine in his dispensary except for medicinal purposes ? Of course, he does ; and that is the most profitable department of the dispensary. Bengali Baboos, who are partial to the bottle, do not like to get it from professional wine-sellers. It is a great deal safer and much more comfortable, to get their drink from a dispensary. Binod Baboo has a room in his dispensary over the door of which is written—PRIVATE. That

is the wine cellar, and the resort of a great many Baboos every night. It is true, law forbids the sale of wine and brandy in dispensaries except for medicinal purposes; but it is the easiest thing in the world for doctors to evade that law. When a Baboo sends for brandy from the new British Indian Medical Hall, he does not call it by its proper name, but calls it—Essence of—something. Besides, a doctor's prescription, like charity, covers a multitude of sins. Here is Dr. Krishna's prescription:—

“ For Hury Dass Baboo's
R. Vin. Gallici—oz. XXIV.
Rub over the body.
(Very urgent.)

K. L. D. ”

In this way our Syam Bazar Galen sells more brandy than medicine in his dispensary; and the police is powerless. With regard to the sale of medicine it not unfrequently happened that Binod Baboo's prescriptions were taken to other dispensaries than to his own; he therefore adopted various expedients to prevent this occurrence. He sometimes put up his prescription in an envelope and addressed it to his own dispensary. Sometimes instead of writing a regular prescription he made use of such expressions as—*My Quinine Mixture*, *My Fever Mixture* and sometimes *Mist Quine*, *Mist Febris*. In this way Binod Baboo continues to get a good income, and being hardened in roguery proceeds to all sorts of extremities. One Baboo is very sad at the birth of an infant, as that infant, if spared, will succeed to the property which he is now enjoying. He therefore heavily bribes Dr. Binod and requests him to polish the infant off the face of the earth. As the infant's mother is under the treatment of our doctor during her confinement, he becomes but too successful. Nemesis, however, overtakes him; and Binod Baboo is apprehended by the police on a charge of murder. Here the curtain drops.

Though the work before us can hardly be called a drama in the proper sense of that word, regardless as it is of some of its principal canons, it must be acknowledged to be a most clever performance. Some of the characters are well sustained, the dialogue

is always interesting and lively, and the descriptions are graphic. We hope and trust it will do good to those for whom it is intended.

Report of the Alexandra Native Girls' English Institution for the year 1874. Bombay : Education Society's Press, Byculla, 1875.

The Parsi Institution of which the above is the report has no less a personage for its Patron, or rather Patroness, than Her Royal Highness Alexandra, Princess of Wales, after whom it is called. His Excellency the Governor-General is its vice-patron. Amongst the brilliant array of names in the list of its Life-Members, amongst whom is the Crown Prince of Germany, we are glad to find the name of at least one Bengali gentleman, Mr. Satyendra Nath Tagore, c.s. The Lady Superintendent of the Institution gives the following statistics of the school for the past year :—

" Highest number on the rolls	...	...	...	74
Average monthly number on the rolls	...	...	...	70 $\frac{5}{11}$
Highest monthly average attendance	...	...	...	52 $\frac{1}{2}$
Highest daily attendance	...	...	...	60
Average daily attendance throughout the year	...	...	...	48 $\frac{25}{197}$
Pupils admitted during the year	...	...	...	24
Pupils left during the same period	...	...	...	25
Number on the rolls in December 1874	...	...	...	71"

The following extract from the report of the Examiners will give the reader an idea of the studies of the First Class :—

" Out of 10 scholars of whom the First Class consisted, 7 were present. These young ladies displayed much intelligence, and did creditably in nearly all the subjects in which they were examined. They read not only fluently but with an accurate pronunciation and accent, which also distinguished their recitation of poetry. Gujarati sentences they translated with moderate ease into English. They wrote from dictation neatly and, with some exceptions, correctly. They seemed to be thoroughly up in Vulgar Fractions and Simple Proportion. Though somewhat deficient in grammatical knowledge, they succeeded well in passing simple sentences. With the outlines of Indian History after the Mahomedan period they were evidently familiar, as they were also with the geography of Europe and America, of which continents some excellent maps drawn by them were exhibited. Excepting Miss Dhanbai Ardaseer Wadia, who is decidedly in advance of the other scholars in this class, it was difficult for us to find differences of merit among them

as they all appeared to do almost equally well. On the whole, however, we are inclined to assign the place next below Miss Dhanbai to her sister Miss Aimai Wadia, with whom might also be mentioned Miss Motibai J. Khambata."

Two ladies, one of whom was Miss Manockjee Cursetjee, examined the girls in singing, drawing and needle-work; and the subjoined is their report:—

"On Friday, February 5th, we had the pleasure of examining the pupils of the Alexandra Native Girls' English Institution in singing, drawing, and needle-work.

In the first-named branch we were glad to find a marked improvement since the last time we visited the Institution. At that time they sang by ear, but as they have been instructed during the past year in singing from the notes, the progress is great, and their music much more correct both in tune and time than we found it on former occasions. In solo singing it gives us pleasure to recommend Miss Moteebai S. S. Bengalee for a prize, as we consider her singing accurate and the tone of her voice very pleasing. We were also much pleased with Miss Dhanbai A. Wadia's singing and Miss Perozbai Jussavalla's.

The most advanced pupil in drawing is Mrs. Jerbai Fakeerjee, whose pencil drawings are superior to any of the others. We beg also to mention the drawings of Miss Meherbai M. Dadina and Miss Dhunbai A. Wadia,—the latter young lady shows a decided taste for flower-drawing. We would recommend that some of the more advanced pupils should be encouraged to draw from objects rather than from copies.

The needle-work of the young ladies is always excellent, and it gave us special pleasure to examine their beautiful plain sewing. The pupils even in the youngest class hem and stitch with the utmost neatness and regularity, and where so many excel it is difficult to recommend one more than others. We however select the work of Miss Shereebai Asha Waidna and Miss Humbari N. Wadia as the best in the Fourth Class. In the Third Class we prefer the plain sewing of Miss Aimai Kanga and Miss Soonabai Jussavalla, and the fancy work of Miss Maneckbai Metha. In the Second Class Miss Dhunbai S. Master and Mrs. D. Narayan excel; and in the First Class we found the plain sewing of the Misses Meherbai and Veerbaijee M. Dadina, and the tatting and embroidery of Miss Avabai D. Cama superior to the others.

In conclusion, allow us to express the pleasure we felt in observing the cheerfulness and intelligence with which the young ladies pursue their studies, and in remarking the delight which many of them seem to experience in the work of self-improvement."

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LITERATURE OF BENGAL.

By Arcydale.

CHAPTER XIV. KASI RAM DAS.

In the last seven Chapters we have dwelt on one of the most eventful periods of the history of the literature and people of Bengal, *viz.*, the 16th century of the Christian era. That century witnessed a mighty religious revolution and a mighty political revolution. Within that century the Hindu religion was for a time shaken and convulsed by a band of reformers who preached their new faith from Nuddea to Delhi, and from Delhi to cape Comorin. But strength consists,—a great thinker of this century remarks,—not in spasms but in the stout bearing of burdens. The religion of Chaitanya rose with a spasm, and then subsided into its mother religion Hinduism; and all the respectable Vaishnavas of the present day are Hindus to all intents and purposes,—Hindus even to the extent of recognizing the inequalities of the caste system. The same century witnessed the dying struggles of Afghan power in Bengal, and the final extension of the rule of Akbar and the Moguls. This political revolution was not merely a change in dynasties but brought in important consequences. The Afghan supremacy allowed a sort of rude feudal independence to all the subordinate Jaigirdars and Zemin-dars of the province, and made no attempts at systematic administration or government. The more organized and civilized regime of the Moguls slowly turned out or curbed the powerful Muham-madan Jaigirdars and introduced a systematic government whose

details penetrated into every province and reached every village, and whose completeness will compare not very unfavorably even with the English regime. Further, the great Todar Mall who thrice conquered the country from the Afghans remeasured and assessed all lands, introduced a systematic revenue administration, and extended the study of the Persian throughout the province.

All these religious and political changes had their influences on the mind of the people, and therefore on the literature of the period. Accordingly we find in the sixteenth century the first great efforts of the national intellect both in poetry and philosophy. Krittibas and Makundaram are the pioneers of the new school of poetry, the great Raghunath the pioneer of the Nuddea school of philosophy and learning.

Krittibas translated one great epic from the Sanskrit in the 16th century; in the following century the other great epic, the Mahabharata was rendered into Bengali verse by Kasi Ram Das. The Mahabharata is a vast work,—perhaps the longest epic ever written in any age or country; and the intrinsic value of the work from a historical point of view as well as its poetical excellence makes it one of the richest records in the rich storehouse of Sanskrit literature. The manners and customs of the times, the pomp and splendour of courts, the rules of war and peace, the dignity and power and mutual jealousies of kings, their festivities social and religious, and above all the genuine heroism and military ardour which characterised the Kshatriya princes of ancient India,—all these have been depicted with the graphic power of a Tacitus or Thucydides. On the other hand, the inner workings of the human mind, all the various human feelings, devoted love, bitter hatred, furious jealousy between rival princes, revenge that knew no satiety, the patience of a suffering saint, the greatness of a real hero;—all the various shades of human character from the venerable Bhishma, whose sublime character drew forth tears of admiration from the enemies who killed him, to the fiery and jealous Duryodhana who engaged the whole of India in a disastrous war rather than cede five villages to his much-

hated yet much-dreaded cousins ;—every thing indeed that a true poet and a great poet is capable of has been worked out with the unerring pencil of a Homer or a Shakespeare. The work is so instinct with passages of genuine heroism; so replete with passages of true poetical excellence, that it is difficult to find its parallel in the literature of any other nation or age.

Such is the great work which Kasi Ram Das has rendered into Bengali. We cannot say that the poet has done justice to the original, and that for two reasons. In the first place we are not aware of any translator having ever been able to do justice to any great work which he has attempted. But there is yet another reason for the failure of Kasi Ram Das.

It was not possible for Kasi Ram Das, it is not possible for any writer to make himself independent of the influences of his times, or to soar above such influences. Even the greatest works of the imagination, along with much that is the poets' own creation, bear distinct impress of the times in which they are written. If this were not so, if each work did not to some extent reflect the times in which it was written, the history of a nation's literature would not have been the reflection of the progress of the national mind. It is because each work bears the stamp of the time of its production, that it is possible for us to trace the progress of the human mind, in the literature of nation. The age in which Kasi Ram Das lived was one of subjection and servitude ;—and though his was a great mind, it was impossible that his pages should reproduce in their integrity the stirring and spirited annals of the times of Hindu independence and glory.

This then is the one great defect in the Bengali version of the Mahabharat. Passages of love and tenderness, tales of sadness and of woe, are reproduced feelingly in the Bengali version ; but the heroism and fire which pervade the Sanskrit work, and strike the reader in almost every page of that great work, find no counterpart in the version of Kasi Ram Das. In vain do we seek through his pages, for any portion of the martial spirit which pervades the original work ; and the wars of Kasi Ram strike us as vapid and wearisome.

With all its defects, however, the Bengali Mahabharat is a remarkable work, and when we consider the time in which it was composed we are filled with admiration at the genius of the man who undertook and performed so gigantic a work, and performed it so well. The mere mechanical work is tremendous. The Bengali Mahabharat consists of nearly eighty thousand lines; in other words if it were possible to suppose that Kasi Ram labored every day at this work, and wrote no less than eighty lines per day still it would have cost him over three years ~~uninterrupted~~ ^{uninterrupted} labor to complete this one great work.

And if success be an indication of merit, this work has indeed been well performed. No work in Bengali,—scarcely even the Ramayana of Krittibas, is more extensively read by all classes of the Bengali community, but more specially by the women of the higher classes. Replete with stirring incidents and tales of princes and princesses, full of tender pathos and interesting stories and unexceptionable morals, the work is peculiarly well fitted for the instruction of the female mind. Mothers know no better theme for imparting moral instruction to their daughters; wives know no better means of whiling away an idle hour; old women and nurses know no richer store from which to narrate stories to groups of little children night after night. Thus the tales of the Mahabharat have been handed down from generation to generation with never-failing interest, and where is the Bengali,—be he the lowly laborer or the rich Zemindar, who has not in his boyish days whiled away many a long winter evening with these moral tales which can never, be other than interesting?

We have not yet said any thing of the life of this great poet. The fact is we have little to say on this subject, as we know very little. He was born some time in the 17th century in the village of Singi on the river Brahmani in the district of Burdwan. His father Kamaia Kanta had four sons of whom Kasi Ram was the third. Kasi Ram had a daughter whom he bestowed on an accomplished bridegroom; and some are of opinion that when Kasi Ram died leaving the work only half done, his son-in-law completed it. There are no reasons to suppose that this story is true.

We shall conclude this brief notice with one extract from this vast volume:

THE DEATH OF KARNA.

পুনঃ কর্ণ ধরি ধনু, বিক্লি অর্জুন তনু,
 বাছিয়া বাছিয়া এড়ি বাণ ।
 বাণে নিবারিয়া বাণ, ধনঞ্জয় ধনুর্দ্ধার,
 নিজ বাণ করেন সন্ধান ॥
 ভেদি, রক্তে যেন বহে নদী,
 গায় গায়ে বহিছে রুধির ।
 কর্ণবীর অস্ত্র মারি, সর্প অস্ত্র নাশ করি,
 পুনঃ অস্ত্র এড়িলেন বীর ॥
 ভেদিল দ্বাদশ শরে, দামোদর কলেবরে,
 আর বাণ মারে শীঘ্রগতি ।
 সন্ধান করিয়া শরে, বিক্লিলেন পার্থবীরে,
 হাসিলেন কর্ণ যোদ্ধাপতি ॥
 ইন্দ্র যেন এড়ি শর, ক্রোধে পার্থ ধনুর্দ্ধার,
 কর্ণের বিচ্ছেদ কলেবর ।
 রুদ্র পরাক্রম বীর, সম্মুখে ছাড়ে ন তীর,
 রবিসুত হইল কাতর ॥
 ব্যথা পান কর্ণ বীর, তিল অর্ধ নাহি স্থির,
 মাথার মুকুট পড়ে খসি ।
 কাটিলেন বাণ ঝড়ে, মুকুট ভূমিতলে পড়ে,
 অথা উঠে গগন পরশি ॥
 দৃঢ়তর স্বসন্ধান, কটক কাটেন বাণে,
 বারণে অসক্ত কর্ণবীর ।
 বাছিয়া মারেন শর, ধনঞ্জয় ধনুর্দ্ধার,
 পুনঃ মারিলেন তীর ॥
 হৈল যেন বজ্রাঘাত, কল্বে যেন দিমনাথ,
 কর্ণবীর হইল অস্থির ।
 বাছিয়া মারিল শর, ধনঞ্জয় ধনুর্দ্ধার,
 বিক্লিলেন কর্ণের শরীর ॥

মহা সত্ত্ব কর্ণ বীর, চৈতন্য পাইলা ধীর,
নানা অস্ত্র করি বরিষণ ।

খরতর সুসন্ধানে, অশ্ব হস্তী সেনাগণে,
কর্ণবীর করিল নিধন ॥

তিন বানে জনার্দনে, বিদ্বিলেন সেই ক্ষণে,
সাত বাণ মারি ধনঞ্জয়ে ।

পুনর্বার দশ বাণে, বিদ্বিলেন সেইক্ষণে,
মহাবীর পার্থ মহাশয়ে ॥

তবে তেজোময় বাণ, পার্থ করি সুসন্ধান,
বিদ্বিলেন কর্ণ ধনুর্দর ।

অর্জুনের অস্ত্র যত, নিবারিল শতং,
শর বার্থ ভাবি পার্থ বীর ॥

কাটা গেল ধনুর্গুণ, লজ্জিত হইয়া পুনঃ,
আর গুণ দিল যুড়ি শরে ।

অর্জুন মারেন শর, কাটি কর্ণ ধনুর্দর,
হাসি পুনঃ বাণ নিল করে ॥

ধরিয়া বিজয় ধনু, দিবাকর অর্দ্ধ জলু,
শরেতে করিল অন্ধকার ।

অর্জুনে ফাফর দেখি, শ্রীকৃষ্ণ কহেন একি,
নীত্র কর কর্ণকে সংহার ॥

কৃষ্ণ বাক্যে রুদ্ধবাণ, পার্থ করি সুসন্ধান,
বজ্র যেন হাতে লন শত্রু ।

ব্যক্ত হয় ব্রহ্ম শাপ, কর্ণ পান মনস্তাপ,
পৃথিবী গ্রাসিল রথ চক্র ॥

ক্রন্দন করিয়া বীর, নয়নেতে বহে নীর,
অর্জুনে কহিলা উচ্চৈঃস্বরে ।

মুহূর্ত্তকে ক্ষমা কর, শুন পার্থ ধনুর্দর,
রথচক্র উদ্ধারিব করে ॥

যেই জন যুক্তকেশ, প্রহারে বিকল বেশ,
শরণ মাগয়ে যদি রণে ।

কবচ রহিত জনে, নাহি ধরে অশ্বগণে,
ভারে মারে কাপুরুষ জনে ॥

তুমি লোকে নরোত্তম, তব কীর্তি অনুগম,
ধর্মজ্ঞানে তোমাকে বাখানি ।
রথের উপরে তুমি, অভাগ্যেতে আগি ভূষি,
মুহূর্ত্তকে ক্ষমা কর জানি ॥

কৃষ্ণ হইল নাহি ভয়, তোমাকে সংশয় হয়,
কারণ সাধ হে তোমাকে ।
বিদ্যি মোরে হইল বক্র, পৃথিবী গিলিল চক্র,
ক্ষমা কর উদ্ধার আমাকে ॥

শুনিয়া কর্ণের বাণী, কহিলেন চক্রপাণী,
বিপদ কালেতে স্মর ধর্ম ।

এক বস্ত্রা রজস্বলা, দ্রুপদনন্দিনী বালা,
সভা মধ্যে করিল। কি কথ্য ॥

শকুনি কৌশল ক্রমে, দুর্য়োধন নরাপমে,
কপটে রচিল পাসা সারি ।

ক্ষত্রি ধর্ম ছাড়ি কার্যা, কপটে লইল রাজ্য,
কোন শাস্ত্রে পাইল বিচারি ॥

সন্দেহ মিথ্রিত বিষ, ভীমে খাওয়াইল শেষ,
বান্ধিয়া সকল কলেবর ।

ফেলাইয়া দিল জলে, রক্ষা পায় ধর্ম বলে,
যে সকল কহিতে বিস্তর ॥

যৌৎহ নির্যাস করি, তাহাতে পাণ্ডব ভরি,
অগ্নি কি দিল বিচার করি ।

কোন শাস্ত্রে হেন ধর্ম, বিচারিয়া কহ মর্ম,
তৈবে তাহা আনিল উদ্ধারি ॥

দ্বাদশ বৎসর বনে, বঞ্চিলেন পঞ্চ জনে,
বৎসরেক রহেন অজ্ঞাতে ।

সভাতে মাগিল যবে, রাজ্য নাহি দিল তবে,
হেন ধর্ম বুঝাও কি মতে ॥

অভিমত্যা গেল রণে, বেড়ি মার সপ্ত জনে,
দুক্ষপোষ্য শিশু সে কুমার ।

কোন ধর্মে মার তারে, কহিবা স্বরূপ মোরে,
কোথা ছিল এ ধর্ম বিচার ॥

শুনিয়া কৃষ্ণের কথা, অর্জুনের বাড়ে ব্যথা,
পূর্ব পূর্ব কথা মনে হয় ।

বাড়িল পার্থের ক্রোধ, না মানিল উপরোধ,
রক্ত চক্ষু ওষ্ঠ কম্প হয় ॥

তবে কর্ণ মহাক্রোধ, নিতাস্ত মরিব বোধ,
ব্রহ্মাস্ত্র এড়িল সেই ক্ষণে ।

অর্জুন ব্রহ্মাস্ত্র মারি, কর্ণ বাণ ব্যর্থ করি,
দ্বিব্যাস্ত্র যুড়িল শরাসনে ॥

পার্থ যুড়ি অগ্নিবাণ, যেন অগ্নি দীপ্তিমান,
কর্ণ পানে চান একদৃষ্টি ।

বরুণ বাণেতে কর্ণ, জলে করি পরিপূর্ণ,
অনল নিভান করি রক্ষি ॥

অর্জুনের বায়ুবাণ, মেঘে করে খান খান,
পুনঃ কর্ণ যুড়ি মহাশর ।

হাহাকার দেবগণে, ভূমিকম্প ক্ষণে,
বাণ এড়ি কর্ণ ধনুর্ধর ॥

হৃদয়ে বিক্লিল শর, রক্ত পড়ে নিরস্তর,
আপনা বিস্মৃত ধনঞ্জয় ।

খশিল হাতের ধনু, স্তব্ধ হৈল সর্ব তনু,
অতি ব্যগ্র কৃষ্ণ মহাশয় ॥

এই প্রাপ্ত অবসর ; কর্ণ মহাধনুর্ধর,
রথ উদ্ধারিতে যান বলে ।

না পারিল ছই হাতে, ভ্রম হৈল অঙ্গনাথে,
পুনঃ রথ প্রবেশে ভূতলে ॥

সচেতন ধনঞ্জয়, দেখি কৃষ্ণ মহাশয়,
অর্জুনে কহেন কুতূহলে ।

আমার বচন ধর, ধনঞ্জয় ধনুর্দ্ধর,
 কাটি পাড়ি কর্ণ মহা বলে ॥
 ক্রোধের বচন শুনি, অর্জুন হৃদয়ে গনি,
 গাণ্ডিবে ছুড়েন ক্ষুর বাণ ।
 ক্ষুর প্রবেশিল চণ্ড, কাটিয়া পড়িল দণ্ড,
 লজ্জান্বিত কর্ণ বলিয়ান ॥
 ঝাকে শোষ্য বাণ ; ছাড়িলেন পার্থ ধান
 যেন পুরন্দর ॥
 গগন ভূত ভয়ঙ্কর ; দেখি দিব্য মহাশর ;
 বেগে ধায় শব্দ ঘোরতর ॥
 নিক্ষেপিয়া মহাশর, ভাবিলেন ধনুর্দ্ধর,
 পূর্ব কথা আছয়ে স্মরণে ।
 যদি হই পার্থ বীর, কাটি পাড়ি কর্ণ শির ;
 নাশিব কর্ণকে আজি রণে ॥
 ছেদিব কর্ণের শির, এত বলি পার্থ বীর,
 মহামার মারি কর্ণ বীরে ।
 সর্ব দেব ভয়ঙ্কর ; দেখি যেন রুদ্ধ শর,
 বেগে পড়ে কর্ণের শরীরে ॥
 সন্ধ্যায় পড়িল কর্ণ, আকাশে লোহিত বর্ণ,
 সর্ব লোকে চাহিয়া বিস্ময় ।
 উঠিয়া গগনোপরে, প্রবেশিল দিন করে,
 কর্ণের যতেক তেজশ্চয় ॥
 কর্ণ বীর বধে তায়, পৃথিবী শয়ন কায়,
 রথ লয়ে গেল মদ্র গতি ।
 কুরুবল হাহাকার, অব হয় অন্ধকার ;
 কর্ণ বিনা কি হইল গতি ॥
 হাহা কর্ণ বীর বুর ; মোর প্রাণ সমশর ;
 হারাইয়া ভুবন দুর্জয়ে ।
 এত বলি দুর্যোগধন, শ্বাস ছাড়ে যনে যন ;
 কুরু সৈন্য ভঙ্গ দিল ভয়ে ॥

PSEUDODOXIA EPIDEMICA.

THE DESCENT OF MAN.

"Oh! Thrash these donkeys into ponies gray!" So sang SHAM in the days of yore. SHAM was a clever chap. A perfect adept in music both vocal and instrumental. Philosophy however was his specialty. His dictum on natural evolution has deservedly a world-wide renown. Yet who could have ~~known~~ of it? Who could have prognosticated success so eminent ~~in the~~ soundings seemingly so unpromising? Our hero looked a cool every inch of him; and, as if to be revenged on Nature for her niggardliness in the distribution of personal attractions, he studiously made himself uncouth almost beyond tolerance. To other oddities, of which there was no dearth within the narrow limits of his middle-sized form, he graciously added that of devouring his nails, so voraciously as scarcely to leave any vestige of the horny adjunct visible through the most powerful microscope in existence. He was no better in dress which probably he looked upon as a superfluity. Barring a slight anachronism he might pass for the original of the "Sluggard" in the story. If he had the option he would certainly go about stark naked like Adam before his fall. Dress of the plainest description was an incumbrance under which he fidgeted as fidgets an unbroken waler under harness. To bestow the least care on garments was love's labor lost, if not a profane attempt to nullify the wise designs of the Creator. SHAM was moreover a sort of cosmopolitan—every where quite at home. My house and thy house made no difference with him. In his estimate, as in that of the Persian sage, houses were but taverns where friends met to enjoy life. To have a laugh, to crack a joke, to smoke a *chillum*, to punish a bottle, to hum a tune, or to bellow a tremendous oath with fearful freedom. As for decency, there was no such term any where in his vocabulary. What a pregnant commentary on the ravings of modern infidels, who, under the mask of philosophy, scandalise common sense by doctrines calculated to banish faith, neck and crop, from the world at once! What argument

more conclusive to establish the existence of an omnipotent and benevolent ruler of the universe! Show me the accountant, to merchants' manners trained, so exact on the debit and credit side of his ledger. Different endowments of Heaven have been so nicely, so impartially balanced, that the most confirmed grumbler can have nothing to grumble at. This difference in worldly conditions, understood aright, is but a voice from the wilderness warning man, sinful man, against scepticism. Let the beggarly tribe of cringing sycophants, who fatten on legacies, secured by importunity, pull up their spirits at the misfortunes of poets, there is something in genius that compensates for them all.

“ My minde to me a kingdome is ;
 Such perfect joy therein I finde
 As far exceeds all earthly blisse
 That God or Nature hath assignde.
 Though much I want, that most would have,
 Yet still my mind forbids to crave.”

Up goes the curtain. Desdemona in bed asleep. Her skin whiter than snow, and smooth as “monumental alabaster,” beams forth conscious innocence, unnerves the jealous Moor, and makes an arrant coward of him. He pauses, he hesitates, he hesitates. Hark! the bumper house bursts with applause! Will the Tieborne Estates purchase the ecstatic thrill that permeates the entire frame of the timid bard perchance then skulking in the purlieus of the theatre! If Milton was blind, he had an Eve to console him. If Otway was poor, over his orphan “more tears have been shed” than over all other orphans in Christendom put together. If Alexander Pope was mistaken for a “Note of Interrogation,” he had his pack of proteges in the “Dunciad” to keep him straight. SHAM was uncouth and unmannerly, but his cuckoo voice, and, above all his unparalleled familiarity with the laws of nature, swamped both the ugly prefixes, and made him the observed of all observers, the invited of all inviters. Rajahs and Rajahlings, Baboos and Baboolings, and that interminable chapter of Bahadoors, bearded or unbearded (they are all bearded now) hugged and caressed this crochety child of caprice, whose charming notes

held the brute creation mute, whose easy evolutions cast all other evolutions into the shade.

“Earth’s genuine sons, the sceptred and the slave,
A mingled mob! a wandering herd! he sees,
Bewildered in the vale; in all unlike!
His full reverse in all! what higher praise!”

There is a sort of family likeness amongst geniuses. Their general deportment seldom accords with the rules recognised in *society*. They chafe under the thralldom of *convention*, to them a huge chimera patented by a parcel of fools *“to be taken”* and in the observance of prosaic ceremonials in which the heart has no concern. After every thing said and done, a total abnegation of self is a moral impossibility. A man of parts cannot but feel his superiority over the mere average man, and what he feels must every now and then crop up, the very first rate modesty notwithstanding.

“Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Or carry smiles and sunshine in my face,
When discontent sits heavy on my heart.”

Here is a blockhead cudgeling his brains for half a century without adding a single doggerel hemistich to the stock of literature, and here a babe in its swaddling clothes lisping in numbers. The most obtuse Caliban on record cannot possibly jumble these together, far less can the lisper in metro herd with dull carcasses in which there is neither rhyme nor rhythm from top to toe. So that what is usually stigmatised as eccentricity is nothing more than a simple consciousness of one’s own merits—a consciousness which cannot, by the way, be eschewed at pleasure. Mysterious is the sympathy between thoughts of great minds. Separated by generations and with half the convex globe between they echo the same sentiment over and over again.

“He laughs at scars that never felt a wound”

exclaims the bard of Avon in the bitterness of anguish identifying himself with the love-lorn Montague, smarting under the coarse jests of his unsympathising friend. It would certainly be treason to suppose that the prince of English poets, inheriting from Nature the entire realm of Fancy and Imagination, should stoop to pilfer an

idea, and that from an Islamite. But yet it is a fact, that full two centuries before his days, the civilized world must have been familiar with the truth he so pathetically enunciates, as coming from Shiraj of classical renown.

“Who can on shore secure conceive
A ship-wrecked sailor’s plight.”

If Shakespeare is above suspicion Hafiz is no less so. The proud spirit that disdains to be beholden to kings cannot demean himself to be obliged to a penurious poet. Circumstances however seem almost to any amount of scepticism in the matter. Hundreds of years before Hafiz was ushered into existence the same song was sung on the banks of the Ganges.

The throes of child-birth can be known
To her alone who bears a child.

The coincidency between SHAM and DARWIN is still more remarkable. No two animals have things less in common than a Bengali and an Englishman, of course I mean the *bona fides* and not the equivocals, who are neither the one nor the other, just as mules are neither horses nor asses. These two subjects of Her Most Gracious Majesty are physical and moral antipodes. The one is bodily weak and intellectually strong, the other is the *vice versa*. The one is more herbivorous than an ox, the other is more carnivorous than a famished jakal at Cossy Mitter’s cremation ghaut. The one delights to stalk in a state bordering on nudity, the other under donkey loads of woollen manufactures groans to suffocation. Affinity between the languages of the two is down-right *nil*. Except in cases of seven letters out of fifty you can spell the whole Bengali Dictionary without the aid of a teacher; but, teacher or no teacher, you will never learn to spell English words, each of which is a Chinese puzzle. In spite of these diversities, our black and white twins agree in preaching the same creed of population independent of the genesis. SHAM the Indian DARWIN, and DARWIN the British SHAM, both demonstrate the theory of Development, though by processes differing in detail. A system to be of any value must not only answer all practical purposes, but must at the same time, be as simple as the requirements of the

case will admit. The object is not only to reach the goal, but to do so with the minimum outlay of time and labor, personal comfort and convenience always remaining the same. It is much better to cut the gordian knot through than to harass one's self by tedious attempts to find out the clue, and to unravel it stage by stage. No apology is therefore necessary for allotting the preference to the THRASHING method. DARWIN's Evolution is clumsy and complicated. The Titmouse-cum-Dormouse principle ~~may~~, it is true, carry us, by steps not very ~~large~~ to eagles and elephants, but without a Goalundo branch ~~we~~ cannot arrive at the "Anthropomorphous" Ape, the Abraham of the supreme evolution. It leaves moreover a tremendous margin for Free Choice, unnecessarily involving proportionate indecision and the consequent loss of time.

"If you oblige me suddenly to choose,

The choice is made, for I must both refuse."

The heir apparent to the British throne had his choice restricted to three or four only. Is the black bee to range through the immense sphere of radiata and vertebrata? A God, and a fly! For, let the maniacs of fraternity say what they like, that there is a halo of divinity round crowned heads I must maintain, though at the risk of being guillotined or pounded into calf's foot jelly. Evolution again unnecessarily encumbers half the population of the globe with burdens, "pleasing" or displeasing, gentle reader! I cannot tell, not having been *as yet* pressed into the service. It remains to be seen whether some feature DARWIN will or will not transmit the same to me, not on androgynous principles, but by wholesale transpositions, as in some equations, of different organs rudimental or accessory, and thus leave MY DEAR, bearded a second time by reversion, in the full bloom of hygienic and forensic glorification, consigning to my poor self, like signathous fishes, the ability to hatch and nourish the precious contents as best I may in my blissful inexperience of years three score and ten! *Enter nous*. I will hew wood for DEAR; I will draw water for DEAR; I will carry DEAR's foot stool on my head; I will fight duels for DEAR; I will know no other god than my DEAR; I will forsake

father and mother, brother and sister and cling to DEAR, yea as clingeth a famished leech to the lacerated skin. But by my lady's dog's head alive or dead, I will not serve as MY DEAR'S-*locum tenens* in her accouchements. I will not be duped by wet nurses or dry nurses, or by serofulous urchins more pestiferous than any *Mehtrany* smuggled, by *purdah* lectures in Medical colleges inaugurated under the auspices of Lalloo Baboo & Co. into the ranks of matrons. Vulgarly, Office, Ignorance, and Sex, each by itself, is fully competent to put the Hooghly ~~to~~ dire must be the calamity caused by an untoward combination of all the four requisites to plague society, and to plunge it into the lowest depth of chaos again! But, if evolved we must be, why retain the antiquated MY-DEARING paraphernalia at all? Why not abolish bans and cards, vows and favors, noisy households and crowded bedsteads, and, once for the nonce, render historical that swarm of humdrum drones who for base lucre desecrate Christian pulpits by yoking folks physically, morally, intellectually, and socially, more unequal than any pair of jaded hacks harnessed or rather roped to a third class keranchi, the harmonium extraordinary, that plies music for the refined ears of Mr. Chick. The insertion of a clause to this effect in our unportable code of pains and penalties will at once emancipate the ultimatum of Natural Selection from the tyranny of the fiddling Neros of the cloth, and restore the posterity of king Orang to primitive liberty, the sole end and aim of a rational being;

"Place me where winter breathes his keenest air,

And I will sing if Liberty be there.

And I will sing at Liberty's dear feet,

In Africa's torrid clime or India's fiercest heat."

SHAM's method is unique. The only manipulation necessary is the exercise of the Rod. in which the nature of the result required determines the number of lashes. *Exempli gratia*. If a glow-worm is to be evolved out of a Lancelet, which, according to Haeckel, has no brains at all, a couple of stripes or so will doubtless prove quite sufficient. Whereas if an academie, whose

brains weigh forty factory maunds, is to be evolved out of a worshipper of Aesculapius, more than twenty times two stripes may be necessary. The evolution of a saint, with the instinct of its great grand progenitor the goat, would sally disturb the domestic economy of the existing races; it is absolutely necessary therefore that old associations should be carefully eliminated from the cranium to which all sorts of crudities obstinately attach themselves, ere a satisfactory metamorphosis can take place. It follows as a matter of course, then, that ~~the larger the~~ the skull, or which comes to the same thing, the larger the ~~quantity of~~ the gelatinous substance we call brain, the more vigorous and relentless must be the application of the birch. Every pedagogue knows to his bitter cost how difficult it always is to unteach the vicious orthoepy with which two anna text books inoculate our youths, who, by a curious conglomeration of labials and dentals, of linguals and gutturals, unconsciously provoke the risible faculties of young ladies assembled in the Town Hall, to hear the PRIORY SHEBHENTH proposition of the PHASHT book of Euclid demonstrated for their edification by young ANORPORE of coolly notoriety. Take my word for it, nothing will knock the elegance out of his head except a copious application of aspen-birch. Allopathic doses of genuine drubbing, judiciously administered, effect miraculous cures not only of philological and psychological maladies, but also of physical maladies of different descriptions. They not only convert transparent coxcombs of schools and colleges into splendid graduates, and transform notorious pick-pockets and cut-throats of police courts into angels and archangels, but restore the most confirmed valetudinarian to healthy exercises of all natural functions. Multitudes of barren females have become mothers by free application of the cane at the fructifying tomb of the Abbe of Paris, or by the touch of the cat-o-nine tail of Ram Sharun Paul of *quasi* canonical memory. Even disembodied spirits entertain a wholesome dread of the cudgel. In obdurate cases, where adjurations and incantations fail to dislodge the devil, the only remedy lies in thrashing the patient thoroughly. If a single operation prove unsuccessful, try a second, and the exorcism is complete. Chimeras

vanish, coherence of speech ensues, and common sense re-asserts her sovereignty at once.

—————Man is made anew.
 His make our sages now do take in hand,
 And, in his turn, each dolt a hotch-potch ekes
 Which he his system calls. A DARWIN bold
 Evolves mankind in cobwebs and adorns
 With "coccyx" long, expressed, at times, implied,
 A BERRY of them of adjuncts all denudes,
~~Sham~~ alas! that man is but a myth,
Sans head, *sans* tail, *sans* wit, *sans* every thing.
 To give to both the lie direct, as well
 To find a tenant fit for Eden fair,
 SHAM takes a tadpole from a neighbouring brook,
 And thrashes it, and thrashes it over again !

TRUE HAPPINESS.

By A Hindustani.

No picture can be gloomier than that of a man without God in the world. Man without God is something like the world without the sun. The world is full of things beautiful, attractive and glorious! In the world there are varieties of natural beauties,—there are green fields, picturesque hills, romantic valleys, charming lakes and noble rivers. Let these beauties continue as they are. Let the fields continue fresh and green, the hills picturesque and lovely, the valleys beautiful and charming, the lakes glassy and transparent, and the rivers broad and expansive. But let the sun be by a stupendous miracle withdrawn from the system. The prospect left will be unutterably dark and dreary! The beauties we have been talking of will be buried alive, as it were, under impenetrable folds of thick darkness; and not a blade of grass or a dew drop "sheen" will appear to refresh the eye or cheer

the spirit. The disappearance of the sun will, not only hide the multifarious beauties of nature from our view, but tend to destroy and annihilate them. Without its genial heat and light the grass will wither and die, the hills will lose their garments of lovely foliage, the valleys will become heaps of ugliness, and the rivers and the lakes will very likely be cesspools of melted lava and other unsightly fluids. Nay, the whole world will be brought back to that awful state of chaos from which it was evolved by ages of material action, commenced and consummated by the unerring wisdom and unlimited power of the Supreme Being. Such is precisely man without God in the world. Deny him riches, wealth, respectability, fame,—let him be clothed with honor; surrounded by all the pleasures, refinements of life. Let him unite in his person the varied accomplishments of a refined education, be the centre wherein all the converging influences of good society, polite manners and literary fame meet. Let him even be adorned with those virtues which are called natural, be a good father, a faithful husband, a generous friend and a kind master. But let him be without God in the world. The prospect presented cannot but be dark and dreary! The vice overbalances and tarnishes the virtue, the darkness extinguishes the light. His godlessness or living without God in the world dropped into one scale causes the other, though full of all the advantages which this life can offer, to mount up and kick the beam. His fancied glories will forsake him one by one. His wealth and respectability and fame will be snatched away from him, and given to those who are more worthy of these boons than he has proved. His natural virtues will forsake him, and go where they can be perpetually fed by the flame of divine love; and he will be left in a desolate world without a protector and a friend, as a vessel cast adrift on a tempestuous sea without chart or rudder. Without God in the world he is a mass of deformity, destitute of a single ray of beauty or glory.

This is a gloomy picture indeed. Reverse it, and you have a picture of ineffable brightness and glory, the picture of man with God in the world. Deny him riches, fame, reputation; deny

him the innocent enjoyments of life, the refinements of education and the amenities of polite society; deny him even the pleasures and gratifications of sound health and buoyant spirits;—nay, surround him with the hardships of poverty and expose him to all the tortures which the ingenuity of persecution can inflict; see him Job-like bemoaning an alienated estate, property extinguished, children dead, and a body full of festering sores—and leave him God—and you have a picture of bliss such as the imagination loves to dwell upon. The dark elements, which are hardly visible in what man is at the meridian lustre of its glory, will one by one disappear. Poverty, disease and death will pass away, leaving a soul buoyed up and sustained in an interminable ocean of happiness and joy. My last Lecture was gloomy, because I had to hold up to your view a picture of ineffable misery and degradation, the picture of man without God in the world. But my present Lecture will be bright, so far at least as its subject is concerned, my business being the agreeable one of holding up to your view a picture of glory, honor and immortality, the picture of man with God in the world. I am aware of my inability to do justice to my subject; but I will point to you a very simple way of rectifying the defects of my discourse. Put your imagination on the stretch, strain all its powers as far as they can be strained, conjure up before the eye of your mind the darkest picture of distress and agony that can be drawn with the limited resources at your command, and believe that this is only a very lame apology of the picture that really represents the misery of the man who is without God in the world. In the same manner, conjure up before your mind the brightest portrait of happiness and glory that you can draw, and believe that it falls infinitely short of the picture that represents the felicity and reward, both present and prospective, of him who is with God in the world. Man reunited to God cannot but be supremely happy. You cannot think of man in union with God without thinking of what may be called a link of union, between him and his maker. Now, suppose a man united to God by means of a link of union, a connecting link subsisting as it were between him and his Creator. Now, whatever the

link may be, all the glory that is communicable in the Godhead will be transferred to him through this medium. To illustrate this by an example. Suppose there is here an electrical engine and I wish to receive a few shocks. What have I got to do? I have to connect myself with the engine by catching hold of a chain which serves the purposes of a link of union between myself and the apparatus before me. When a current of electricity issues out of the galvanic battery, it, in the twinkling of an eye, vibrates through the chain in my hand, and electrifies my body, or causes it to quake and tremble. So when united to God, a new principle of life divine issues from the deity, passes through the medium of union, and galvanises his naturally inert moral nature. A new energy issues from what may be called the fountain of power, and vitalizes his soul which, in the emphatic but not exaggerated, language of Scripture is dead in trespasses and sins. He receives new life, becomes a new creature, and proceeds in a new path, propelled, so to speak, by new desires and new aspirations, and lured on by new hopes and new anticipations. But this, though an inestimable boon, is not the only blessing he secures. The holiness of God together with the inconceivable excellencies of His character shows in his heart through this mysterious link of union. Open the doors of a dark room towards the sun, and its darkness will give place to light such as will irradiate its dark walls, make its ceiling glisten, and cause all those beautiful objects within its precincts, which darkness formerly concealed, to smile and rejoice. So bring the dark soul of man into a state of union with God, and the holiness of the divine nature will flow in, and irradiate its inmost recesses. The excellencies of the divine character, some bright sparks of the glorious attributes of God, His justice and equity, His benevolence and goodness, His mercy and compassion, His patience and long-suffering, will necessarily pass in and glisten where there was before nothing but the thick darkness of sin and misery. So that in the case of man united to God the link of union becomes a link of communication, which brings into his sin-deformed soul the light of divine holiness and many bright sparks of the

glorious attributes of God. Nor is this all. The glory of God necessarily flows into the heart of the man who has been brought into this blessed state of union with his maker. The glory of God is indissolubly associated with His attributes, in so much that where these are it can not but be. And as man by virtue of his union with God becomes a recipient of bright sparks of the divine attributes; he cannot but be a partaker of the unspeakable glory of God. But man cannot be a partaker of the divine glory without being at the same time a partaker of the divine holiness. So that this link of union communicates to the partaker, as it has been raised to this happy condition the holiness, the happiness and the glory of God. He becomes a partaker of the blessed nature and the pure happiness of God. He may not be a partaker of the glory of this world, its riches, its refinements, its fame and its reputation—but he is one with God, a beloved and favored co-sharer in His holiness, happiness and glory. Such is man with God in the world. No picture can be more glorious than this—a picture of divine felicity and divine glory.

The prominent features of the dark picture I presented in my last discourse are (a) alienation from God, (b) rebellion against Him, (c) moral degradation, (d) condition of punishment present and prospective, (e) a fatal tendency of aggravating and intensifying each of the evils named above. Now, remove these dark pictures, and substitute their opposites, and you have a picture of human happiness. When the question is put—Happiness—what is it? the reply is—man brought back into a state of conscious union with God, leading a life of loyalty and obedience to Him, passing through different stages of moral purification, plucking the peaceable fruit of righteousness in time and in eternity, and progressing under the influence of a new principle of vitality infused into his soul in every thing likely to increase his holiness and enhance his bliss. The two sources of happiness pointed out in the last lecture, a pleasurable disposition of the soul and pleasurable reflection or after-thought, are opened up so to speak in this blessed condition of reconciliation to and union

with God. How sweet is union with God ! And how sweet are the reflections and hopes and anticipations inseparably associated with our consciousness of this blessed state ! How pleasant is the path of obedience, if not in its first, at least in its advanced stages, and how pleasant the thought of our having done our best to fulfil the threefold duties of life, our duties to our God, our duties to our neighbours and our duties to ourselves ! How agreeable are the rewards already scattered around us as we toil on amid difficulty and danger in the path of righteousness, and how elevating are the hopes of eternal life perpetually fed by our ~~own~~ and triumphant faith ! And lastly, the new life within us, the life of God directing, controlling and fashioning our own lives, cannot but be a source of delight to us both by its presence and operation within the soul, and by the agreeable and stirring thoughts and reflections it inspires. Here then is the picture we have been in quest of, the picture of happiness which knows no end, of glory which is interminable and unalloyed.

But how shall we get into this blessed condition ? That a state of union with God, accompanied with a new life, leading to unswerving loyalty to Him and implicit obedience to His commandments, is inexpressibly blessed, is admitted by all right-minded men ; and it is by no means necessary to dilate on the beatitudes with which it is surrounded. It is however of the last importance to ascertain how we may place ourselves in a condition the effulgence of which is as overpowering as that of the sun at mid-day. How are we to be united to God, and made partakers of His nature and glory ? It is rather difficult to answer this query without the help of that which is, in my humble opinion, the revelation granted by God to guide us through life and death. The advice I can give without the light shed by this revelation is at best very lame—but a blind uncle, as the saying is, is better than no uncle, and so let me give you the very best advice which I can give without drawing on the treasury of love opened in revealed truth.

Do not, in the first place, live without God in the world. There are multitudes of our educated countrymen, men of culture

and respectable surroundings, who live as if there were no God, as if the universe were without a ruler, and they themselves without a Creator and a Master. You have no excuse for living in this manner. Some ancient philosophers believed that God did not take the slightest interest in the concerns of this petty world;—that, living as He did in a state of happy somnolency in some dormitory up above the heavens, He did not care a straw for man and the realities of his puny worm-like life. These philosophers were justified in being entirely forgetful of a God who though their Creator, takes the slightest interest in their affairs. There are also some philosophers in these refined times who maintain that, God is but an imaginary being, a sublime personification of the laws of nature. These worthy thinkers can afford to live without the slightest regard to a Being in whose existence they do not believe, who is to them only a figment of the head, a grand mythus. But your belief is different from that of these worthy people, you have not allowed philosophy so-called to extinguish your reason or common sense, and so you believe that God takes care of you by night and by day. He is your Creator, Preserver and King, loves you with an everlasting and unchangeable love, yearns over you as a father yearns over his first born, or a mother yearns over her suckling, watches over you when you are awake and does not remit his vigilance even when you are fast asleep. How can you, my good friends, with such a conviction live without God in the world, without the slightest regard to Him who is your supreme benefactor, your Father in Heaven. Fear Him; love Him; approach Him with childlike faith and confidence, and He will cause His countenance to smile upon you, and you will walk in His light.

In the second place, be guided by God. Not only pay proper homage to God, love and serve Him—but consent to be guided by Him. What a beautiful picture is that presented in the writings of David, the picture of men like sheep following implicitly the guidance of God their shepherd, whose crook leads them to green pastures, and causes them when they have done

with grazing to lie down beside still waters! Follow God—commit yourselves to His guidance. He is giving you now light,—go as far as that light leads you. He is opening your eyes to new truths and new facts—allow them to lead you on. He is infusing into your mind new ideas and new beliefs—be influenced and controlled by them. Allow God to rule over you. God is to many a beautiful poetical idea! They love to think of Him as diffusing sweet fragrance in the flower, blowing in the soft breezes, glittering in the stars or displaying the light and shade of all the prismatic colors in the rainbow. They think of Him howling in the tempest, dashing in the boisterous sea, roaring in the thunder and flashing in the lightning. God occupies a prominent place in their imagination and fancy. But alas! he has no place in their heart. He is not allowed to rule their thoughts and feelings, and to mould and fashion their life and conversation. This, my friends, will not do. Not only cherish God in your imagination and fancy, not only feast on God as a beautiful abstraction of life and joy, but allow Him to occupy the thrones of your hearts, to be the central object of your thoughts and feelings, to be your ruler in life, your guide through death, and your portion for ever. Follow His guidance, and all will be right with you. Follow your own guidance, allow your inclinations and desires to guide you, and your destruction is only question of time. But follow God as the Israelites of old followed the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night, commit yourselves implicitly to His guidance, and your union with God is a certainty, a fact sure to transpire, if not already accomplished. We live in an age of materialism and practicalism, and every discourse which is not brimful of politics is stigmatized as dull and prosy—but if I succeed in inducing one of you to allow divine guidance to exercise its legitimate influence, my speaking to you what may be called mere platitudes will not be vain.

ANNALS OF KASHMIR.

BY J. C. DUTT.

(Continued from page 15.)

In the village of Sharitaka Pravarasena proposed to build a city. But before he did so, he wished to set up Pravaresvara Śiva; and he employed sculptors for the purpose. But an image of Śiva is said to have sprung up from the ground from among the instruments of the sculptors, and it was named Jayasvami from Jaya the name of one of the sculptors. Nor is this the only miracle in the reign of this good king; for the god * Bhimasvami, who faced towards the west, without any human agency turned himself and faced towards the east, for the welfare of the intended town. The king further set up images of five goddesses Sādhavastri and others, each having *sri* after her name. He caused to be built a bridge of boats on the Vitasta, and from that time the bridge of boats became known to the world.† His maternal uncle Jayendra built a large Buddhist vihara named Jayendra vihara after his name. And his minister named Moraka, who ruled Ceylon, built a beautiful house. The new city was raised on the southern bank of the Vitasta, and is said to have contained thirty six laes of houses. It contained several market places, and its high houses touched the clouds. In this city alone the places of amusements were built just on the river, and the hill of recreation‡ was in the centre of the town, from whose top the whole city could be seen. In the hot season the inhabitants of the city could get the cool waters of the Vitasta at their doors.§ And the royal gifts

* The god is said to be Vinayaka, which means Ganesa, and may also signify a deified Buddhist teacher, as well as Garuda.

† This is not true, for Xerxes long before the time we are writing of, built a bridge of boats across the Hellespont. But our author is not supposed to know of Xerxes.

Baboo Ramdas Sen says that Matrīgupta, whom he identifies with Kalidasa wrote a book on this bridge, called *Setukavya*.

‡ There was in most cases an artificial hill attached to towns of importance where the members of the royal family resorted for recreation. ••

§ It appears that there was then some sort of water-supplying system.

to the gods of the city were so rich, that it is said, they could buy the world a hundred times. Thus reigned Pravarasena for sixty years. His son Yudhisthira II. born of his queen Ratnaprabha then reigned twenty one years and three months. One of his ministers named Vajendra, son of Jayendra, built a village named Bhavacheda with monasteries and chaityas. He had other chief ministers named Kunarsena &c. of great renown, and his queen's name was Vimalaprabha.

He was succeeded by his son Nare^{ndra}, born of his queen Padmavati; he had two ministers named ^{and} Kanaka sons of Vajendra. These are the particulars of this king. He died after a reign of thirteen years, after building an office for depositing books and records.

His younger brother Ranaditya otherwise called Tunjina then came to the throne. This king had a mark of *sanka* on his head. He is said to have been a very powerful king. He destroyed many of his enemies and devastated their country. His queen's

|| The demise of the King happened in this wise. According to the agreement made with Ashvapada (See note 8) he sent a message to the King to warn him of his approaching dissolution in the following manner. By the orders of Siva, Ashvapada requested one Jayanta a Kashmerian Brahman to carry a letter to the King, but the Brahman said that he was weary of travelling, and could not set out that day. Whereupon Ashvapada replied that he was a hermit of the class that carry human skulls, and as he had touched him, he should bathe. So saying he pushed the Brahman into a pond. Rising from the water, when Jayanta opened his eyes, he saw himself in his native country, and the servants of the King busy in fetching water from the river for the King to wash. Jayanta found opportunity to put the billet in one of the water vessels. Now when the king was bathing Siva Pravarasha, the letter dropped from the pot, he read it, and sent for Jayanta whom he dismissed satisfied with royal presents. The contents of the letter were as follow.—“ You have done what should have been done, you have given large gifts, and enjoyed what should have been enjoyed, your years are on the decline, what more shall you do? Come to the house of Siva.” The king is said to have ascended the heaven piercing through the stony palace, and the people saw him going towards Kailasa across the clear sky, like another sun. The king reached the court of Siva in his human body. Even to this day, says the author, may be seen the passage through which the king made his exit into heaven.

• • Jayanta who got riches by this strange means, built a village inhabited by Brahmans, and called it after his name.

name was Ranarambha. In this reign the historian gives a long account as to who this king was in his previous existence; (believing as the historian did, in the transmigration of the soul.) And how he forced a goddess to marry him. This goddess Bhramaravasinī took birth in human form as Ranarambha to be his queen. And his soul in a subsequent stage was born as Ranaditya.

Of the queen's early history the following anecdote is told. Ratisena King of Chota, when he went to worship the ocean, found her among the rocks where she was shining like a cluster of jewels. From her he learned that she used to speak of heavenly things, and when she attained her youth, many kings sought her in marriage, but her father would not marry her to any of them. And when the minister of Ranaditya arrived as messenger proposing her marriage with his master, Ratisena wished to refuse the suit; but the goddess in human shape, asked her father to marry her to the King of Kashmir, as she was born, she said, to be his wife. Her father then without delay, sent her to the house of his friend the King of Kuluta, to which distant country Ranaditya gladly came and married her, and made her the mistress of his zenana. But she being a great goddess, was afraid to touch a man, to avoid which she had recourse to enchantment. At night through magic she used to leave a woman exactly like her in the King's bed, and herself used to go out in the shape of a black bee.

The king raised two temples, and called them after his own, and his queen's name, and caused two images of Siva to be sculptured there. He also built a hospital for the sick, and barracks for a battalion. In the village of Siharetsika there was an image of the sun which he named Ranapurāsvami, and made it famous. Another of his queens named Amritaprabha raised an image of a god on the right side of Ranasha named Amriteshvara, she also set up an image of Buddha within the monastery which was built by Bhinna, queen of Meghavahana.

The end of this king is as wild as the particulars of his reign. It is said that his queen Ranarambha taught him the incantations of Siva Hatakeshvara, by virtue of which one could enter the world below. For many years the king devoted him-

self to becoming an adept in this art. He retired first to Ishtika, and afterwards to Nandishila; and at last succeeded in his efforts after many years. Told of his success in a dream, he dived into the waters of Chandrabhaga (Chenub), and proceeded to the cave of Namuchi, pursuing his way for twenty-one days through the cavern, he and his citizens came to the dwellings of *daitya* females, with whom they made themselves free. Thus after reigning for three hundred years,* the king went to the god of Patala where salvation is certain. On the other hand, the king and his party were dallying with the *daitya* girls, the king retired to Shveta Dvipa (white island). The author closes the reign of this king with the remark that of the many dynasties of kings, the lives of Raghu and Gonarda † were the best and in these Rama and Ranaditya greatly loved their people. The subjects of both these kings followed them to the next world.

Him succeeded his son Vikramaditya, a powerful king, who set up a Siva named Vikrameshara. This prince had two ministers named Vrahma and Gatuna. The former raised a monastery named Vrahma-matha, and the latter caused his wife Ratnavati to erect a Vihara. After a reign of forty-two years his powerful brother Baladitya succeeded him.

Baladitya subdued his enemies, and according to the poetic language of the author, the powers of the king caused his foes' wives to weep.

It is said that his columns of victory were extant at the time of the historian, near the northern river. He conquered Bankata, and built a city there named Kalamvya for the habitations of the Kashmirians. And in Bahmir he built two villages named Bedara and Madava for Brahmans to dwell in. His favourite queen Vimva set up a Siva to avert the evils that attend the Vaishya (merchant) caste, and named it Vinveshara. His ministers were

* Thirty years would have been credible.

† In the text the dynasty is named Gonarda. But we meet with no king of that name, it is probably Gonarda. In the next reign we again find the dynasty called by the name of Gonarda, and it is curious that both the Calcutta and the French editions have made the same mistake.

Kharga, Satrugghna and Malava, three brothers ; they raised a temple, a house of gods, and erected a bridge.

Now this king had a daughter named Anangalekha ; an astrologer seeing her one day with her father prophesied to the king that his son-in-law would reign hereafter and that the line of Gorarda* would end in Baladitya. The king not wishing that the kingdom would pass away from his line through his daughter, tried to oppose fate ; and instead of marrying her to a king he married her to a beautiful man named Durlabhavardhana, of the Mestha caste,† thinking that as his daughter was not married to one of the royal family she would not be able to inherit the kingdom. This Durlabhavardhana was the illegitimate son of Naga Karkota, but the king was not aware of the fact. He fortunately became beloved of all on account of his just actions and good intellect, and his father-in-law named him Pragnaditya because of his great intellect, and bestowed much riches on him.

After a reign of thirty-seven years and four months Baladitya died, and with him the Gorarda dynasty became extinct. Now, while the chief ministers neglected the affairs of the kingdom, the grateful Kharga duly crowned the late king's son-in-law, bathing him with holy water from a golden vessel. And the kingdom thus passed from the Gorarda dynasty to that of the Karkota as passed the Ganges from heaven to the head of Siva.

* The text has Gonanda.

† Here is an instance of intermarriage.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY SCHOOL DAYS.

By An Old Bengali Boy.

CHAPTER XV. SATURDAY VISITORS.

During those years in which I was in the higher forms of the General Assembly's Institution, every Saturday used to be a gala day. European ladies and gentlemen who visited the Institution, went through all the classes—which were about twenty in number, fifteen or sixteen in the School Department and four in the College, containing in all upwards of one thousand boys,—and subjected the students of the College department, all assembled in the Lecture-room, to a *viva voce* examination on all the branches of their study. As every Saturday there were different visitors, the students had the privilege of seeing not only all the notabilities of Calcutta, but of all those European gentlemen who passed through that city to other parts of India and who felt themselves interested in the spread of either sound education or Christianity among the people of Bengal. There used sometimes to be amongst the visitors members of the Supreme Council, secretaries to Government in the various departments, military men, civilians of all grades, barristers, doctors, clergymen including Government chaplains and missionaries of all denominations, captains of ships;—and the name of visitors from the mercantile community of Calcutta was “legion,” for they were many. I do not mean to say that all the visitors examined the students; though the examinations were generally led off by the Missionary Professors, some of the visitors were sure to take part in them; and occasionally a body put to the students questions on history, philosophy and theology.

I must give to the reader some idea of these Saturday examinations. We all of us, I mean the students of the College department, were marched off from our respective classes to the Lecture-room, where we took our seats in the gallery. In front

of the gallery there was a long table, round three sides of which the visitors were seated in chairs along with the missionary Professors. After all the visitors had taken their seats, the Principal of the Institution brought the "routine" of the studies of the boys, named some of the subjects aloud, and asked the visitors to begin the examination with any subject they chose. Generally the visitors would decline beginning the examinations; but sometimes some one of them would comply with the request. Suppose the first subject proposed for examination is English literature. The examined student is then requested to select for examination any passage in the *Paradise Lost*, or in the *Night Thoughts*, or in the *Advancement of Learning* or Bacon's *Essays*,—Shakespeare not being used in those days for obvious reasons as a class book in the Institution. A student reads aloud the passage selected. He is then asked to explain the passage in his own words, and is then subjected to a close grammatical, philological and critical examination by the whole party of visitors,—the questions being answered not only by the student who has read the passage but by any one seated in the gallery. Suppose the next subject is Mathematics. The black-board is then had in requisition, and some ill-starred student is posed with a difficult exercise in spherical Trigonometry or the Conic Sections or the Differential Calculus. Physics may then be on the *tapis*, and a hundred questions are asked on Mechanics, Hydrostatics, Pneumatics, Astronomy, Geology, and all the *ologies*; perhaps the use of the sextant is required to be explained; or a model steam engine is brought into the room, and a student is made to expound the discoveries of James Watt. History is next attacked, and the annals of Greece, Rome, India and England, pass rapidly in review. Then follow in quick succession, Logic with its *dictum de omni et nullo*, and *Barbara, Celarent, Darii, Ferio*, and the rest of the barbarous nomenclature; Rhetoric, with the canons of Quintillian and the comments of Whately; and Scotch Metaphysics with the cobweb speculations of Hutcheson, Hume, Reid, Dugald Stewart and Brown. The whole is then wound up with questions on the Holy Scriptures and Theology.

Though these examinations were almost always satisfactory, all the questions put being answered by the students, we were sometimes fairly floored. I remember one Saturday there was amongst the visitors a young clerical gentleman who was, we were afterwards told, a chaplain on the Indian Ecclesiastical Establishment. He had just come out, and was evidently fresh from Cambridge. When the mathematical knowledge of the students was to be tested, the Principal as usual asked the visitors to put any questions on the higher mathematics. On this the young clergyman got up and proposed a question from the *Mechanick Statics*, which then formed a part of the mathematical course of the highest class. One pupil went to the black-board and bravely went on for some time, but he was soon entangled in a wood of error, and had to give up. A second went and met with similar success. Pupil after pupil went to the black-board, but, though lustily cheered by the Principal and the Mathematical Professor, they all ignominiously failed. All this time the young clergyman quietly sat in his chair, a faint smile playing on his lips. At last our own Mathematical Professor came to our rescue, and the question was solved not so much by us as by the Professor. We long remembered this young chaplain.

These Saturday examinations did, I think, a great deal of good; they made many influential European gentlemen take interest in the education of Indian youth, and they also greatly encouraged the students. Moreover, we often benefited by the remarks sometimes made by the visitors. I have a vivid recollection of the visit which the late Dr. Wise, at that time Secretary to the Council of Education, paid to the Institution. As usual we were all taken into the Lecture-room, and examined on most of the subjects of our studies. After a very strict and searching examination which lasted over three hours, Dr. Wise at the request of the Principal made a short speech, in the course of which, though giving us credit for possessing a larger amount of knowledge on all sorts of subjects than the pupils of Government Colleges, he remarked that they had a more correct English accent, and expressed themselves in better English than we. I

do not know what influence this statement excited on my fellow students ; but it produced a deep impression on me, and I remember I took the earliest opportunity not only to procure a copy of Walker's *Pronouncing Dictionary* and look up every word of the pronunciation of which I was doubtful, but also forthwith began diligently to study the *Spectator* with a view to improve my English.

Now that I am on the subject of visitors, I may here speak of a visit to the Institution paid, though not on a Saturday, by one of the best and greatest men whom England ever sent to India. One afternoon, about three o'clock as I was standing on the steps of the door of the Institution—it had then removed from Cornwallis Square to Mathura Sen's house at Nimtala street—a carriage drove up from which alighted a tallish gentleman of slender frame and somewhat pale. He asked me whether Dr. Duff was in the Institution. I said—"No, he went away home at one o'clock." He stood silent for a few seconds and then again asked.—"Where does Dr. Duff live ? Is it far from here ?" I replied—"He lives at Cornwallis Square : it is about a mile from here." He stood again silent for a few seconds and asked—"Who is in the Institution now ?" I rejoined—"Dr. Ewart is here now." "Where is he ? can you take me to his room ?" He went up the stairs, I following him. I took him to the class-room of Dr. Ewart, to whom the stranger bowed, and expressed his desire to see the Institution and go round all the classes. Dr. Ewart, without asking the name of the stranger, took him round all the classes, stopping at some and putting a few questions. After going round the classes, the stranger requested Dr. Ewart, kindly to send one of the school servants to take him to Dr. Duff's house ; and before leaving he said his name was HENRY LAWRENCE. Dr. Ewart was agreeably surprized at the discovery and heartily shook him by the hand. Sir HENRY LAWRENCE then drove on to Dr. Duff's house. This happened, if my memory does not deceive me, not many months before that terrible outbreak in which that gallant soldier, sagacious statesman and devoted Christian, lost his valuable life. ..

CHAPTER XVI.

HOW I SPENT MY WINTER VACATIONS.

I described in a foregoing Chapter^d the manner in which I usually journeyed from Calcutta to Talpur at the commencement of my winter vacations, it now remains to inform the reader how I generally spent those vocations ; and in order to do this I think it best to detail the operations of one day from the time I got up from bed to the moment of going to bed.

Before I began to learn English it was my invariable practice, on being restored to consciousness in bed early in the morning, to invoke the names of some of the gods as, like all orthodox Hindus, I thought it an auspicious circumstance to begin the day with prayer. But English education had taken away all faith in the gods and goddesses of the Hindu pantheon—and I had not then embraced any other faith. On recovering my consciousness, therefore, instead of engaging in any prayer or invocation, I immediately got up from bed, and began washing my eyes and mouth. By the way, this practice, universally adopted by the people of India, of washing the mouth and eyes immediately on getting up from bed, seems to me a very good one from a sanatory point of view. I have seen many Europeans in India washing neither mouth nor eyes on rising from bed. In England, where it is very cold, the practice is unnecessary, because uncomfortable ; but in a tropical country like India, it may be adopted with advantage by Europeans, as it keeps the eyes cool and takes away bad breath : the advantage would be still greater if, in addition to this morning ablution, the eyes were washed at night before going to bed. But to proceed with the narrative : after washing my mouth and eyes I went out to the outskirts of the village for a stroll. O ! now I enjoyed those strolls in the prime hour of “ incense-breathing morn ! ” The sun is not up yet, but the glowing east behind yon mango tops heralds his speedy approach. The grass is yet studded with pearly dew, and gives out a fresh and peculiar fragrance. That umbrageous and beautiful *ekula* tree,

on the branches of which hundreds of birds found shelter last night, is not yet emptied of all its feathery lodgers; they are now flying away, sometimes singly and each pair by itself, but oftener in bebies. All nature seems fresh as if just awakened from repose. What pomp of vegetation is here displayed! The gigantic *vata* with its smooth foliage and its crimson berry, the stately *asiratha* around which cluster a thousand associations, the sturdy *tamarind* tree remarkable alike for its strength and its beneficence to man, the graceful *kadamba* with its beautiful flower, diffusing fragrance all around, and the tall palmyra towering over all with its tufted crown—all this presents a scene of fascination which it is impossible to describe.

From this communion of nature I returned home to commune with the spirits of the illustrious dead as they are enshrined in their immortal works. As the morning was the only time when I was alone, I devoted it to reading, though every now and then a visitor would drop in and smoke a whiff; but morning callers never remained long, and so I had the whole time to myself. I usually studied three hours in the morning, say from seven to ten o'clock. And this was all the reading I had within twenty four hours; for the remaining hours of the day and night were, as the reader will see, spent in other occupations;—though occasionally I contrived to skulk away from company of an afternoon for an hour to enjoy an English poet or historian in a thicket close to my house, or under some wide-spreading mango tree by the side of a tank surrounded with high embankments.

The reading over, at about ten o'clock I went to bathe in some large and deep tank in the outskirts of the village. At the bathing *ghat* at that hour I was never alone. There was always company, both of old and young persons. Some sitting on the flights of steps were rubbing and scrubbing their bodies; others were standing in water which came up to their chin; others were swimming about and making sundry strategic movements in the water; others were standing knee-deep in water, inaudibly repeating their prayers and counting their fingers, instead of beads,

—their arms being covered by their bathing towel ; while others still, usually Brahmans, sitting on the steps at the water's edge, rent the air with their boisterous orisons. The bathing, including the journey to and from the tank, never took less than an hour,—it usually took an hour and half. ‘

Breakfast, or the principal morning meal, did not immediately follow the ablutions. I had what may be called *chhota hazi* consisting of a few sweetmeats and occasionally a fruit or two. After despatching the sweetmeats I went from the zenana to the *baithak-khana*, and there sat in state. Visitors began now to drop in who always took out the chess-board, if board that might be called which was nothing but a sheet of thick paper. Two began to play, and the rest of the company assisted the opposing sides ; but if the company were very numerous, as was not unfrequently the case, two chess-boards were had in requisition. I envy not the man who can look upon a chess-board without emotion ; it is altogether a princely game, “a perfect emblem of the game of state.” So the poet sings :—

“A monarch strongly guarded here we view
By his own consort and his clergy too ;
Next those, two knights their royal sire attend ;
And two steep rocks are planted at each end ;
To clear the way before this courtly throng,
Eight pawns as private soldiers march along ;
Enfans Perdus ! like heroes stout and brave
Risk their own lives the sovereign to save :
All in their progress forming a complete
And perfect emblem of the game of state.”

I regret I cannot say I was at any time a good player, but I enjoyed it very much when played by others. It was amusing to see the complete abstraction of mind produced in those who were engaged in the game. As the play commenced soon after bathing and before the principal meal of the day, the combatants were not unfrequently disturbed by their sons coming into the room and announcing that breakfast was ready. The announcement had to be repeated a score of times before it could be attended to ; and

very often after the announcement had been made for the twentieth time, the player would say—"Breakfast is ready, breakfast is ready—here is the check-mate!" The call of hunger, however, is more imperative than the call of pleasure; the chess-paper was folded up, the pieces were put into a bag, and the whole company broke up, and each one went to his house for breakfast at about one o'clock in the afternoon.

The second sederunt took place immediately after breakfast or dinner, whatever you may choose to call it. Scarcely had I finished my meal in the zenana when, in the act of chewing the grateful *pan*, I went to the *baithak-khana*, and found already on the field some one or two or more of the combatants, sitting cross-legged on the long mat, chewing *pan* and smoking the peaceful *huka*. They had finished their dinner, and had come for another game. Gradually they all made their appearance, and there were others too who had not come in the middle of the day. There is a great deal of talk on village politics and on all subjects under the sun; the jaws of every one are in perpetual motion, chewing the fragrant *pan*; several *hukas* are in a blaze, and volumes of wreathed smoke are issuing from every mouth as from an active volcano. The games begin again. Before dinner the "game of stato" only was played; now to it is added the game of *pasha* or dice. Both games go on at the same time. There is usually perfect silence at the chess-board; but the *pasha*-board is a scene of animation. Every now and then you hear from stentorian throats the words—*kache baro!* *pou baro!* and not unfrequently there is between the opposing combatants a good deal of angry altercation and violent gesticulation. The clock strikes two, three, four, five—still the games go on, and the players do not desist till it gets almost dark. We then all go in company for a stroll to the outskirts of the village, and then return to our respective homes only for a few minutes for mauling a sweetmeat, or two and swallowing a tumbler of water. The mastication and deglutition over, we all again drop into the *baithak-khana*, chew *pan*, and smoke the eternal *huka*. The room is of course lit up; and some of the party favour us with songs with the accompaniment of the

tabla. The singing over, we take to cards, not with a view to gamblé, but merely for pleasure. The chess and the *pasha* are for the day, the cards rule the night. There is great excitement. Many fives and sixes are hoisted up; and in consequence there is much humiliation on one side, and much jubilation on the other. We play far into the night, and do not go to our homes till it is about eleven o'clock, when we discuss a very substantial dinner or supper, chew *pan*, enjoy a whiff or two of the *huka*, jump into bed, and fall asleep before the *pan* is pulverized by our everworking jaws.

Such is the manner in which I spent my winter vacations.

SCENE FROM THE "IDIPOLITEIA,"—A FARCE.

(*From the Greek of Aristoxenus*)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MR. DELPHAKION.....*Chairman.*

„ COOL-as-CUCUMBER.....*Member.*

„ BIBLIOPOLIS.....*Do.*

„ CHEVALIER.....*Do.*

„ THERAPEUTES.....*Do.*

„ MACHSHALL.....*Do.*

BABOO SARCASTIC CHANDRA MITRA. *Do.*

THE HON'BLE DIHNIKESTO TINITA. *Do.*

[The members sitting in solemn conclave; the stage overcast with lurid clouds; a dense fog hovering around; thunder and lightning at a distance; sounds of pop-guns issuing from near the chair.]

Mr. Delphakion. Before proceeding to the business of the day, I wish, gentlemen, to bring to your notice a matter which is closely connected with it. I refer to the

supplement which appeared along with yes
issue of the *Ephemeris*.

Mr. Cool-as-Cucumber. I rise to order. You gave no previous notice of the matter which you are now broaching. You are clearly out of order, though as Chairman, you can decide whether you are in order or not.

Mr. Delphakion. I rule that I am in order, as the matter to which I refer arises legitimately from the reports. You are aware, gentlemen, that the meetings of
• Committees, into which strangers are not admitted, are private meetings, and their proceedings private proceedings. The proceedings of the Committee meetings we lately had were duly recorded.——

A Voice. No, no.

Mr. Delphakion. And placed before the meeting, and each day's proceedings were duly confirmed by that Committee.

Mr. Cool-as-Cucumber and Others. No, no.

Other Members. Yes, yes.

Mr. Delphakion. Mr. Maeshall, the Editor of the *Ephemeris*,
• had no right to publish the proceedings of a Committee meeting in his own newspaper. It would
• have been quite in order if that gentleman had chosen to ask that the notes he had taken should be
• recorded as part of the proceedings of the Committee. He did not do so : and without consulting the members of the Committee as a Committee, he might perhaps have consulted individual members.

Mr. Maeshall. No !

Mr. Delphakion. But that gentleman has published to the world his own views and reports of the meeting. I submit that such conduct is unworthy of the Editor of a respectable Journal, and unworthy of a member of such a corporation as this. It is a violation of so-
cial morality.

Mr. Bibliopoles. I quite concur in what the Chairman has just now said. I think Mr. Macshall has committed an error of judgment; and his action moreover is calculated to mislead the mind of the public.

Mr. Macshall. I have not much to say, and the little I have to say is simply to maintain that I do not shrink in the least from the course I have pursued, or from the consequences which it may involve. The Lieutenant-Governor may deem me unfit to be a member of this corporation; but that will not break my heart. I published that report as a matter of right and as a matter of duty. I say, *as a matter of right*; for if the Chairman has the right of publishing his own report, I have the right to publish mine. And if by doing what I have done, I am to be considered unfit to be a member, Mr. Delphakion must also be considered unfit to be either member or Chairman. In the second place, I published the report *as a matter of duty*; for I was told that they were going to burk the proceedings of the Committee. The public approves of my conduct; that is sufficient for me. As to any other consequences, I do not care a straw about them.

Baboo Sarcastic Chandra Mitra. It is a common saying that many great things arise from small causes, just as in the present instance the storm in the tea-pot arose from the simple fact of the neglect of the Committee in not having appointed Mr. Macshall their Chairman—had they done so, nothing would have appeared.

Mr. Cool-as-Cucumber. Be serious, it is so important a matter. I think such conduct is not becoming the occasion.

Baboo Sarcastic Chandra Mitra. Well, there is no other way of accounting for the garbled statement that appeared in the supplement to yesterday's *Ephemeris*, giving a one-sided version of the case.

Many Members. No !

Other Members. Yes ! yes !

[At this stage of the proceedings there were loud thunderings, the clouds became blacker than before and the fog denser, the pop-guns were discharged, and there was a great uproar like the noise of many waters.]

Baboo Sarcastic Chandra Mitra. I maintain that what I have stated is correct. I proposed at the last meeting of the Committee that the presentation of the report should be deferred, but it did not suit Mr. Macshall to put that in.

Mr. Macshall. It is impossible to draw up—

Mr. Delphakion. Will you allow the speaker to proceed, Sir ?

Baboo Sarcastic Chandra Mitra. I repeat that the report is unsupported by facts and that it is full of mis-statements. Let me instance one or two. In the report of the fifth meeting it is said—"Mr. Delphakion still urged that they need not examine further, specially as Mr. Kainanthropos's notes were mere opinions." Now, this was not the case ; it is a mis-statement.

Mr. Cool-as-Cucumber. That was not said ?

Baboo Sarcastic Chandra Mitra. No.

Mr. Cool-as-Cucumber. It *was* said. I will take my oath that it was. Ask Mr. Kainanthropos.

Baboo Sarcastic Chandra Mitra. I beg pardon for believing the official record which Mr. Cool-as-Cucumber has approved.

Mr. Cool-as-Cucumber. Allow me to explain.

Mr. Delphakion. Sit down, Sir, and let the speaker go on.

Mr. Cool-as-Cucumber. I will explain.

Mr. Delphakion. Sit down. When I stand up, every member must sit down.

Mr. Macshall. Every member has a right to order or to explain even against the Chairman.

Mr. Delphakion. You are out of order. Sit down, Sir.

Mr. Cool-as-Cucumber. Oh, I am seated. I wont give you the advantage over me (*laughter*.)

Baboo Sarcastic Chandra Mitra. To proceed with my speech: there are also other mis-statements in the report which appeared in the *Ephemeris*.

[At this time Mr. Delphakion left his chair to speak to a member who was at some distance, when the following interesting episode took place.]

Mr. Cool-as-Cucumber. I beg to remark that we have no Chair-man. Perhaps the members will not object to my taking the chair as the Senior member present (*laughter*).

Mr. Delphakion. Hullo! I am here.

Mr. Bibliopoles. This is a regular bear-garden.

Mr. Cool-as-Cucumber. It is all owing to you.

Mr. Bibliopoles. No, it is owing to you.

Baboo Sarcastic Chandra Mitra. Again, the members of the corporation are charged with having failed in their duty, and consequently with neglecting the interests of the rate-payers.

Mr. Macshall. What I say I am prepared to prove.

Baboo Sarcastic Chandra Mitra. Well, then, it remains for me to denounce all these statements as unfounded.

Mr. Macshall. That's rich.

The Hon'ble Dhinikesto Tinita. I quite concur in the opinion of the previous speaker. As a journalist—and you all know that I am the Editor of the *Hindu Howler*—I think it my duty to condemn the action of the Editor of the *Ephemeris*. He sat in the Committee not as an Editor but as a member. He had no right to make public use of a private matter. You all know that I hold many official positions, but such is my delicate sense of honour that I have

never in my life made public use of what I heard in private (loud cheers). I do not hesitate to say that the conduct of Mr. Maeshall is unworthy of a journalist and of a member of this corporation.

Mr. Chevalier. With the exception of one or two unimportant mistakes, the report in the *Ephemeris* is correct—only it is not complete.

Mr. Therapeutes. I think the Chairman is right in the principles he has enunciated. But I hope there will be no more mutual recriminations.

(Enter Sir Dick Prostates.)

Sir D. Prostates. From the nature and character of your discussions, it is clear that you are unfit to manage the affairs of an *idiopoliteia*, I have therefore come to relieve you of that weighty work. Gentlemen, you can go to your respective homes. I do not any longer require your services. From to-day the farce of the Municipality is ended.

Excunt omnes.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Harishchandra Nataka. By Manomohana Basu. Calcutta: Madhyas-tha Press. Sakabda 1796.

Baboo Manomohana Basu is favourably known as the author of three dramas, namely, *Samabhisheka*, *Pranaya Pariksha* and *Sati*; the one before us is his fourth play, in which he dramatizes the well-known story of Harishchandra, king of Kosala, who is celebrated in most of the Puranas for his exemplary fidelity in keeping his engagements and promises. As told in the Puranas the story is not eventful; it has not many incidents nor characters; but though recited in a simple manner, it is singularly

impressive on account of the extraordinary sacrifice made by the king for the maintenance of his truthfulness. Kirtibas, the Bengali translator of the *Ramayana*, added some incidents to the original story, and Baboo Manomohana Basu in the work before us has added a great many more. The story is as follows:—King Harischandra, while hunting, happened one day to go near the hermitage of the celebrated *rajarsi* Viswamitra. While looking about for a stricken deer, he heard the wailings as of a woman crying, “Save me! save me! save me!” The King, supposing that some bad men were committing outrage on a woman, said aloud—“Don’t fear! don’t fear! don’t fear! O wicked men, whoever you may be, wait, you will get your due.” It so happened that the world-renowned Viswamitra was at the moment chastizing a *rukshasi*, and it was she that screamed out, “Save me! save me!” Viswamitra, thinking that the threat uttered by the King was intended for him, became very angry. The king protested that the threat was intended for some supposed evil-minded men, and begged on his knees for mercy. The fiery *rishi* was mad with rage, and would not be pacified till the King was punished. The King expressed himself willing to submit to any punishment the divine sage might choose to inflict upon him. The sage proposed that the King should be deprived of his throne, of all property, of all servants, and of every thing; that he should go into banishment; that he should be accompanied in his exile only by his wife Saivya and his son Rohitasya; and that he should defray all the expenses of a sacrificial ceremony which Viswamitra had long desired to celebrate. The King solemnly promised to submit to all this. Accordingly he was divested of the ensigns of royalty, deprived of all property personal and real, and his wife was stripped of her jewels. The King, queen and the young prince without attendants, without servants, without a single farthing in their pocket, went about in strange lands as paupers, obtaining their daily sustenance by begging. While they were one day sitting on the river-side at Benares, bemoaning their wretched lot, the terrible Viswamitra went to them, and demanded the promised wherewithal for the

celebration of the intended sacrificial ceremony. The sage was not satisfied till the queen had sold herself as a slave to an old Brahman, and till the king had become the property of the undertaker of the sacred city. In the meantime the kingdom of Kosala, the sovereignty of which the sage had taken into his own hands and which he governed through a deputy, was thrown into a state of anarchy; the people rose up like one man and begged the royal sage to drive away the tyrant, his deputy. The sage, supposing that he had sufficiently tested the truthfulness and constancy of the king, restored him to his throne. From that time king Harischandra became the pattern of resignation to the whole of the Hindu world.

This is the main story; and we are bound to acknowledge that Baboo Manomohana Basu has told it well. The character of the hero, Harischandra, is admirably drawn. He bears himself throughout his changeful history with dignity and manliness. Not a hasty word escapes his lips; in his heart of hearts he cherishes not an angry feeling against the redoubtable Viswamitra who was the author of all his miseries; in a word, he is the *beau idéal* of meekness and resignation. In the exhibition of those virtues he excels Job, the man of Uz, though his queen is not unlike Job's wife. In justice to Job, however, we must remark that he was tormented to death by his friends who doubtless meant well, but who managed always to irritate him beyond measure. Harischandra was not accompanied in his exile by such Job's comforters.

The play is, however, marred by a great many faults. In the first place, it is far too long and tedious. It would be endurable were it reduced to about half the size. In the second place, as the writer spins a long yarn, the dialogue often becomes vapid, monotonous and spiritless. Half the talk might be omitted to the great advantage of the book. In the third place, it would have been better if the author had called it a novel rather than a play, as some of the proprieties of the latter species of composition, especially the unities, are violated. In the fourth place, Viswamitra is, in our opinion, a complete failure. The

venerable, if somewhat choleric, sage is divested of all dignity. He talks like an excited, ignorant, vulgar and feast-going Brahman of the present day. One gets the impression that he was the very impersonation of hatred, malice and all uncharitableness, —indeed as the Devil himself in human flesh. Such was not the historical or rather mythological Viswamitra. In the fifth and last place, the greatest fault of the play is the buffoonery which is cast all over the play with no sparing hand. It is a pity that the author created Patanjala, the disciple of Viswamitra, as he has marred the whole beauty and dignity of the play; though we should not be surprized if the play-goers of Bow Bazar and Beadon Street liked that character best. The play can hardly be called a comedy, though it has a prosperous conclusion. It is a tragedy, or strictly speaking a tragi-comedy, with which undue pleasantry, and that of a vulgar sort, is scarcely consistent. The heroic self-denial of Harischandra is a noble subject. Its treatment ought to be dignified, majestic and sublime. It is a subject worthy of Æschylus with whose *Prometheus Bound* it may be compared, though the conclusion is prosperous. As it is, the play before us is deprived of the dignity and grandeur of its subject by the buffoonery and tomfoolery of Patanjala. That character has ruined the play.

In conclusion, we would advice Baboo Manomohana Basu and others who dramatize Hindu mythological subjects, not to take the English dramatists, not even Shakespeare, many-sided and thousand-souled though he is, as their models. England has no mythology for English poets to dramatize; those poets cannot therefore be, in this particular department of dramatic poetry, the patterns of imitation. They should rather take for their models the great tragedians of Hellas, Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, in whose matchless dramas

“Gorgeous Tragedy

In scepter'd pall comes sweeping by,

Presenting Thebes or Pelop's line

Or the tale of Troy divine.”

And if Baboo Manomohana Basu and others do not know Greek,

they should read the English translations of those great poets, and endeavour to catch their divine fire. In their immortal dramas, there is not a particle of that low buffoonery which often disgraces the English stage. Not that the Greek mind was not susceptible of pleasantry—for Aristophanes must be ever reckoned the greatest comic genius in the world—but the exquisite taste of the Greek dramatists prevented them from making an unholy alliance between dignity and buffoonery.

WE have received several numbers of a Bengali fortnightly periodical called the *Hindu Darpan*. Among other things it is publishing a serial tale under the name of *Udaya Sinha*.

Nagasramer Abhinaya. A Farce. By Kendel Chandra Dhakendra. Calcutta : Madhyasta Press. Sakabda 1796.

This is an extraordinary farce ; the scene is laid in the infernal regions, and the actors are all snakes. The chief personages of the play are Vasuki, the King of serpents, Ananta or the eternal snake, the brother of the snake-king, Takshaka the primo minister, and a species of the Boa constrictor. This last mentioned character is the most amusing of all, chiefly on account of his Eastern-Bengal twang. We confess we have no liking for this farce, as it is not directed against any vicious practice or institution, but against a religious sect. It is true their religious tenets are not ridiculed ; but why should the holders of religious opinions different from those one maintains be ridiculed ? We much fear, the writer of this lampoon has a personal grudge against the Progressive Brahmos whom he ridicules. But those Brahmos may rest assured that the lampoon will do them no harm,—it is so heavy, so clumsy, so pointed, so extravagant. The only redeeming feature in the play is, as we have already said, the *pungy* boa. Leave that character out, and the whole becomes a “solemn farce.”

"The First and Second annual Reports of the Chinsurah Charitable Society" have been lying on our table for some time. The object of the Society is "to render assistance to those who are really distressed," and the "dispensation of charity" is for the present confined to the poor of Chinsurah. It has for the management of its affairs a President, a Vice-President, a Secretary, an Assistant Secretary, a Treasurer, and a Committee of Management. We wish the Society all success, as it is modest in its pretensions, and is doing some good to the poor of the town whose name it bears. It is at present giving pecuniary assistance to 15 widows, with or without children, three destitute boys, and one invalid man.

Banga Mahila. A monthly Magazine. Calcutta : Stanhope Press, B. E. 1282

We have received four numbers of this monthly Magazine written in the Bengali language and edited, we believe, by the medical practitioner Baboo Bhuban Mahun Sirkar. As it is intended exclusively for Bengali women, we have no doubt it will do good. All the articles are written in easy language, and on subjects calculated to interest women. The contents of the first number are as follows :—(1) Introduction ; (2) One or two words ; (3) Social Reform in Bengal ; (4) Bengali Women ; (5) Preservation of Health ; (6) Some Poetical pieces, composed by Bengali ladies ; (7) News. We wish the periodical every success.

Sachitra Ekadshika Sahasra Rajani. Ibrahim O Jemile. Calcutta : Gupta Press.

This is the first instalment of an illustrated edition of the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments* done into Bengali. The language of the translation is good classical Bengali. The "get-up" of the forty pages before us is excellent. There is an elegant frontispiece, besides five illustrations: the printing and paper are both good, and the whole does credit to the Gupta Press. The book is to appear in monthly parts of eight forms octavo, the price of each part being only four annas. The enterprising publisher, Baboo Satya Charan Gupta, deserves the support of the public.

THE BENGAL MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1875.

LITERATURE OF BENGAL.

By Arcydale.

CHAPTER XV. RAM PRASAD SEN.

It is possible to be a true poet without being a great poet, and Ram Prasad was a true poet, every inch of him. In his life and acts no less than in his songs the poet predominates the man. We feel no very great veneration for him,—his works do not strike us with wonder or awe,—but as we hum over his feeling,—intensely feeling songs, as we pore over the life of the simple hearted poor bard of Kumarhatta who felt deeply and sang feelingly, we cannot help feeling a strong attachment, a liking,—a love, if such there may be between those who have not known each other, between the dead and the living,—for poor Ram Prasad Sen.

Raja Krishna Chandra Rai of Nuddea will always figure in the annals of Bengali literature as Raja Vikramaditya does in those of Sanskrit literature, as a liberal and enlightened patron of learning. The court of Krishna Chandra (the town of Kishnagar, properly Krishnanagar, is named after him) was an assemblage of poets and learned Brahmans. Of these two have left their names and works to posterity. Ram Prasad Sen and Bharat Chandra Rai are the two great poets of the eighteenth century.

Ram Prasad Sen, a Vaidya by caste, was born in Kumarhatta in Halisahar in the District of Nuddea, probably about 1720 A.D.

He was the son of Ram Ram Sen, and the grandson of Ram-eswara Sen, and had a son named Ram Dulal, and a daughter Jagadiswari. But we will allow the poet to recount his genealogy.*

* ধনহেতু মহাকুল, পূৰ্বাপর শুদ্ধমূল,
কুতিবাস তুল্য কীর্তি কৈ !
দানশীল দয়াবন্ত, শিষ্ট শান্ত গুণামন্ত,
প্রসন্ন কালিকা কুপামই ॥
সেই বংশসমুদ্ভূত, ধীর সর্বগুণযুত,
ছিল কত কত মহাশয় ।
অনটির দিনান্তর, জন্মিলেন রামেশ্বর,
দেবী পুত্র শরল হৃদয় ॥
তদজ্জ রামরাম, মহাকবিগুণধাম,
সদা যারে সদয়া অভয়া ।
প্রসাদ তনয় তাঁর, কহে পদে কালিকার
কুপাময়ি ! ময়ি কুরু দয়া ॥

জ্যোষ্ঠা ভগ্নী ভবানী সাক্ষাৎ লক্ষ্মী দেবী ।
যাঁর পাদপদ্ম আমি রাত্রি নিবাসেবি ॥
ভগ্নীপতি ধীর লক্ষ্মী নারায়ণ দাস ।
পরম বৈষ্ণব কলিকাতায় নিবাস ॥
ভাগিনেয় যুগ্ম জগন্নাথ কুপারাম ।
আমাতে একান্ত ভক্তি সর্বগুণধাম ॥
সর্বাঙ্গজ ভগ্নি বটে শ্রীমতী অম্বিকা ।
তাঁর দুঃখ ছর কর জননী কালিকা ॥
গুণনিধি নিধিরাম বৈমাত্রেয় ॥
তাঁরে কৃপাদৃষ্টি কর মাতা নগজমতা ॥
জগদীশ্বরীকে দয়া কর মনোমায়ী ।
মমাজ্জ বিশ্বনাথে দেহ পদছায়া ॥
শ্রীকবিরঞ্জন মাতা কহে কৃতাঞ্জলি ।
শ্রীরাম ছালালে মা গো দেহ পদধূলি ॥

In early life he went to Calcutta as a Sarkar or Muharrar of a certain well-to-do citizen ; but, like Frank Osbaldistone, he filled his ledger books with poetry, and composed songs when he should have cast up accounts. The head Sarkar or agent took offence at this gross breach of all rules and precedents, and took the trembling young poet and his account books to his master. The latter, however, very unlike the elder Mr. Osbaldistone, appreciated the talent of the young novice ; and what was the surprise of the old Sarkar when the master, instead of reproving the bad accountant, admired the true poet, and sent him back to his native village on a pension of 30 Rupees per mensem ! It is seldom that men of business appreciate talent so quickly or honor genius so handsomely. We transcribe the song which is said to have specially charmed the young accountant's master. No Bengali can fail to be struck with the beauty of the metaphor.*

Ram Prasad, once more in his native village, gave full vent to his propensity of composing song and poetry. He had no work to do, no cares and anxieties to disturb his peace. Life for him was not full of troubles, nor was it a round of pleasure, for worldly pleasures were as uncongenial to him as worldly business and hard toil. No, life for him was as a sweet poem,—one sweet song full of pathos, full of feeling ! He was merry,—but it was with the pleasures of poetry ;—he wept, but it was with the woes

* আমায় দাও মা তসিলদারী ।

আমি নেমক হারাম নই শকরি ॥

পদ রত্ন ভাণ্ডার সবাই লুটে ইহা আমি সহিতে নারি ।

ভাঁড়ার জিন্মা আছে যার সে যে ভোলা ত্রিপুরারি ॥

শিব, আশুতোষ স্বভাব পাতা তবু জিন্মা রাখ তাঁরি ।

অন্ধ অঙ্গ জায়গীর তবু মাইনা ভারি ॥

আমি বিনা মাইনের কেবল চরণ ধুলার অধিকারী ॥

যদি তোমার বাপের ধারা ধর তবে বটে আমি হারি ।

যদি আমার বাপের ধারা ধর তবেত মা পেতে পারি ॥

প্রসাদ বলে এমন পদের বালাই লোয়ে আমি মরি ।

ও পদের মত পদ পাইতো সে পদ লয়ে বিপদ শারি ॥

of his own song. He was a Tántrika, a devout worshipper of Káli, Śakti or Durga; and as a genuine follower of that faith he was full of pathos and sentiment, he was careless of this world and lived in his love and faith in Kali. Kali, we have seen before more than once, is not the conception of an awful unapproachable deity; no, she is the ideal of a Hindu mother, tender and loving beyond expression, ministering to every want and helping in every distress. In her illimitable love she must put up even with the reproaches of her wayward sons; and the songs to Kali are oftener complaints at her cruelty than thanksgivings for her mercy. Most of the songs of Ram Prasad relate to Kali, and it is impossible to convey to the English reader any thing of the pathos, the feeling, the tenderness with which the poet appeals to his deity, or rather the child appeals to his mother. In this consists the beauty, the simplicity, the sweetness of Ram Prasad's songs. His heart was full of tenderness, full of pathos,—he was intoxicated with the love of Kali. As a Tántrika he used to drink, and was probably a drunkard; but his heart was more deeply drunk with the love of Kali; and so he declared when once accused of drinking.

“স্বরাপান করিলে আগি, স্রুণা খাইরে কুতুহলে।

“আমার মন মাতালে মেতেছে আজ, মদ মাতালে মাতাল বলে॥”

This is the secret of the sweetness of Ram Prasad's songs,—a sweetness so overpowering, that even to the present day it thrills the heart of the listener to hear the very beggars of our towns singing the strains of Ram Prasad from street to street as a means of begging. The songs are very simple and require little or no knowledge of music to be sung.

The fame of Ram Prasad soon increased day by day, till at last Raja Krishna Chandra Rai of Judda heard of him, and welcomed him and listened to his songs. To know the poet was to admire him, to know the man was to like him; and Ram Prasad soon rose in the Raja's favor, who rewarded him with the title of Kabiranjana, and with the more substantial gift of a 100 bigahs of rent-free land. In return Ram Prasad wrote a poem

on the wellknown story of Bidya Sundar, and named it "Kabi-ranjan" and dedicated it to the Raja. We must admit this work is disappointing to the reader. It was not in Ram Prasad's proper line to write long narrative poems; and this attempt therefore was a failure. Probably too his anxiety to make the present commensurate with the kindness of the Raja hampered him in his composition. The poet Waller, when told by king Charles II., that his poem about himself (the king) was not half so good as his poem on Cromwell, gave the fine reply that poets never succeed so well as when composing a lie. In other words, Waller's real gratitude towards the king prevented him from writing any thing very fine in poetry. This may perhaps be also said of Ram Prasad. To admire Ram Prasad we must turn to his songs, the free effusions of his heart, and not to the narrative poem composed under compulsion as it were, and on fixed rules. We may therefore dismiss this subject with the remark, that the Bidya Sundar of Ram Prasad, while stiff and artificial in some places, occasionally displays fine feeling, and everywhere shows a thorough mastery of ornamental and alliterative style. The following will serve as examples.

Bidya's lament on the apprehension of Sundar.

কোন ধর্ম, হেন কর্ম, পোড়ে মর্ম, গাত্র চর্ম,
 দিয়া দিব পাছুকা চরণে ।
 হৃদয়েশ, এই বেশ, পায়ে ক্লেশ, কৃপা লেশ,
 কর ভাই অকাল মরণে ।

The Queen's lament on the detection of her daughter's frailty.

নহে স্মৃতি স্মৃতি নিরখি নন্দিনীরে
 অসম্বর অস্বর পড়ে শিরে ।
 * * * *
 শিরে হানি পানি রানি বলে কব কি ।
 শুন পর্ক গর্ক খর্ক, গর্ভবতী খী ॥
 &c. &c. &c.

The story of the *Bidya Sundar* is well known, and shall be dealt with in detail when we treat of Bharat Chandra's superior work on this subject, which has completely eclipsed Ram Prasad's work.

Besides the *Bidya Sundar*, Ram Prasad composed two other works the *Kali Kirtan* and the *Krishna Kirtan*. They are songs on Kali and Krishna respectively. We have seen neither of these works.

Several stories are told of the life of the Ram Prasad. It is said he went to Murshidabad with Raja Krishna Chandra and was singing to the Raja in a boat on the Hugli. The boat of Nabob Sutaja Dowla passing that way, the Subadar was ravished with Ram Prasad's songs, got him into his own boat, and commanded him to sing. Ram Prasad sang in Hindi, but the Subadar would have none of it, and ordered Ram Prasad to sing the same songs he had sung just before. The poet did so, and it is said, the Subadar was charmed with the performance.

A curious story is told of Ram Prasad's death. On the last day of the Kali Puja, when the Hugli was covered with boats carrying images of Kali up and down, Ram Prasad got unusually excited, and sang of Kali till by one account he jumped from his boat into the river and was drowned, or by another account he fell down in a swoon and died. We do not vouch for the accuracy of these stories;—but true or false they plainly shew the deep feeling of the poet and his deep devotion to Kali.

It is a sad thing that the songs of Ram Prasad have never been published in a collected form, and that many songs composed subsequently are given and accepted as Ram Prasad's. The Poet's *Bidya Sundar*, *Kali Kirtan* and *Siva Kirtan* are little known to the public; we hope, therefore, that his songs too will not share a similar fate, that some one will yet take the trouble to collect and publish the compositions of one of the truest poets of Bengal.

We shall conclude our article with quoting a few songs of Ram Prasad's. We quote them from Pandit Ramgati Nyayaratna's book.

মন কৃষিকাজ তোর এসেনা ।
 এমন মানব জনম রইলো পড়ে, আবাদ করলে ফল ত সোণা ।
 কালী নামের দাওরে বেড়া, ফসলে তুঞ্জন হবেনা ।
 সে যে শক্তি বেড়া মুক্তকেশী, তার কাছেতে যম ঘেসেনা ।
 অদ্য অন্ধ শাতান্তে বা বাজাপ্ত হবে জান না ।
 এখন আপনভাবে যতন করে চুটিয়ে ফসল কেটে নেনা ।
 গুরু রোপন করেছেন বীজ, তায় ভক্তি-বারি শেচে দেনা ।
 ওরে একলা যদি না ছেছতে পারিস, রামপ্রসাদকে ডেকে নেনা ।

নির্ভাস্ত যাবে দিন, এদিন যাবে কেবল ঘোমনা রবে গো ।
 তারা নামে অসম্মান কলঙ্ক হবে গো ।
 এসেছিলাম ভবের হাটে, হাট করে বসেছি ঘাটে,
 ওমা শ্রীসূর্য চলিল পাটে, নায়ে লবে গো ।
 দশের ভরা ভরে নায়, দুঃখী জনে ফেলে যায় ।
 ওমা তার ঠাই যে কড়ি চায়, সে কোথা পাবে গো ।
 প্রসাদ বলে পাষণ মেয়ে আসান দেমা ফিরেচেয়ে,
 আমি ভাসান দিলাম গুণ পেয়ে ভবান ববে গো ॥

মা আমায় ঘুরাবি কত ।
 কলুর চোক ঢাকা বলদের মত ॥
 রেঁধে দিয়ে ভবের গাছে পাক দিতেছ অবিরত ।
 একবার খুলে দে মা চোকের ঠুলি, হেরি তোর ঐ অভয় পদ ॥

PSEUDODOXIA EPIDEMICA.

NH.

I have been cudgeling my brains, for half a century, to discover the true import of the term RANK ; but with as little success as that of the Alchemist in his search after the transmuting elixir. Malicious people are, I know, apt to attribute the failure either to a paucity of my intellectual organ, or to a want of tact.

on my part, in wielding the cudgel; but allow me, most respectfully, to assure you, that the entire lot of my vilifiers lie under a mistake. Critics were, says the poet, divided in their opinion with regard to the waist of Damayanty. It was so thin that some suspected there was one, while others stoutly maintained that there was none at all; and that the debutante was a happy personification of North and South America without the isthmus of Darien. How this fair photograph of the Western continent could manage to flirt and waltz in the absence of the central adjunct I need not here stop to enquire. Suffice it to say for the present, that the question of the existence of bones in my constitution is a problem of no easier solution. I have accordingly been pronounced, after careful microscopic vivisection by competent authorities, to be brains, as my friend Gordon was Byron, "all over." I am, as you may at any time satisfy yourself, pulpy, like currant jelly of the Great Eastern Manufacture, from top to toe. And as for lack of tact, why! bless my soul! I have not been in the pedagogic line, for mortal years five and thirty without acquiring an aptitude in handling what constitutes the very *sine qua non* of a school-master's accoutrements! Many an editor and ex-editor of newspapers and magazines in and about Town can testify how strict I was in the enforcement of the Penal Code of Solomon, whose splendid seraglio afforded ample opportunities for discovering the true secret about the germination of young ideas. The pious lady in Butler was not half so practical in her observance of the first commandment than I was in the inculcation of the liturgy of the Ferule. If then in spite of this rare combination of tact and talent, I fail, the fault is none of mine. The responsibility rests solely with your lexicographers, that beggarly brigade of literary scavengers, cramming cumbrous folios with obsolete and obsolescent dunghills of words, and on way-sides by Cart's catch-penny pettifoggers, who, like the notorious "Blind Guide" of old, in their impotent attempts to lead the credulous, find, both the leaders and the led, half-way lodgings in municipal gutters.

• Rank, from ring, a circle, every point in the circumference of which is equi-distant from the centre, signifies "Elevation," "Dis-

tion," "Eminence!" (*cide* Webster). Elevation in a plane superficies! This is one of your eternal, immutable, mathematical truths I opine! Fie! oh fie upon it! To my lay understanding there can be but one legitimate use of the term, and that in an adjective sense, meaning something superlatively worthless, as in the elegant couplet of the immortal bard—

"If good we plant not vice will fill the place

And rankest weeds the richest soils deface."

Once on a time there lived, they say, a crazy youth, not love-sick, but marriage-sick, if I may so express myself. Matrimony was his mania. He proposed, times without number, *sans ceremoni*, to females of all creeds and complexions, and, in each instance, was cock-sure of his conquest without further ado. So forthwith were commenced the preparations necessary for the happy occasion. He issued cards, he ordered viands, he purchased trinkets, he engaged priests, he decorated bedrooms, and sat expectant, till thoroughly convinced that he had stumbled on a mare's nest, and thought it was high time to think of a fresh exploit. The ludicrous precision with which our quidnuncs divide and subdivide their chimera of Rank powerfully reminds one of those bridals minus the brides! They conjure up Ranks, or, to use the more euphonious term in vogue, aristocracies of various descriptions. We have an aristocracy of birth, an aristocracy of letters, an aristocracy of purse, and so on, *totis quolis*, to the end of the chapter, including as a matter of course I suppose, the aristocracies of legs, ears and tails to boot. Not content with disfiguring the spirit-level of society, the maniacs must needs classify the hills and hillocks of their own invention, and, forsooth, measure their altitudes by the jointless quadrants of their poisoned imagination. Deadly indeed is the poison of Prejudice. Compared with its wound, a cat-bite is but the aromatic lullaby of a fair damsel cis-side twenty. Once in the system, the patient raves and writhes and finally collapses dreaming of salvation by means of royal roads, bamboo ladders and featherless flights—shower baths of human gore and hallelujahs of new made captives, yellow paints and "Round-heads" with locks like lizard's tails.

But to the subject. I swear by the charming lips of bleary-eyed Moll I cannot comprehend what the mountebanks mean by aristocracy of birth. Was the lord in embryo better accommodated than the future clown? Was his compartment lighted with gas? Was it ventilated by the Eureka punkahs of Mr. Barnet? Was it sanitated by Dr. Tonnerre and his indefatigable deputies? Ask the veriest tyro in anatomy and he will tell you that, during the sojourn in that *terra incognita*, peers and peasants, monkeys and orang-outangs, have precisely the same sort of surroundings. If there is any difference in their outside world it is decidedly in favor of the muscular operative of Manchester, ready to rough all weathers and to enjoy life through its different stages in spite of fortune's frown. His pea-porridge is never overdone or under-done, nor is he in need of alcoholic draughts to bribe sleep ever as obedient to his call as was the spirit to Alladin's magical lamp. Look at the other picture. The hot-house sapling of the gorgeous saloon. He is an impersonation of Castor-Oil and Rhubarb, of Quinine and Ipecacuanha, helped to staffs and spectacles almost in his teens, and kicked off the stage ere his part is played out by half. Dive deeper. Unmask the white-washed sepulchre and you encounter the whole host of beastly passions in acute and chronic forms, fraternising with one another to plot the ruin of their dupe and to smooth his descent to dust which at any rate will cancel all distinctions beyond a quibble.

چو آهنگ رفتن کند جان پاک
چه بر تخت مردن چه بر روی خاک

Then comes your aristocracy of Bookworms, a race of misanthropic pedants, that are, to all intents and purposes, mere abortions of nature, disqualified by election from satisfying the various requirements of her laws, and destined, by consequence, to illustrate monstrosity in all its different phases. In society your scholar is out of his element as is a *hilsa* fish out of water, more dead than a door nail. He is no integer in the social arithmetic

nor indeed any appreciable fraction in it. We can safely leave him out of consideration without in the least degree marring the correctness of our calculations. In short he is one of Mr. Hogg's dummies whose presence or absense in the hall does not any way affect the efficiency—come Ganah dear! do not for decency's sake, pull up your nose in that style, and cry “fudge” with such bitter emphasis. Where does the shoe pinch you child?—Yes, gentle reader! as I was going to say, the efficiency of the corporation with Mr. MULTIMUM PARVO in the chair. Immured in a cobwebbed garret above five flights of stairs, lo! the ghastly spectre plies his bony fingers, and maims and mutilates Her Most Gracious Majesty's language to form ten syllables as void of sense as are his thrice patched pocket of half pennies, the biggest coin recognised in his Tables of Weights and Measures. A superannuated chair, and the skeleton of what was, in the days of *Mandhata* of old, a writing desk, furnish the Parnassus from which the foster-child of Minerva snubs all men uninitiated in the mystery of manufacturing doggerel rhymes.

“ Yet it would be well to throw all rhymes aside,

With poverty I have continual strife ;

In search of friends I wander far and wide,

I never was so ragged in my life.”

His brother genius in the prose line is far ahead of him. He is in prison already. From the iron-barred window of which aristocratic mansion he scribbles history, not of this place or of that place, but of the whole world! Vile medley of facts and fictions, begged borrowed or stolen, less trustworthy than are the nuptial vows of wives of seven husbands, contraband raffles in which characters are drawn at random, and Olives and Hastings are, by accident, painted either as angels or devils incarnate. The endowment of Homer and Virgil, it is said, so sadly exhausted the exchequer of high Heaven that to exhibit a Milton it became necessary to join the former two ; but whether back to back, as the Burmese twins, or front to front as the luckier twins of Venice, deponent sayeth not. However it might have been, if you will but pursue the carpentering process, you will eke out the

the third Avatar in the triumvirate of letters, *videlicet*, the Psychologist in whose hard thinking pate are combined the lofty nonsense of the Poet and the majestic falsehood of the historian, which, like the admixture of Soda and Acid effervesces and bespatter unwary youths not duly cautioned away from the dangerous proximity. What with the Atomic theory of Democritus, the Religion of Humanity of the Comtists, what with the Automaton Frogs of Huxley, the Lucretian doctrines of Tyndal, the Natural Evolution of Darwin, the Non-benevolent Deity of Mill, the world has had enough of your aristocracy No. 2. In the name of common sense, Buss! no more.

The remaining claimant to the Tichborne of Rank is more empty—emptier than Young Bengal's Brandy bottle after the first round. The heroes of the golden spoon and rhetorical figures are fools, the heroes of the Colton-Bale is a knave.

“As thistles wear the softest down,
To hide their prickles till they're grown,
And then declare themselves, and tear
Whatever ventures to come near;
So this smooth knave”

sucks and whines, whines and sucks, all the while singing *Tol de rol* in his sleeve. Fraud is his forte, fraud is his calibre, fraud is the *Ekamebadicitiam* of his creed. He unhesitatingly immolates all human instincts on the shrine of this grim god, and would much rather divorce his young wife than forego the luxury of cheating his customer of an anna. Many a little makes a muckle. Sixteen annas make a rupee; and hundred rupees invested on good security at fifty per cent, doubles itself in a couple of years. Then comes Compound Interest, Satan's own ratios in aid, swelling the X at a delightful rate, and holding out immediate prospect of attachment for a writ of our Court of Conscience, *par excellence*, of the debtor's remaining moveables which, by sundry manipulations very common in auction sales, may easily be knocked down to the creditor. Bah! My hundred rupees intact back again, and these goods and chattles besides which put under the hammer, *de novo*, on the identical anna

principle may yield equal profits. The process is rather slow, I admit, but I am only three score as yet. I have no faith in that 55 year rule of your's, I tell you. I have known several retired Government officers increase and multiply faster when relieved of other routine duties. If they can obey the order of their maker, I don't know why they should be judged incapable of obeying the orders of their employers who, at the very outside, require but a decent degree of somnambulism for a few hours during daylight.

Methuselah lived above nine hundred years. If I can manage to stumble through a moiety of that, why I shall be as rich as Croesus, and then laugh to scorn the puritans that would fain confine the commercial guage within right angles, oblivious of the fact that there are such things as obtuse angles, and that a straight line is, in higher mathematics, but the symbol of two right angles. So argues the muckworm, who drudges from day dawn to dowy eve as a jaded beast for the benefit of no living thing in the whole universe. Famine stalks in the streets; pestilence carries away thousands every hour; loud lamentations of widows and orphans rend the skies. Amidst this horrid scene unmoved sits the heartless votary of Mammon, chuckling over his ill-gotten hordes to be frittered away by unprincipled heirs as soon as he closes his inglorious career. And to such a fiend you will wish me to pay knee-tribute. I am to lick his spittle. I am to study his smiles and frowns. To humour the mushroom I am to perjure myself by swearing black white. My likes and dislikes are to be subordinated to his. I am to obliterate myself. I am to abrogate my identity and to be no body in the world. Pshaw Man! So long as I live I am resolved to live I-BY-ITSELF-I!

"The rank is by guinea stamp
The man is the stand for a' that."

THE SUPERIORITY OF EUROPEAN OVER ASIATIC RACES.

We hear it said so often that the races, inhabiting this vast continent of Asia, are inferior to those of Europe,—and this is assumed from their present political degradation,—that I purpose to discuss the subject from a military point of view. We are deeply interested in the discussion, for we are decried as an inferior race, destined ultimately to give way to the superior ones. I shall consider then in this paper, firstly, the causes that made one nation of Europe superior to another ; and, secondly, the circumstances that led to the superiority of an Asiatic tribe over a European. How is it that civilisation has stood till, if it has not fallen back, in Asia, while it has found a congenial soil in Europe ? Since the crusades undertaken by the different nations of Europe, Asia has made no progress ; but her sister, who looked up to her till then with awe, has not merely slowly and steadily outstripped her in her onward career ; but has also succeeded in reducing her to her sway.

“ But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world ; now lies he there
And none so poor to do him reverence.”

2. If an Agesilaus or an Alexander invaded Asia, it was but to wipe away the disgrace, perhaps till then keenly felt, of the conquests of a Cyrus or a Darius. If the Romans ruled with vigour over some of the provinces of Asia, they were not merely hurled back by the Saracens ; but the latter in return planted the standard of the crescent beyond the Pyrennes. Again, if the crusaders, the flower of the chivalry of Great Britain, France and Germany, under the leadership of such great captains as Godfrey of Bouillon and Richard Cœur de Lion, invaded and settled in the Holy Land for a while, there was a Saladin to hold them in check ; and a king of France had to atone for his uncalled for aggression by pining away in captivity in Egypt. The conquests of Atilla, ‘ the scourge of God,’ at the head of his ‘ fiery Huns,’ have

been avenged by the seemingly permanent occupation by Russia of all North Asia almost to the walls of China. The British nation has won a fuller control over India than the Samoyedes have as yet been able to get in Central Asia.

“They clash, they wrestle long in equal fray :
All nature toils beneath their mighty sway ;
And clouds and billows doubt which master to obey.
With force so balanced Troy and Latium mix ;
Man stands to man and foot to foot they fix.”

Æneid, Book X. 356.

There have been every now and then spasmodic efforts to assert their manhood by the Asiatic races ; though sometimes the results of such contests were for a long while equally poised in the scale, their patriotism or rather the ambition of their leaders had eventually to yield the palm to superior strategy or discipline.

3. Are the Asiatics striving to regain their lost position ? Is there any possibility of their standing up once more ? To what is the superiority of the European over them owing ? If we compare an average Pánjábí with an average Englishman, or an Afghan with a Russian, do we find any decided disparity between them ? Man to man a European is not generally speaking more robust or brave than an Asiatic. “The Sikhs,” writes Captain Creagh,* “than whom there are no braver or more reliable men in a critical emergency, are becoming better acquainted with their work * * *. I consider natives of the North of India more desirable for works of this kind than Europeans ; for *they are equal in physical courage*, much less expensive, and better able to endure the severity of the climate when night work in the hot weather is involved.” “Bravest of native troops, they (the Gurkhas) at the battles of the Sutlej displayed such conspicuous gallantry as to place for courage on a level *with Europeans* ; and certainly they have a high military spirit, are fierce in war, of unsurpassed activity, and possess great powers of enduring fatigue.†” Hence the

* The Italics, in this as in other passages quoted, are mine.

† Extracted from p. 57 of *India under Dalhousie and Canning* by the Duke of Argyll.

Asiatics are at least equal in courage and physique. How is it then that they have been brought under subjection? It is the effect of the superior culture of the dominant races; and I shall attempt to shew this in the following pages.

4. All students of history will readily own that when the contending parties were equal or nearly equal in number, the day was won by the superior strategy or better military organisation of the victors. I do not mean to say that a few never prevailed over *the many*; it will be seen in the sequel that very often this actually took place, especially in all contests between the disciplined few and the untrained many. As to the highest kind of generalship, which has stamped an undying impress on the world, it may be said that it is not the birth-right of any elect people; but military organisation is within human control. If the science of war be assiduously cultivated in any country, it will not be found wanting in the day of trial. No nation of Europe thought much of the ducal territories of Brandenburg until William starved every department of his state to raise troops and made them efficient after drilling them for nearly 20 years. He had thus eighty thousand men under arms, ready to do his bidding at any moment when few other princes in Europe could hardly muster half the number in so short a time. It was then that his voice began to be heard in the factious Diet of the Holy Roman Empire. The impulse then given has been unceasingly continued for the last two centuries and a half, till the descendant of a vassal has wrested the fairest provinces from the imperial House of Hapsburgh and humbled the greatest military power of Europe.

5. And what was the condition of Russia till Peter the Great called forth the latent energies of his subjects? "Indeed if we except the expeditions of the early Russian Chiefs against Byzantium and the reign of Ivan the Terrible, the history of Russia before the time of Peter the Great is one long tale of suffering and degradation."* Did not the Poles, the Swedes, and the Tartars make it a point to lay waste villages and towns by turns? Yet the genius of one man has turned this sad state of

* Page 425 of *Crepasys Fifteen Decisive Battles*.

things. There are superficial thinkers, who take it for granted that a nation, like an individual, may be as physically weak as morally cowardly. Until the unification of Italy was a *fait accompli*, its inhabitants were as little thought of as the Bengalis are at present.* Yet if an Ætius were to rise once more in that country, its power would be then as much respected and dreaded as it was looked down till recently by the other European races. Whoever dreamed that the mountaineers, perched on the summits and table-lands of the Western Ghâts and almost despised by the luxurious Mughals, would not only humble their greatest and most despotic monarch, but would also hold in bondage one of his descendants till rescued by Lord Lake? The turn which Guru Govind and Banda gave to the natural instincts of the Sikhs, who were ruthlessly persecuted by Muhamadan fanaticism, was redirected by Ranjit Singh, and in time a probable *renouveau* upon Afghanistan would have partly paid the barbarians in their own coin.

6. To what must we attribute the almost uninterrupted successes, which have attended the military operations of native troops, disciplined and officered by Europeans, in all contests with the chiefs of India? In its military education has been utterly neglected, whereas it has been earnestly cultivated in the schools and colleges of Europe. This has made the difference, so striking and fatal in its consequences. In a few countries of Asia, Europeans have disciplined Asiatic troops and with very good results. Since standing armies have replaced hasty levies, military schools have been founded in all countries of Europe; but no such attempts have ever been made in Asia. It is education that has made Europe great and glorious, and its absence has thrown Asia at its feet. We shall now proceed to shew that success in war depends on *training*.

7. Were not the Iron *Legions* of Cromwell a part of the very nation, which was struck with awe at their invincibility? "The

* Page 189 Vol. II. of Macaulay's Essays.

† In the conquest of Peshwar from the Duranee House, Ranjit's generals achieved laurels, which foretold future greatness.

crisis had come, and was determined by *sheer superiority of discipline*—the great moral of Marston day.* “Cromwell made haste to organise the whole army on the same principles on which he had organised his own regiment. * * * The cavaliers had now to encounter natural courage equal to their own, enthusiasm stronger than their own, and discipline such as was utterly wanting to them * * *. But in his camp alone the most rigid discipline was found in company with the fiercest enthusiasm. * * *. From the time when the army was remodelled to the time when it was disbanded, it never found, either in the British Islands, or on the continent, an enemy who could stand its onset.”† Of Cromwell’s cavalry, Guizot in his history of the English Revolution writes, “They were no sooner enlisted than all the comforts of domestic, and all the licence of military life were alike interdicted them; subjected to the most severe discipline, compelled to keep their horses and arms in perfect order, often sleeping in the open air passing, almost without relaxation from the duties of military life to the exercises of piety, their leader insisted upon their devoting themselves to their new calling as earnestly as to their cause, and that the free energy of fanaticism should in them be combined with the *disciplined firmness of the soldier*.”‡ “In this battle (of Dunbar) it was easily observed that nothing in military actions can supply the place of discipline and experience.”§ “It is very long before ‘the paradox,’ says Hallam, “is generally admitted that numbers do not necessarily contribute to the intrinsic efficiency of armies. * * *. But in the French wars of Edward III., the whole, I think, of his army served for pay and was raised by contract with men of rank and influence, who received wages for every soldier according to his station and the arms he bore. * * *. This part of Edward’s military system was probably a leading cause of his superiority over the French, and from whom the feudal tenantry

* See p. 344 of Merivale’s *Historical Studies*.

† Read p. 57-58 of Macaulay’s *History of England*, Vol. I.

‡ See Hazletts Translation. Bohn’s Edition p. 183-4.

§ Hume’s *England* by Nolan. Vol. I, p. 719.

were called into the field, and swelled their unwieldy armies at Crecy and Poitiers.”*

8. Again look at the difference between the veteran and raw troops, hastily levied, of one and the same nation. It cannot be argued that one part is braver than another. Perhaps this circumstance will alone account for the fact that the established governments of the present age are not so often upset as in former times, unless there be collusion between the military and the civil population. Before Gustavus Adolphus arose like a star in the northern sky, who could have thought that the sons of Winter would humble the arrogance of the greatest military power then on the face of the earth, and whose resources were handled with so much skill and valour by Tilly and Wallenstein. “The Gideon of Protestantism” managed with his little army, inured to hardship, and flushed with victories in Polish and Danish wars, to out-manceuvre and defeat the imperialists, perhaps equally disciplined and elated with successes recently gained. To what were his laurels owing? He not only prized the rich inheritance bequeathed by the former masters of the art of war, but he also improved it. “Napoleon the First—and except where personal pique marred his judgment, there could be no better judge—was wont to set Gustavus Adolphus among the eight generals whom the world had ever seen, placed him in the same rank with Alexander the Great, Hannibal, Julius Cæsar, in the ancient world with Turenne, Prince Eugene, Frederic the Great and himself in the modern.† So then superior strategy and better arms decided the contest in favor of the Protestants of Germany.

9. What sorts of troops are subject to panics? Undisciplined soldiers apprehend danger where there is really none, and, losing the presence of mind, fly to their heels. But when they are accustomed to meet hundreds of difficulties, they come in the end to present a bold front even against odds and will stick to the spot if they be cut down to a man. During the war of In-

* *Middle Ages*, Vol. I. p. 267.

† P. 24 of the *Life of Gustavus Adolphus*, by Trench.

dependence General Washington* wrote as follows in one of his letters to the Congress :—

“To expect, then, the same service from new and undisciplined recruits as from veteran soldiers, is to expect what never did, and, perhaps never will happen.”

“Men who are familiarized to danger approach it without shrinking, whereas troops unused to service apprehend where no danger exists.”

“Three things prompt men to a regular discharge of their duty in time of action, natural bravery, hope of reward and fear of punishment. The two first are common to the untutored and disciplined soldier, but the last most obviously distinguishes one from the other. A coward taught to believe that if he break his rank and abandon his colours, he will be punished with death by his own party, will take his chance against the enemy ; but the man who thinks little of the one and is fearful of the other, acts from present feelings regardless of consequence.” I admit that Asiatic troops are more subject to panics than European. It is the effect of want of training. Have not the latter been seized with fear and fled from the presence of the former ? I quote the following passages. “In a minute there was a tremendous rush of Irregular Horse, the troopers brandishing their swords and vociferating lustily ; and there was to be seen the sad spectacle of our Dragoons broken and flying to the rear, whilst one of our guns went right about, some of the horses mounted and some riderless galloped towards our camp. What could account for the rout of the Carabineers—what could explain the flight of the horse artillery ? The utmost confusion prevailed.”†

“That a panic (in the brigade of horse under Pope consisting of the 9th Lancers and 14th Dragoons and 1st and 6th Light cavalry, with Grants’ Horse artillery) took place, therefore, is true, that it was more than momentary, not so.” “A retreat,” writes Lord Gough, “was begun which rapidly changed its character into a flight. Dragoons became mingled with Lancers,

* Read p. 214 of Vol. I. of the *Life and Times of General Washington*, by C. R. Edmonds.

† Kaye's *History of the Sepoy War*, Vol. II. Chap. V.

and horsed and unhorsed men clubbed hopelessly, and in the headlong rout fell reckless and confused among the guns and upon the gunners of their own force.”* Will it be then contended that the Europeans are cowards? Have not generals on several occasions rallied their flying troops and then led them on to glory? “Go he (Frederick the Great) did, with small escort, and on a long ride, to Oppeln, a Prussian post, thirty-five miles rearward, where there is a bridge over the Oder and a safe country beyond. * * * And vanished from the Field (Mollwitz) doubtless in very desperate humour. Upon which the extraneous world has babbled a good deal, “cowardice! Wanted courage: Haha!”† Was cowardice the cause? As is the case with individuals so with races. If at any time or very often the array of any reputedly timid nation have fled before its warlike foes, it was not through cowardice but from a fatal experience of their inferiority in military knowledge; to the study of which the greatest captains of the world are indebted for their widespread and “crowning mercies.”

10. Philip of Macedon, with a genius for assimilation which cannot be too highly praised, disciplined an army, at the head of which he gave law to Greece in spite of the wellknown Philip-pics to stem his progress. This army, which was in itself the best bequest that a king could leave to his son, was further strengthened and inured to mountain warfare by Alexander whose mind was developed by one of the deepest thinkers of antiquity. From this it will be evident that these veteran soldiers formed a body of disciplined troops unmatched till then. What sort of warriors, perhaps levied *en masse*, could Porus bring against his foes? The result could have been easily foreseen. That the Indian prince had no military instincts could be inferred from his neglecting to station an  of sufficient strength on the wooded island under cover of which Alexander effected the passage of the river, and also from his inability to guess out the feigned attacks purposely planned by Alexander to conceal his real

* Dalhousie's *Administration of British India*, Vol. I. p. 167.

† Carlyle's *Frederick*, Vol. III. Book XII. Chap. X.

operations.* Here again the superiority of generalship prevailed over rude valour. Again, when Alexander attacked his left wing, Porus, to check the Macedonians committed the grievous blunder of withdrawing the second wing of his cavalry, and thus enabled the Greeks to attack him in the rear. Did not this one more false step decide the issue of the combat? What if Taxiles and the younger Porus had attacked Alexander, when he was maintaining a doubtful contest with the Elder, what, I say, would have been the fate of the invader? Would not the Macedonian hero have found his grave in the midst of his triumphs? Striking as had been the unbroken series of his victories, great as had been the fear, which his very name carried into the ranks of his unknown and distant foes, and unparalleled as had been the rapidity with which he had overcome the serious difficulties which nature and art had alike presented to his progress, his fall would have been still more astounding.

11. Scotland, though smaller in extent and poorer than England, and therefore less capable of supplying the ‘sinews of war,’ did often come out victorious in her contests with her larger and richer neighbour. In the battle of the Sterling-Bridge, Wallace, with a much smaller army than that under Warren and Hew of Cressingham, defeated the English. “In the meantime the communication,” says Carrick, “between the bridge and the van of the English army was cut off by a *masterly movement of a division of the Scots*, who immediately kept up such an incessant discharge of arrows, darts, ‘gavelocks,’ and other missiles as completely interrupted the progress of the enemy. * * * The panic now became general, and the face of the country was soon covered with a confused mass of terrified fugitives, hurrying on to avoid the swords of their conquerors.” Now to what must this victory be ascribed? Not certainly to the superior physique and courage of the Scots, but to the *superior* tactics of Wallace, who, with fewer troops, as compared with the whole English army, brought such an overwhelming force to bear on the smaller part of his foes, as completely to crush it even under the eyes of the larger.

* Read the account of the battle in Thirlwall's Greece, Vol. VII. p. 14 to 23.

12. Perhaps a more sad spectacle of a chivalrous nation, groaning under an alien yoke, than that of the Poles, is hardly to be seen. They, who had once saved Christendom from the thralldom of the Osmanlis, and who had frequently defeated their present lords before Peter the Great, were, finally in the 18th century so weakened by internal dissensions, that they fell an easy prey to their neighbours. Did the dismemberment of their once powerful and extensive empire result from their being an inferior race? Was not the ruin of their national independence and existence the necessary sequence of military insubordination and disorganisation? If one European power threatened the independence of, and wrested a few provinces from, its neighbour in one age, the humbled nation taught its victors a sharp lesson in the next. To what were their alternate shame and pride owing? It may then be safely asserted that whenever any European power had got the better of another, its cause is to be traced not to physical weakness or degeneracy, as we frequently read of in histories but to the neglect of the study of military science and organisation. Now that the star of the Teutonic race is on the ascendant one frequently hears the platitude of its superiority over the Keltic and the Slavonian. "In criticising," writes the military correspondent of the *Englishman*, "Captain Laymann's work, it would be easy to point out particularly that he attributes probably too much value to his own theory in appropriating for it the main successes of the Prussians in Bohemia and France, seeing that they beat the Austrians *certainly in part by the advantage of the breech-loader, and the French undoubtedly by their superiority in collecting decisive numbers at the proper points, that is, by better organization and strategy.*"* The heavy Grecian Phalax, which had literally chained victory to its standard, when fighting with the undisciplined barbarians could not withstand the charges of the agile Roman legions. Was this superiority owing to the hardier and stouter men, who composed the Roman army? Genius, however bright it may be, cannot see into the remote future, and, standing on its high pedestal, overlooks the imperfec-

* See the issue of the 17th January 1872.

tions besetting the present age. Thus conscious of the darkness in which every thing else is enveloped, it strikes home and hard, and the effect is electric. This discipline and strength which the foresight of an Epaminondas had imparted, rusted, and no much-needed modifications were introduced. Hence improved tactics again asserted their supremacy, and first the Owl had to give way to the Sphinx, and the latter to the Eagle.

13. Now I come to the second part of my essay. If the above truth holds good in Europe, it must equally do so in Asia; and not only among different tribes in Asia, but also between an Asiatic and a European nation. This bold proposition may seem paradoxical to the ordinary class of readers of history; nevertheless it is as true as any other maxim in the philosophy of history. To prove it I intend citing passages from well-known writers. That the superiority of nations depends on their better military organisation cannot now be impugned. Now, all the enlightened nations are striving to surpass their neighbours in the art of cutting each other's throats.* I shall presently proceed to shew that when the Asiatics beat the Europeans, the latter succumbed not to the hardihood and bravery of their foes, but to the better handling of the instruments of destruction. That the god of war is always on the side of the strongest battalion is a trite fact. If one nation can manage to bring its collective strength to gain advantage over another, why cannot the latter do so as well? Brute force alone counts for nothing; its masterly application works wonders. Though the founder of the Prussian greatness had rather a curious liking for the tallest of every nation, and was often on bad terms with his neighbours for his attempts at poaching them at great cost; yet they did not achieve any thing which could not have been done equally well by the opposite sort of troops. If not, the Pategos would gain the palm. I mention this fact, because King Wladislaw was a military genius of no ordinary kind, and but for him, perhaps, we would not have heard of Frederick the Great.

* • Read foot note in p. 66 of the Life of General Washington in Bengali. "There were in 1820, 1,900,000 armed men in all; in 1865 3,800,000 and in 1868 they will be more than 4 millions."

14. It has been said that because of the superior physique of the Vandals, the Goths and other barbarians, who overran the Roman Empire, the Latin race met with nothing but reverses. This is contended as arising from its degeneracy. But it is certainly a plausible way of explaining a phenomenon, the causes of which lie in a fact not much taken notice of. The natural law that certain causes must produce certain effects must always hold good. If in a given case, the expected result is not forthcoming, the presence of the main causes notwithstanding, it must be concluded that either there was an actual of the moving principles, or there were other leading influences at work. The barbarians defeated the Romans, because the discipline of their soldiers had very sensibly relaxed. The victory of Chalons over the hordes of Attila clearly proves that mere superior bodily strength of undisciplined soldiers cannot prevail over disciplined though physically weak fighting men. "During their campaigns in Eastern Gaul, the Roman general Ætius had strenuously exerted himself in collecting and organising such an army as might, when united to the soldiery of the Visigoths, be fit to face the Huns in the fields," who were 700,000 in number. "Attila saw the importance of the position taken up by Ætius on the high ground, and commenced the battle by a furious attack on this part of the Roman line, in which he seems to have detached some of his best troops from his centre to aid his left. The Romans having the advantage of the ground, repulsed the Huns* &c." In the African and Italian campaigns of Belisarius, the same fact prominently strikes us. Much room could not be found in this disorderly battle (before Carthage) for the talents of a general; but the king fled before the hero; and the Vandals, accustomed only to a Moorish enemy, were incapable of withstanding the arm and discipline of the Roman. Again, "the military strength of the nation advanced battle; and such was the rapid increase, that, before the army reached Tricameron, about twenty miles from Carthage, they might boast, perhaps with some exaggeration, that they surpassed in a tenfold propor-

* See p. 233 of *Cressy's Fifteen Decisive Battles*.

tion, the diminutive powers of the Romans. *But these powers were under the command of Belisarius &c.** And the result of the collision was the easy defeat of Gelimér.

15. When the Tartars reduced Russia and penetrated into the heart of the present kingdom of Prussia, their conquest was achieved not by their fiery valour, but with the improvements they had introduced into the art of war. Their decided superiority lay in the excellence of their cavalry, whose sudden onset the infantry of those times could not stand. Had the latter been better armed and organised, the shepherds of the Highlands of Asia would have been driven back to their homes. In tracing the causes which led to the utter humiliation and occupation of their country by the Tartars for more than two centuries, the Russian historians † state as follows.

“As to the causes of the rapid success of the Tartars, we must, in the first place, observe the circumstance of their pastoral habits preventing them from becoming attached to any country could not fail to forward the vast and ambitious projects of Genghis Khan. This kind of life renders a people fit for the profession of arms and keeps them ever ready for action. * * * *The Tartars therefore had over the Russians the advantage which standing armies have over hasty levies.*”

“* * * In barbarous times, when tactics were unknown, an impetuous cavalry must have had the superiority in an open country: now, the Tartars being always in the saddle, and being masters of the provinces which produced the best horses, were *the best horsemen in the world*. The Russians, on the contrary, were infantry; their guards being overwhelmed, and the rest *badly armed and undisciplined*, could not keep the ground, except in cities against such furious cavalry.”

“There is no reason to believe, likewise, that the Mongols, who were situated so near the mouth of Nertshinck, and had become masters of the Ural and the Caucasus, were provided with *better arms* than the Russians; accordingly the annalists speak

* Read Chap. XLI of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*.

† *History of Russia*, by Karamsin &c. Edited by W. K. Kelly Vol. I, p. 68.

with horror of the *long and steeled arrows* of those Tartars, of their *huge scimitars*, their *pikes with hooks*, and those *terrible battering rams* which in one day overthrew the walls of Kief, their strongest city."

"Another circumstance, which we must figure to ourselves, is the sudden *organisation* of those wandering hordes in divisions of ten thousand men, regiments of a thousand, companies of a hundred, and detachments of ten."

16. It is a sad fact that nations, like individuals, often lose sight of the lessons taught by history, and much of the untold misery incident on every grand contest of race against race, might not be felt at all, if only they were wise enough to profit by past experience. In the conquests which the Turks made in Europe, the same fact comes out prominently into view. When the Eastern Roman Empire was enfeebled by the repeated invasions of the barbarians, when the Franks and the Latin crusaders had added to the cup of humiliation, and when every vestige of patriotism and discipline had vanished from the city of Constantine the Great, it was not to be supposed that the Osmanlis, who had been fired in a hundred fights and had therefore a *large disciplined army*, could be checked by the luxurious Greeks. "And his (Contaeuzene's) last advice admonished his countrymen to decline a rash contest, and to compare their own weakness with the numbers and valour, the *discipline* and enthusiasm, of the Moslem. His prudent counsels were despised by the headstrong vanity of youth, and soon justified by the victories of the Ottomans.*" The Janizaries were a body of disciplined troops, which struck terror in the hearts of the nations of Europe, Asia, and Africa. Were they not inflated with pride, did they not condemn every improvement as a useless innovation, and had they not acted like the Pretorian guards and the *Khalsa* troops, they would have effected greater success. Their discipline and prompt mobilisation gave them a superiority which led them in triumph to the walls of Vienna. Why were they successful over the European races? Were the latter less hardy and warlike, that is, inferior?

* See p. 147 of Vol. VII of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*.

Why is it that they bear the iron yoke of the infidels? This is not to be accounted for by the specious philosophy of the superiority of one race over another, but by the simple fact that the dominant race has all the appliances of modern warfare at its command, while its subjects scarcely have anything to do manfully the battle of their country. In the Greek war of independence, the same fact is strikingly illustrated. Were it not for Great Britain, Russia and France, the Greeks would not have succeeded, though they had able generals trained up in foreign military academies and armies. The wellknown battle of Navarino, which destroyed the navy of the Sublime Porte, would not have decided the contest, had not Marshal Deibitch crossed the Balkan and threatened the capital of the Sultan. What gave the Turks an easy victory over the Slavs? The following extract from a thoughtful historian will answer the question. "Such was the origin of these haughty troops the terror of nations and sometimes of the Sultans themselves. Their valour has declined, their discipline is relaxed, and their tumultuary array is incapable of contending with the order and weapons of modern tactics; *but at the time of their institution, they possessed a decisive superiority in war.*"

17. Again, the successors of Muhammad, appealing to the new-born enthusiasm and cupidity of the hordes of the sandy deserts, gradually imparted a training and knowledge of the military art to the ranks of their troops, before which neither other Asiatics nor Europeans could stand. Had not Abdul Rahman been killed in the battle of Tours, the flame of conquest which had issued out a second time from the benighted shores of Africa, would not have been perhaps put out except on the icy coasts of the Arctic Ocean. Will superiority of race explain this? How is it that the whole of Christendom which once quailed before a Bazajet or a Batur and mustered all its available strength before the famous siege of Vienna or on the field of Tours to get rid of the incubus of eastern despotism, now spurns the Osmanlis? Because the Christian powers have greatly distanced their former deadly foes in military discipline and culture. Have the latter become less brave and hardy than before? In the

late Crimean war, a body of the troops of the Sublime Porte was handled by a few English officers, and the consequence was that the Russians were obliged to ignominiously raise the siege of Silistria. "At first few men harboured the thought that, without deliverance brought by a relieving force, a humble Turkish fortress would be able to hold out against the collected strength of Russia and the most renowned (Prince Paskievitch) of her generals. Soon it was known that of their own free will and humour, two young Englishmen—captain Butler of the Ceylon Rifles and Lieutenant Nasmyth of the East India Company's service—had thrown themselves into the place, and were exercising a strange mastery over the garrison. * * *. It seemed that the presence of these youths was all that was needed for the making of the Moslem hordes a *faithful, heroic, and devoted soldiery*. "Again, in the battle of Giurgevo, the Turks won a decided victory. Upon either flank of this body the Russian infantry came down in strong columns. Four times the attack was made, and four times the Turks commanded or led on by Ali Pasha and General Cannon, by Bent, Hinde, Ogilvy, and Ballard, drove back their assailants with great slaughter. With pious and warlike cries, the Turks sallied over their new made parapets, brought their bayonets down to the charge, forced mass after mass to give way, and fiercely pressed the retreat."* These victories were won by Turkish troops alone, led on by English and native officers. And what was the cause? Whether in India or Afghanistan, China or Abyssinia, native troops disciplined and commanded by British officers, have shewn a courage equal to that of their European comrades, an aptitude for fighting not less admirable, and a devotion to the cause of their masters, very seldom equalled elsewhere. The reason is obvious; while not even the most military nation can become good soldiers, without discipline, yet with discipline even the most unmilitary can be made efficient.†

Vox.

* Read p. 49 to 60 of Vol. II. of Kinglake's *Crimes*.

† Page 156 of Arnold's *Lectures on Modern History*.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY SCHOOL-DAYS.

By An Old Bengali Boy.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE DURGA PUJA VACATION.

What the feast of the Passover was to the ancient Jews, what Christmas is to some sects of Christians, what the Mohurram is to half the Muhammadan population of the world, that the Durga Puja is, I do not say to the Hindus of all India—for the Hindus of northern, central, southern and western India do not care much for the ten-handed goddess—but to the Hindus of Bengal. It is the greatest festival in the country. It is the season of high religious excitement, of social re-unions, of gorgeous dresses, of much buying and selling, singing and dancing, feasting and merry-making. It is the season of universal festivity; the rich and the poor, the high and the low, the *raja* and the *raiyat*, the Brahman and the Chandala, alike welcoming it with exultant hearts. The ten-handed goddess, though by no means “so bucksom, blith, and debonair” as Milton’s Euphrosyne the Hindu of Bengal may well address in the language of the poet—

“Haste thee, Nymph and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks, and wreathed Smiles
Such as hang on Hebe’s cheek
And love to live in dimple sleek,
Sport that wrinkled Care excludes,
And Laughter holding both sides;”

for her day is the gala-day of the millions of the Hindu population, the annual jubilee of Bengal. Every other *pūja* is the *pūja* of this god or of that goddess; but the Durga *pūja* is the *pūja*, the *great pūja*, the *pūja* of *pūjas*.

Fully one month before the Durga *pūja* in what a flutter are the Hindu population of Bengal! "The *pūja* is near," is in every body's mouth. What preparations are made! What activity is displayed! what amount of business transacted! Every Hindu tradesman sits up late, casting accounts, and sending out bills for payment. The calls are incessant and peremptory; there is no taking denial or brooking delay, for "the *pūja* is approaching." Through the rest of the year he has been remiss in his calls upon his debtors; but he must realize all his money now, as the *pūja* is approaching. In the bazaars and streets of Calcutta there goes on an infinite deal of buying and selling. The cloth-shops of Burra Bazaar are in a state of regular siege all the day and some hours of the night, for every Hindu, whether rich or poor, must put on new clothes during the *pūja*; the shoe-makers of Lal Bazaar and Muchua Bazaar find it difficult to make the supply equal to the demand, for the throng of customers is endless; the sale of *mukhs*,—garlands of beads for the neck—and of *ghunshis*—silk or cotton bands for the waist—is prodigious; while the confectioners of Burra Bazaar and Nutan Bazaar are busy laying in stores in the shape of sugar and clarified butter and giving earnest-money to milkmen, against the great *pūja* when mountain-loads of sweetmeats are expected to be consumed. There are hardly any tradesmen and artisans who are not unusually active, and who do not expect large profits. In the villages, usually so quiet, there is excitement too. The rich people are whitewashing their houses. The women of the poorer classes are rubbing and scrubbing their huts, and displaying their ingenuity in confectionery. The houses, in which the image of the goddess will be worshipped, resound day and night with the din of preparation; and groups of little boys and girls may be seen any hour of the day, watching the carpenter engaged in moulding or fashioning or painting the idol.

During the three days in which the goddess is worshipped, there is hardly a village in Bengal where the sound of the tom-tom is not heard. The people are dressed in—I was going to say—their Sunday's best, every one almost putting on new

dhuti, new *chadar* and new shoes. Groups of men, women and children may be seen going about the streets any hour of the day and of the night,—in the day, to make obeisance to the goddess, and in the night to see dramatic representations and to listen to songs. All work throughout the country has been suspended. There is no blazing fire in the stithy; the carpenter has tied up his tools in his bag; the shoe-maker is not busy with his last; neither is the shuttle of the weaver in motion: all have shut up shop, except the confectioner, who is now busier than in any other part of the year, and whose oven, ablaze all day and night, testifies to the industry with which he is manufacturing various sorts of sweet-meats. The whole nation has given up work, and has risen up to play.

The fourth day of the *pūja*, the day in which Durga finds a watery grave, is the gayest of all. The streets of every village and town are lined with processions; the Hindu world and his wife are out sight-seeing; the images, borne on the shoulders of bearers, are paraded about; the tom-toms are giving out their harsh dissonance with a vengeance; loud shouts of exultation are ever and anon heard; shows and pantomimic exhibitions are everywhere calling forth peals of laughter; and the gaiety ends only at nightfall when mother Durga is fairly pitched into the river and rifled of her tinsel. From the river or the village-tank they all return to their homes, and then follows a ceremony which, though connected with superstition, must be regarded as one of the most amiable institutions in the land. The whole population embrace one another, the males embracing the males, and the females embracing the females. The father embraces the son, the uncle his nephew, the brother the brother; and all distant relations, even cousins of the fortieth remove, clasp one another's arms, touch shoulder to shoulder, join hands and do obeisance. The moral of the custom is, that envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness are laid aside, and give place to good-will, charity and brotherly kindness.

This is the bright side of the Durga *pūja*; turn we now to the other side of the shield. The universal adoration of Durga

by the Hindu population of Bengal must be regarded by every rightly constituted mind as national apostasy, as rebellion against the moral Governor of the universe, the King of kings and Lord of lords. It is a pitiful prostitution of those noble powers with which God has endowed man, and it must be the saddest of spectacles to see a whole nation "changing the glory of the uncorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man," and "worshipping and serving the creature more than the Creator who is blessed for ever." There are at present not a few educated Bengalis who mourn over the degradation of their country; and I cannot but think that the chief cause of that degradation is the universal practice of idolatry, which is treason against the Sovereign Ruler of the universe. The blessing of the Almighty cannot rest upon a nation which is guilty of so "foul a revolt." The invariable attendants of idolatry, namely, immorality, looseness of manners, evil communications, and dissipation, are met with in connection with the Durga *pūja*. The filthiest songs are sung in the streets and in houses before boys and chaste maidens; the consequence is, a general relaxation of manners, and a deprecation of the sanctities of life.

The above serious view I did not entertain in those days when, as a mere school boy, I left Calcutta at every *pūja* season for my native village. I then liked the *pūja*, not on account either of its rites of adoration or of its scenes of dissipation, but on account of its festivities, its new clothes, its new shoes, and sweetmeats. I generally left Calcutta on the fourth day of the moon, that is to say, three days before the commencement of the *pūja*. On this occasion, however, unlike other times, I did not travel alone. As all the natives of Talpur who did business in Calcutta went home in bands, I accompanied one of them. The excitement was always great. Most of them had not seen their wives and children for a whole month. They had been toiling and moiling for a whole year, and had scraped together their savings, which they were now going to spend in their homes. They were carrying with them the finest *saris* their means could afford for their wives, little *saris* for their daughters, and *dhotis* and shoes

for their sons, and Calcutta delicacies for all. They were going by forced marches, travelling not only in the day but also some hours of the night; indeed, they ran as on "feathered feet," for they were impatient to reach their homes. Great was our joy when we stood under the paternal roof-tree. All the members of the family—and Hindu families are usually large—who had been scattered in different parts of the country, had all returned from their wanderings; the old familiar faces appeared again; the greetings were warm; and cheerfulness beamed from every countenance. The three days of the *pūja*, properly so called, were spent in looking at the idols in different houses, in estimating the art displayed in the formation and painting, of each, in listening to songs, and in witnessing those wretched dramatic representations called *yatras*. In the evening of the fourth and last day, after the idols had been thrown into the tanks, I embraced my nearest relatives in the house, and taking a servant with a lantern in his hand to illuminate my path, I paid a round of visits to all my distant relations living in the village. I went to every house, and embraced every one. At every house I had, whether I wished it or not, to swallow a sweet-meat or two, for my relatives would take no denial; and as, after visiting a dozen houses or so, I could not, through sheer repletion, swallow any more, my kind relations used to tie up sweet-meats in my handkerchief, so that I returned home with two loads of sweet-meats, the one subjective and the other objective.

The festivities of the fourth day are closed with each one drinking a solution in water of *siddhi* or powdered hemp-leaf. As the solution is very thin, it scarcely produces any intoxication,—its only effect being to produce an irresistible tendency to inordinate laughter. Once in my life, one of my friends made me swallow a somewhat stronger solution than is usually drunk on such occasions; and I well remember the peals of ringing laughter or rather guffaw which I involuntarily gave out. I recollect also another effect which it produced in me, namely, deafness, which was so complete that I could scarcely hear a word uttered so near me that the speaker's lips almost touched

my ear. I should not like, however, to make the experiment again.

AN OLD BENGALI BOY.

EDUCATION IN INDIA.

By A Hindustani.

Such is the title of an elaborate Essay which recently appeared in the *Pioneer* above the signature "A Native," in that portion of the paper which is called a *Fair Fight* for the expression of opinions for which the Editor does not hold himself responsible. The essay is a production of orthodox length,—if not of sterling merits—and consists of several paragraphs of stately sentences and faultless periods; but the truths and facts brought forward being jumbled together without the slightest regard to any kind of arrangement, either artistic or logical, it is somewhat difficult to make head or tail of it. But a single glance is enough to convince the reader that this article is one of those shafts which have of late been hurled against current systems of education; and it was, therefore a godsend to the *Pioneer*, who has for a long time past been in search of things fitted to justify the virulence of its attacks on the Educational authorities of the North West Provinces. The objections of the writer against what he calls education in India, or the system of education carried out through the medium of an expensive and cumbrous machinery by the State in different parts of the country, may be ranged under the following heads:—

(a) The Government system of education is fitted to scatter the sacred traditions of the country to the winds.

(b) It is unpopular among Mussulmans owing to its foreign character and christianizing tendencies.

(c) It is unpopular among the members of the Indian aristocracy, because it refuses to recognize flattering distinctions in their favor.

(d) Its results as displayed in the attainments of the young men it sends out are very poor indeed.

(e) It breeds disaffection and disloyalty, rather than good feeling towards the Government.

(f) The organization of the department of Public Instruction is defective.

Let us now take into consideration these objections in the order in which they are indicated, and see how far they are consonant to reason and common sense. It is to be observed that these objections against the scheme of education patronized by Government have, what may be called, a typical significance, and are therefore deserving of a calm and candid criticism. There are, both among Europeans and the natives of the country, persons who in all questions bearing on its education take what may properly be called the *conservative side*. They are not hostile to the abstract idea of scattering over the country the blessings of western culture, but they systematically and firmly oppose the concrete forms which that idea, itself unexceptionable, has assumed under the supervision and guidance of those officers of the State who may be called Ministers of Education. They wish to see the existing landmarks of Indian society perpetuated, its modes of life stereotyped, and its associations and traditions left intact, even while the country is being blessed with the fruits of a superior scheme of education. The existing system, however, runs counter to their wishes, and displays results which are not merely of a radical, but positively revolutionary character. They therefore place themselves in array against it, and never let go a single opportunity of pouring upon it the vials of their righteous indignation. The objections we have indicated are objections, urged not by an individual however great, but by a large, and growing class of opponents of public education; and they are therefore deserving of serious and special consideration. The native gentleman, the writer of the article under review, evidently a Muhammadan of the school of Maulavi Syud Ahnadh Khan Bahadur, is but the mouth-piece of the growing party of conservative educationists, whose opposition to current systems of edu-

eration, envenomed by the contempt with which it has necessarily been regarded, is daily gaining ground in some quarters.

(a) The Government system of education is condemned because it tends to scatter to the winds the sacred traditions of the people. That it does so, that it tends to bring the traditions of the country, both religious as well as political, into disrepute is mere folly to deny. Whatever may be the shortcomings of the educated men it has welded into an enlightened and influential community, they are all marshalled against these traditions; and instead of regarding those traditions with respect and veneration, they speak of them both privately and publicly with undisguised and unmitigated contempt. The political traditions of the country—despotism, patriarchal systems of paternal rule, the principle of subordination reduced to fawning flattery and abject servility, official obsequiousness and officious flunkeyism, village communities of a primitive stamp, hereditary offices and trades, and such like things—have lost all hold on their minds, and cannot extort their admiration or enlist their sympathies. Nor are they in a position to show that fondness for current types of worship, that veneration for the sacred Brahmanical thread or the equally sacred, Wahabi beard, that exaggerated respect for old age and paternal authority, those feelings of apathy in matters of this life, and those feelings of submissiveness to the dictates of blind fate which are sanctioned and demanded by the sacred, religious traditions of the country. In this respect, therefore, a complete and a violent change has been brought about by the Government system of education; and it is both instructive and amusing to notice how it has been effected. This revolution in their feelings and sentiments has been brought about in spite of the cherished convictions and wishes of the noble supporters and friends of education. They did not originally wish to initiate any thing like a violent change in our national customs and usages, and they did what they could to avert what appeared to them nothing less than a public calamity. But their calculations were baffled, and the revolution, they did their best to express their dread of and provide against, was at length brought about in spite of their

wishes and efforts. Education has opposed and exploded the traditions of the country in the same manner in which the Government has spread the red color over the map of India. The defunct Board of Directors was sincerely opposed to the policy of annexation, and urged all its Governors-General to scrupulously abstain from a course such as might result in territorial extension. They denounced the lust for territorial aggrandisement manifested at first by some of their agents, and they devised no end of rules to repair the mischief the bad example of these freebooters was calculated to do. But in spite of their exhortations and regulations, the boundary lines of the empire went on extending themselves, overleaping all obstacles and vaulting over all those laws of international policy which are respected and observed in civilized countries. There was a fatality, so to speak, which in spite of all obstacles, dragged the Empire forward till its magnificent arch was completed—at least for sometime to come—by Lord Dalhousie. In the same manner, the friends of education were decidedly averse to anything and everything like a violent change in our modes of thought and habits of life; and they did all they could, devised a number of rules and made a number of arrangements, to render the anticipated and dreaded revolution an impossibility. But their calculations were baffled, and a fatality, which only laughed at the obstacles they scattered in its way dragged the young men educated under their system till the landmarks, by which their progress was to be restrained, had been left very far behind them. The traditions of the country disappear before English education, because it is impossible for them to stand a sharp encounter with it. It is no more possible for them to maintain their own before the triumphant march of Western Civilisation, than it is possible for darkness to maintain its sway where the rays of the noonday sun have diffused their genial warmth and light. Any and every system of education, provided it is an improvement upon those stupid systems which are called indigenous, will have this effect,—and those systems of education, which are likely to leave these traditions intact are curses to be deprecated, not blessings to be prayed for.

The doleful cries of those worthies who stand up for the time-hallowed traditions of the country remind us of an amusing story, which we are tempted to relate. A gentleman of the old school requested a friend of ours to have a paper written by him corrected and improved. The paper abounded with inappropriate expressions and verbal inaccuracies, with solecisms and errors which made it quite a curiosity or rather a wonder. It was rewritten by our friend, showed to a European gentleman, and returned to the writer, who, on seeing the child of his brain so sadly altered and disfigured, indignantly exclaimed :—"Where are the beautiful expressions that I put in—my *own* words and sentences?" In this manner our conservative educationists send their children to Government schools to be civilized; and, when they are educated and refined, impatiently exclaim :—"What has become of their hereditary ideas and hereditary principles? "Where is their veneration for current traditions gone?"

(b.) This system of education is unpopular among Mussulmans on account of its foreign character and christianizing tendencies. That it is unpopular among Her Majesty's Muhammadan subjects, is admitted on all hands;—but its foreign character is a necessity—a stern, inexorable necessity, of which there is no getting rid. English education in India must needs be foreign, and there is not the slightest chance of its being entirely divested of its alien character and outlandish air. To domesticate it so far as to make it appear without its offensive foreign features is simply to annihilate it, to make it English education *minus* the English language—a non-entity. But its foreign character may be mitigated, though not completely removed. The Government system of education may have a character of domesticity impressed upon it by the introduction thereto of a strong, counteracting, oriental element. English may be placed in conjunction or association with Arabic and Persian, and its Anglifying influence may be counteracted by the homely influences by which it may be balanced. In this way, the mischief it does may be undone, and its acquisition may be rendered both useful and popular. Now we maintain that this has been to a considerable extent done in schools and Colleges in Upper India, if not

in schools and Colleges in Bengal. In the schools and Colleges scattered over the North-West Provinces, Oudh, the Punjab, and Central India, English does not reign unrivalled and alone. It holds divided empire with the oriental classics and the vernacular, and its influence is sufficiently balanced by varied influences of a homely character. But yet these schools do not attract Musulman boys. Because, in the first place, English necessarily asserts its innate superiority over its rivals even in these seats of knowledge. It is the case of the light of the sun eclipsing the light of the stars over again. However great may be the difficulties with which it has to contend, however vigorous may be the attempts by which its legitimate influence is curbed, it emerges from them, in the manner in which the moon emerges from a mass of clouds which threatens to extinguish her light, with its glory undiminished. In the second place, our Mussulman friends are a little too conservative to be conciliated by proper concessions. They not only wish for the introduction of their own language and literature into the Government school, but they must have their stupid method of teaching also transferred from indigenous schools into the schools and Colleges patronized by the State. They, for instance, are more attached almost to the orthodox method of teaching Persian than to Persian itself; and if Government school teachers refuse to make their pupils commit to memory the *whole* of *Karima* and *Mamkina*, and considerable portions of *Gulistan* and *Bostan*, before teaching them to write ordinary sentences in Persian and speak the commonest things in that language, woe be to them! But the main cause of the unpopularity of these institutions among them hinges, not on any defects of the system itself, but on some harsh features of their own character, on their ignorance and bigotry, their ancestral pride and sullen discontent, the religious and political hatred with which they regard the dominant class and all its doings. These evils, it is plain, cannot be rectified by any changes that may be introduced into the system of education decreed. Time alone will remove them by accustoming them to the galling yoke which is placed on their necks. Centuries of foreign domination have softened the Hindu

character, and made it supple and flexible ; and a long period of English rule will be needed to render Muhammadans versatile enough to take to foreign modes of life with the alacrity with which their Hindu fellow-subjects allow themselves to be Europeanized.

A word on the christianizing tendencies of English education. English education, as imparted in Government schools, does not exercise any christianizing influence over its recipients in the proper sense of the term. That the most glorious portion of English literature is one of the triumphs of Christianity, and that under proper teachers its lofty spirit of moral purity and earnestness may be made to speak volumes in favor of that heaven-bestowed religion, no sensible man will deny. But such teachers have been rare in Government schools, and therefore this influence has been far from christianizing. But the ignorant people look upon them, as they look upon railways and telegraphs, as some of the insidious forces Government is utilizing to bring about the evangelization of the country. And when we look into their ideas of christianization, we shall not be surprized at the prevalence of so foolish a conviction or dread amongst them. A Hindu in popular estimation is *christianized*—not only when he is ushered into the Church of Christ by the rite of baptism—but when he is enlightened enough to cut off the tuft of hair on the top of his head, which distinguishes him from a Mussulman, or even to wear a pair of English boots. A Mussulman is said to be christianized when he refuses to fashion his beard after the orthodox model, or wears trowsers in place of the orthodox lower garment of his co-religionists. A native, in short, is christianized when he refuses to bow to any one of the thousand and one sacred traditions of the country. In this sense, as we have already said, English education cannot but christianize.

(c) This system of education is unpopular among the grandees of the land on account of its refusal to make class distinctions in their favor. But Government has no business to flatter their hereditary pride or humour their unreasonable prejudices. Government is conferring the benefits of, what may be called, an elec-

mosynary education on those classes of the population which are too poor to pay for it. And if they are anxious to separate their boys from the common herd, let them institute Colleges and schools of their own order, and place them on an exclusive policy, which it were madness on the part of Government to adopt. To say the least, it does not become them to weep and howl till the bread prepared for the poor is thrust into their own mouths! But schools established for them exclusively are no more popular among them than schools founded for all classes of society. The Canning College of Lucknow was originally instituted with a view to attract boys above the common herd; but they would not patronize it, and so it gradually sank into the position of an ordinary Government seminary. The truth is, the Government system of education is so decidedly hostile to their habits of life, it opposes the voluptuousness and libertinism amid which they love to luxuriate with such steadiness that it stinks in the nostrils of these worthies. A change in their character, not a change in the system of education in vogue, is the desideratum, and time can alone effect it. The glorious fruits of education scattered broad-cast, the example of the lower orders rising on account of knowledge and the higher orders sinking on account of ignorance have led the aristocracy of Bengal to shake off their lethargy; and similar results similarly displayed will exercise a similarly wholesome influence on the nobility of the Upper Provinces. Time is the only remedy for the disease.

(d) The results of this system of education are poor. Some years ago Maulavi Syud Ahmud Khan Bahadoor published in England a pamphlet virulently attacking the existing scheme of State education. He confidently affirmed that this system had only produced a number of clerks and Railway ticket Collectors and done nothing more. And, although this and other offhand assertions of the sort were subsequently disproved by Rajah Siva Prasad's able reply to the *brochure* in question, the writer of the article under review does nothing but reproduce and re-ventilate these ghostly allegations. The system of education decried is not defectless. But whatever may be its defects and shortcomings, it

has raised a class of men who, in intelligence and general information, are not much inferior to the *alumni* of Colleges and Institutions much older than those of the country. And if the dependant condition of the country, and the practical closing up of many of the paths of glory, have prevented their employing their attainments except in the lower works of life, the fault evidently does not exist in the system of education denounced. Our friend asserts that the Indian Universities have not turned out any *original thinkers*, any writers of wide repute, any scientists of eminent attainments. Very well, how many original thinkers are the Universities of Europe and America turning out annually? To be an original thinker in these days is no joke, and those whom our friend dubs as original thinkers very likely show their glory in borrowed feathers as decidedly as the examinees who fill examination papers with borrowed criticism on Milton and Wordsworth. Besides, it should never be forgotten, as we showed sometime since in our paper on *Baboos' Morals*, that the education received by our young men is counteracted and partially neutralized by the conditions of life into which they are thrown as soon as they enter the world. If the really good education received in schools and Colleges is neutralized by their poverty accompanied with hard work, and no leisure, and a degraded state of society tempting them to vice and indolence, surely critics ought to pour out their bile on those untoward circumstances, rather than on the training they counteract and nullify.

(c) The system, moreover, breeds disaffection and disloyalty rather than good feeling towards the Government of the day. The process indicated by our able critic is this. The young men brought up in Indian schools enter in a very exaggerated opinion of their ability and attainments, look to Government for responsible and lucrative appointments, and when disappointed, as they needs must be, they do nothing but disseminate disloyalty towards their rulers and disaffection towards the British race! That these young men sometimes complain when such things as favoritism and nepotism deprive them of those advantages to which their

education entitles them, according to the express promises of Her Majesty's Proclamation,—when uneducated Hindus and Mussulmans pass over their heads by dint of flattery, and low-born and half, educated Englishmen become their superiors by virtue only of their color, we have not the slightest hesitation in admitting. We have yet to be satisfied that these and such like complaints are symptoms of disloyalty and treason. People who speak in the strain *imitated*—not originated—by our able critic, do not understand what disloyalty means,—or represent that in the case of nations as disloyalty which in the case of Europeans is construed into legitimate political agitation. To illustrate this. The trial of Mulhar Rao was represented by almost the entire Press of England, and the largest portion of the Press of the country, as at best a blunder calculated to attach a blot to the generally spotless administration of Lord Northbrook. But when the native Press joined in this universal outcry against the trial, its attitude was at once stigmatized—even by a religious journal like the *Lucknow Witness*, as disloyal. A great deal of righteous indignation was directed against Col. Phayre by every member of the Indian Press—the parties led astray by his long prayers alone excepted—on account of his arrogance and imperiousness, and an English journal went so far as to represent him as “a compound of prig and Puritan!” But when the native journals applied him a few epithets not even half so obnoxious as the above, their tone was immediately represented as hostile to the British nation and British rule. So prone are their enemies to misrepresent their conduct that, it is with fear and trembling that educated Natives take part even in a political agitation of the most legitimate kind. But their consolation is, that wisdom is justified of her children. That the present system of education promotes loyalty we tried to prove in our article on the *Baboo* published in this Magazine sometime since; and we do not wish to repeat the arguments we then brought forward. It does not breed disaffection and disloyalty—but it does produce a particular kind of ill-feeling, to set forth which we must come to the last point of our “sermon.”

(/) The organisation of the existing Department of Public Instruction is defective. This is a truism. The organisation of every Department of Government—the Department of *etceteras* not excepted—is more or less defective, and has to be rectified by the lessons of experience. The greatest defect of the Education Department is, that it does not bow to every hobby which self-opinionated and conceited persons are pleased to bring within its reach. Persons who deery English education as it is imparted in Government schools and Colleges do not waste their lungs on nothing. Concealed behind the battery of their opposition there stalks a hobby—a scheme of technical education, or a charter constituting an oriental university—which they wish to bring forward as soon as their opponents are flooded. They are reformers as well as destroyers, and have a constructive as well as destructive policy. Their cry is—“Down with Kempsons, Colleges and schools! our favorite hobby for ever!” The educational authorities however laugh at their conceit and folly; and this causes their blood to boil and their bile to overflow. The present system of education does not breed disloyalty—but it generates much ill feeling among these worthies against those gentlemen by whom it is supervised and carried out. The machinery of state education will go on working, a thirst for the literature and science of Europe and America will go on spreading itself day by day and year by year, the so called sacred traditions of the country will go on receiving blow after blow till they are consigned into oblivion, the present landmarks of society will continue to be changed and altered, and a revolution such as will purify, refine and regenerate Indian society from the base to the apex will be accomplished,—in spite of outcries against Government schools such as those embodied in the article from which we must now take leave for ever.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Sarat-Sarojini :—A drama, by the late Durga Das Das. . Calcutta : Published by Upendra Nath Das. B. E. 1281.

Surendra-Binodini :—A drama. Calcutta : Published by Upendra Nath Das. B. E. 1282.

We notice these two plays together, because they are from internal evidence the productions of one and the same author. The first of them professes to have been written by one Durga Das Das who is said to be dead, and who before his exit from the great stage of the world entrusted the play for publication to his friend Baboo Upendra Nath Das. It is superfluous to remark that the writer who is said to be dead never existed, and that the real author of the drama is Baboo Upendra Nath Das. The fable of the drama, briefly told, is this. Sarat Chandra Datta, the son of Iswara Chandra Datta of Rishra, is a highly educated gentleman, exceedingly benevolent, longing for the independence of his country, not over-fond of British people and of the British Government, and often using language bordering upon sedition. He is also a misogynist. At a literary Society he reads an Essay on Love, in which he eloquently declaims on the mischievous effects of that passion, and advises the members never to yield to its enervating influences. At the end of the story this same Sarat falls desperately in love with Sarojini, a girl whom he had years before rescued from destruction. There is an under-plot in which figures Mati Lal of Anarpur, a monster of every crime under the sun, who procures the murder of his brother and ravishes his widow; who brings false cases in the Courts against Sarat, and gets him imprisoned; who snatches away by force Sarat's sister, Sukumari, and the lad Binaya, keeps them chained in his own house and tortures them; and who at last is killed by the widow of his brother whom he had ravished. The author has considerable powers of invention, but many parts of the story are wanting in verisimilitude. We doubt whether in any Hindu family in Bengal there are unmarried girls seventeen and

eighteen years old, and who apparently flirt with young men. We do not understand why Sarojini goes away from Sarat's house; neither do we understand why she returns. The story of Hari Das's digging the earth near Rajmahal for adding to his scientific knowledge, and finding Sarat underground, is simply absurd. We cannot say we like Sarat. He is too sentimental, too pompous, too anti-British, too much of a mere talker, to attract our regard. We like the two girls better, and especially Sarojini in the delineation of whose character the writer has been successful.

The second play, *Surendra-Binodini*, is decidedly inferior to the first. The construction of the plot is similar to that of the other. There are two lovers, Surendra and Haripriya; and two girls, Binodini and Birajmohini. Surendra is a shade less interesting than Sarat of the first play; and we do not love Binodini half so much as Sarojini. But the foulest blot in the play is the character of Mr. McCrindle, the Magistrate-Collector of Hooghly. He borrows money from Surendra, and afterwards not only tears the receipt which he has given him, but attempts to rid him off the face of the earth by firing a pistol on him. But this is not all. This worthy Magistrate employs his peons to catch hold of women who come to his court, and to take them into his room; and he actually seizes Binodini and confines her in an empty house for vile purposes. A mutiny in the Hooghly jail releases her. She afterwards gets married to Surendra.

Notwithstanding the ingenuity displayed in the construction of some parts of the stories, the two plays before us are characterized by serious defects, the chief of which are, the want of verisimilitude, the exuberance of filthy and immoral images, and intense hatred of the English.

Birbala : A drama. By Umesa Chandra Gupta. Dhaka : Girisa Press. 1875.

Only a short time ago we reviewed in these pages a drama written by Baboo Umesa Chandra Gupta, and here is another from the same prolific pen. We regret the Baboo had no "candid friend" to dissuade him from publishing the performance be-

fore us. *Hema-Nalini* is a work of some merit, but this is a work of no merit at all. The subject is the war between Chandra Gupta, King of Magadha, and Seleucus, the King of Syria. The Syrian King invades Magadha, a battle is fought in which the former is defeated, or rather he is defeated in single combat with the Hindu King; and the story ends with the marriage of the daughter of Seleucus, Birbala, with Chandra Gupta. No dramatic propriety is observed by the writer, especially in the words and acts attributed to the Greek ladies, of whom there are three in the play, namely, the wife, daughter and niece of Seleucus;—they speak and act like Bengali women. Birbala, the Greek princess, falls desperately in love with Chandra Gupta, whom she had never seen,—being, we suppose, “fired at the sound” of his name; and the ambassador of Seleucus, after returning from the court of the Hindu King, declares that so handsome a man as Chandra Gupta was never seen in Hellas, a land where were met with the highest forms of human beauty. A Grecian lady paints a Hindu prince’s face with charcoal and *chunam*, and a Grecian ambassador quotes a Bengali proverb to his own King! The author tells us in the dedication, that he wrote the play in an incredibly short time, merely for the entertainment of the people of his native village on some festal occasion. It is a pity he wrote it in so short a time; and it is a thousand pities he published it. Our advice to the author, and to others who are disposed to rush to print with railway rapidity, is—*Festina lente*.

THE
BÈNGAL MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1875.

THE "PIONEER" ON THE SALARIES OF NATIVE
CIVILIANS.

By A Hindustani.

The *Pioneer*, always friendly to the country, has of late been descanting on the prospects of those Native gentlemen who have been and may in future be fortunate enough to get into the preserves of the Civil Service. True to his patriotic instincts and to the principles he has been advocating with commendable ability and perseverance, he recommends the adoption by Government of two different scales of salaries, one for European civilians and the other for Native civilians. In his opinion the Government ought to adopt a well-defined and unmistakable policy as regards the salary question, to graduate pay according to the necessities rather than the market value of the parties appointed, and to give its European civilians salaries at least three times larger than those fixed for its Native civil servants. The *Pioneer* is aware that at first sight such a policy is open to misconstruction and misrepresentation, and that it may give the enemies of Government a handle for effectively attacking its integrity or impeaching its justice. But this ugly feature may be whitewashed by means of a fine turn which the fertile intellect of the Editor has given birth to. Let the surplus allowance given to Europeans be called "allowance for foreign residence," and all difficulty will vanish into thin air. If it were called *salary*, a number of unpleasant associations would necessarily spring up, and a measure characterized both by wisdom and benevolence would be stigmatized as partial and unjust. But if it were called

"allowance for foreign residence," no one would have the brass to call in question its propriety or usefulness. Let certain salaries be fixed for certain situations, and let these be supplemented in the case of European incumbents by proper allowances for residence in a tropical country and amid abominable associations, and all the difficulties, both financial and political, connected with the great salary question will be obviated or rather annihilated.

To set forth the wisdom and benevolence which characterize this policy, it is necessary for us to review the important controversy of which it may be represented as the latest offshoot. When there was some talk of giving educated and intelligent Natives some share in the government of their country by throwing open to them a number of responsible and lucrative posts in the public service, the paper which opposed the proposal most vigorously and most vehemently was the *Pioneer*. Its trumpet would not give an uncertain sound; its spirit was apparently implacable; and its opposition was virulent in the extreme. Day after day, week after week, it regularly deluged the public with statements and arguments, gibes and sarcasms, representations and misrepresentations, all calculated to bring the proposal in question into disrepute. No portion of Native character was left unexamined—no nook or corner left unexplored. The education received by the poor claimants or aspirants to posts of honor and emolument was depreciated and decried; their *physique* was made the subject of rabid attacks; their moral character was assailed; and they themselves were pilloried and exposed to public ridicule by the energetic Editor. But the virulence of his antagonism recoiled on his own head; Government paid no attention whatever to the stentorian cries he raised, and some responsible and lucrative posts were thrown open to the Natives of the country in spite of all that he could do to arrest the calamity. The good Editor was of course mortified and aggrieved, and for a few days he lost his appetite, and was brought to the very brink of the grave. Here his good star befriended him, and his sagacity was quickened enough to enable him to see that he might by a simple stratagem save

himself from death brought by a wounded heart. There was a fatality leading the Government on into destruction, there was no possibility of preventing the adoption of the obnoxious measure he had done his best to oppose. But there was some chance of neutralizing and nullifying it. He could not come out with an arrangement such as would send the upstart Natives back to the obscurity from which they had emerged in consequence of an injudiciously indulgent policy of Government, but he could come out with a proposal such as might render their elevation a matter of very little consequence. And he pressed his fertile brains into service once more, and has now come forward with a plan which, to do him justice, is eminently fitted to neutralize the indulgence recently extended to the Natives of the country. Let there be two scales of salaries, one for European incumbents and the other for native incumbents. Let Natives be placed on a par with Europeans as regards position and preferment—but let the stigma of inferiority be attached to their brow in the matter of salaries. Such an arrangement would most assuredly nullify their elevation, nay make their elevation an impossibility. Natives would not take the trouble of rising to these posts if the emoluments attached to them were lowered; and so the monopoly now enjoyed by European place-men would not be disturbed even by the appearance of a single interloper. Well done, Mr. *Pioneer*! Thy inventive genius is not to be despised!

But the *Pioneer* is not slow in bringing forward arguments in support of the proposal to which the untoward circumstances referred to have obliged him to give prominence. Let us now devote some time to a consideration of these arguments.

The *Pioneer* maintains, in the first place, that scales of salaries lower than those fixed for European employees would not tempt Englishmen of intelligence to spend the best days of their lives in a tropical country and among a degraded people. It would therefore be suicidal on the part of Government to reduce its fixed salaries so far as Europeans are concerned. Now, it is easy to overturn this argument by simply calling in question the premisses on which it is based. We deny—and that most em-

phatically—that if the salary lists were brought under the scissors of retrenchment, they would not attract young Englishmen of promise into the country. We maintain that young Englishmen of education and promise would get into the country in shoals even if the tempting salaries now offered were reduced to proportions representing only a third of their present volume. And why? Because every profession and trade in England is overstocked, and young Englishmen have to choose between starvation and exile. They must either go into foreign countries in quest of the necessities of life, or remain at home and die. The facilities offered to Europeans in general in the British colonies are not very tempting, or are tempting only to particular classes of European society. The educated classes cannot find in those homes of British industry that extensive field for the exercise of their talents, both original and acquired, which they are most naturally in quest of. Besides, the colonies also are being overstocked, and cannot possibly swallow all the surplus intelligence and activity of the mother country. Such being the case, the stream of office-hunters from Europe, which has of late been nearly deluging all the departments of public and private services, would go on swelling even if the princely salaries now offered by Government were reduced to ordinary proportions. Besides, India is a regular Capua to Englishmen, and will continue to be so even when the present magnificent scale of salaries will have disappeared along with the other well known extravagancies of the ruling body. It may cease to be an El Dorado, and young Englishmen may cease to look upon it as the region where they may make fortunes with fabulous rapidity. But a Capua it will never cease to be. Englishmen will always be able to secure in India an amount of ease and luxury, not to speak of authority and influence, which they cannot possibly secure in their own country. The average English gentleman becomes in India a nobleman of the first water, the average English politician becomes a statesman of great reputation, and the average soldier becomes the hero of a hundred fights. English mediocrity finds in India the best field for distinction and glory. And this will

continue to be the case even if the salary lists are brought under the scissors of a merciless retrenchment. And so we may assure our friend of editorial fame that his gloomy vaticinations will not be fulfilled, and that even if the salary lists were reduced to half or even a third of their present bulk, the stream of employees and situation-hunters from Europe would go on expanding till, India also being over-stocked, some other El Dorado was discovered.

We have only referred to the low, mercenary motives which are sure to induce European gentlemen of education and intelligence to seek service in the country if its arrangements for paying them are made twice or even thrice more unfavorable than they are at present. But we believe in the generosity of good old England, and maintain that, though the majority of those who do and will seek service in the country are and will be guided by these low incentives to industry, there are and will always be an honorable few who are and will be guided by higher and grander motives. The enterprize in which British people are engaged in India is one of the noblest of modern civilisation, and the grandeur of the work associated with it will always attract from England minds which industries however remunerative and salaries however princely will never draw. So that the apprehensions expressed by the *Pioneer* will never be realized. If our rulers consider it necessary to touch the salaries of their servants with a view to obviate financial embarrassment, they may be assured that their doing so to the extent commensurate with the demand noticeable would be no bar to the ingress of European situation-hunters of even more than average intelligence and ability into the country.

The *Pioneer*, in the second place, hints that salaries less attractive than those at present offered will only starve Europeans to death. Now, as public writers we consider it improper to pry into the private accounts of the parties regarding whom we may have to say a word either of praise or blame; and it is happily not necessary for us to examine the butcher and tailor's bills of European placemen to be able successfully to refute this objec-

tion. It is a fact well-known to the public, and never denied by any sensible man, that Europeans in the country, whether in the employ of Government or in the purview of private speculation, are *making money*. They are certainly not so well off in these days as their predecessors were when bold adventurers and unscrupulous speculators reared colossal fortunes with the rapidity of the prophet's gourd. But though they cannot in these days, when law and regulation have chased away anarchy from almost every nook and corner of the country, walk in penniless and in half a dozen years walk out big millionaires, no one will venture to deny that a little care and foresight on their part will enable them to live in easy circumstances in the country as well as to lay by enough to spend a comfortable old age in England. They are all more or less engaged in making fortunes as their predecessors were, though in a better spirit and with a more scrupulous regard to the principles of moral rectitude. Such being the case—and no man with open eyes and minds wide awake will dare represent the picture as overdrawn—a reduction in their incomes will certainly not result in their starvation. Such a reduction may to some extent, or to the extent commensurate with its bulk, darken and beloud the prospects of happy retirement held out to them, may even diminish the number of balls, theatres and other grateful amusements with which they strive to beguile the monotony of life in a tropical country; but it cannot possibly reduce them to the deplorable condition foreseen and deprecated by the *Pioneer*. Nay, it is our decided conviction that some reduction in their salaries or incomes will be a blessing to them, inasmuch as they will not, under such circumstances, cherish extravagant hopes and be victimized by heart-rending disappointments. Generally speaking, Europeans come into the country in the low, sordid spirit in which gold diggers crowded into California and Australia when each of these places was surrounded by the attractions of an El Dorado. That which tends to curb this mercenary spirit is a blessing; and as nothing will tend to curb it so well as reduced incomes *foreseen*, these, when realized in consequence of an unalterable public policy carried out by

Government, will be a blessing to those whose interests the *Pioneer* advocates with such short-sighted selfishness.

The *Pioneer's* second argument in favor of his proposal is based upon our habits of life. Natives can live in ease and affluence on incomes considerably below those needed to save European gentlemen from death by starvation. The style of living in the case of Natives is less expensive by far than that in the case of Europeans; and consequently they ought never to be placed on a par with members of the ruling class in the matter of pay. This is one of those stock arguments which are always cast in our teeth whenever we, Natives of the country, have the audacity to strike for increased wages, or clamour for emoluments higher than those at present offered to us. And it is pressed into service, not only by those who regard our progress under British rule with despicable jealousy, not only by those who make it their principle to kick us down whenever we have the presumption to face them as man should face man, but by those who are really our friends and benefactors. But the argument is one of the weakest we have come across, and the fallacy on which its strength or cogency is concentrated has been again and again exposed in these pages, as well as in the columns of the journals, both English and vernacular, conducted by our educated countrymen. Our style of living is inferior to that of Europeans in India. But should it always remain so? Are we not at liberty, does not the genius of the age call upon us imperiously and peremptorily, to alter our habits of life and raise our style of living? European gentlemen who come into the country do raise their style of living. Middle class men live as noblemen in all but illimitable affluence; ordinary clergymen live as bishops and archbishops; and women, who in their own country would have earned their livelihood as sempstresses, have money enough to tempt them to ape the stateliness and blazonery of the fashionable Parisian belle of the first water. Indeed, every foreigner in this country is making money and raising himself socially and politically with all his might. In the midst of this universal scramble for money and for honor, are the Natives alone

to remain stationary? While everything around them is moving forward, are they to continue fixed and immovable, as if suddenly converted into so many pillars of salt by curse divine? The business of our rulers in the country is confessedly to improve and civilize it. Indeed, their existence in the country cannot be justified except by the earnest efforts they put forward to develop its resources and to ameliorate its condition. How is it possible to do this work—the work on the performance of which depends their *moral* right to rule here—without bringing in and naturalizing, so to speak, some of the multifarious comforts and luxuries of civilization? Had the Americans left the wastes and swamps of their beautiful and grand country untouched, had they made all necessary arrangements to prevent the wholesale destruction of its time-hallowed wigwams, had they left the good old tomahawk to range undisturbed in primeval forests and among shaggy hills, would they have civilized America? And so if the English people in India have its primitive implements and tools undisturbed and its current modes of life intact, how on earth will they succeed in civilizing the country?

There is, again, no possibility of our current habits of life being stereotyped so long as the example of the dominant class is dragging us forward. British people can perpetuate our current modes of life only by bringing themselves down to our level, and by no other way. If they deliberately come down to our standard, live as we do, eat, drink, marry and get married as we do, they certainly can successfully impede our onward march towards the choicest blessings of civilisation. But if they live in their *own* style in the country, or rather their own style considerably improved upon, their example will necessarily drag us forward, and we shall move on ~~and~~ we meet them on terms of perfect equality. It is impossible for them to bring in light, and at the same time to leave the darkness which overhangs and overshadows the land undisturbed. It is impossible for them to bring in civilisation, and at the same time to leave our current habitudes of life untouched. The Hindus are obviously more civilized than the aboriginal inhabitants of the country, and they

are dragging these peoples upwards in spite of themselves. The Hindus are a non-proselytizing people, and recognise and pay homage to principles of the most exclusive stamp. They have not the slightest desire to extend the blessings they enjoy to the inferior races with which they come in contact ; and all attempts to civilize peoples without the pale of their vast but exclusive church or pantheon are not merely pooh-poohed, but positively deprecated by them. They arrogantly look down upon the aboriginal peoples dwelling in the country, and they do all they can to prevent their rise out of their present degraded condition. But it is as possible for them to prevent the natural operation of the law of national development, as it was possible for Auguste Comte to proscribe all metaphysical speculation or wrangling. These races are crawling out of their degraded and abject condition in spite of the efforts of the dominant Hindu people to stereotype their barbarism. In the same manner, many selfish Europeans, forgetful of the lofty principles of their better faith, are trying to keep us down as a nation. But their efforts only move our risibility and contempt. With the civilisation they have brought in, it is as impossible for them to check our national growth therein, as it is for the Hindus to check the natural elevation of their aboriginal neighbours.

One reason why European gentlemen do not like to hold free and unrestrained social intercourse with the Natives of the country is, that there is a vast, impassable social gulf between the two peoples. The dominant people live in a style so far above that of the subject race, that free, social intercourse cannot possibly be maintained between them without either lowering the one style or raising the other. The two styles of living, the two different classes of habits of life, which clash instead of naturally mingling with each other, must be, as far as possible, assimilated to each other, ere the peoples represented by them can be made politically or socially to amalgamate with each other. This is an axiom. The two styles of living that at present clash with, must be assimilated to, each other. How can this be effected ? In one of the two following ways—either lower the higher style to the

level of the lower one, or raise the lower style to the level of the higher one. The first of these courses the *Pioneer* would recoil from with horror. To live in narrow, unventilated rooms, to feed upon bulbs and drink pure water, to walk in the sun or have one's own dear self jolted to death in a jingling *ekka*;—why, the very shadow of the thought is abominable. The other alternative, therefore, must be allowed to have its own way and produce its own revolution. The Natives must be allowed to rise in civilization, material as well as moral, ere any thing like a free, friendly intercourse between the dominant and the subject classes can take place. And those, therefore, who are always ready to come forward with proposals and schemes likely to stereotype current phases of life, who are ever prone to check our national rise in civilisation, really, though somewhat surreptitiously, oppose all idea of a free, fair social intercourse between the diverse races brought together under British sway. They are the enemies of the country as well as of the Government; of the country, because they check its growth in all that is good materially and morally; and of the Government, because they render that thorough political amalgamation on which alone its life and prosperity hinge an impossibility. The Natives who agitate for increased pay and better modes of life are the friends of the Government, while those who strive to perpetuate and stereotype their barbarism are, properly speaking and in the best sense of the term, *disloyal* to it:

The *Pioneer* does not place the question in what may be called its natural position, or represent it in its proper bearings. What has the Government to do with the private affairs of its servants? Whether they are of one religion or of ninety-nine different creeds and superstitions; whether they represent the idiosyncrasies of one people or of fifty different nationalities; whether they are of approved white color or of that sable hue, which is deservedly looked down upon in some quarters; whether they are immaculate in configuration and make or deformed and hunch-backed;—these questions Government as master has nothing to do with. If they are all qualified by

nature and by education to adorn the posts they fill, they are all *one* before Government. The two questions it has to settle are, first, are they loyal? and secondly, are they fit for the posts to which they have been appointed or raised? These questions being settled to the satisfaction of the ruling body, their ethnological diversities cease to have the slightest influence over its decisions as regards either the salaries it is to fix or the honors it is to confer. If Government makes distinction like the one indicated by the *Pioneer* in the ranks of its placemen, it is impossible to say where it will stop. It may be called upon to discriminate between its Brahman and Pariah servants, and favor the *thread-walals* with an extra allowance which, to avoid awkward results, may be called "caste allowance." It may be called upon to separate its married servants from those who enjoy the romantic freedom of bachelorhood, and favor them with an allowance to be called "matrimonial allowance." It may be called upon to draw a broad line of demarcation between those of its servants who are liberal-handed and those who are parsimonious, and favor the former class with a deputation allowance to be called—"generosity allowance." It may—why, the idea is ludicrous in the extreme.

The *Pioneer* concludes his long article on the subject with the assurance that "educated Natives" will see the wisdom of the arrangement he proposes, and acquiesce in it with alacrity and cheerfulness. We have no doubt—they will. They will doubtless feel obliged to the redoubtable Editor for the immense trouble he took to check their rise to posts of honor and emolument in their own country, and for the inimitable grace with which, when foiled in that attempt, he comes forward to neutralize any indulgence that may have been granted to them in spite of his bitter opposition.

THE PERMANENT SETTLEMENT OF BENGAL.

One of the greatest administration reforms that has been accomplished in the course of Anglo-Indian rule in Bengal is the Permanent Settlement of its land revenue. The uncertainty which formerly prevailed in the province regarding the tenure of land and its assessment, was found by the ablest statesmen of the day to have been highly prejudicial to the welfare of our countrymen. As long as there was no fixity in the revenue, and no guarantee for the continuance of tenure, there was nothing to interest the Bengalis in the development of the latent resources of the land,—nothing to stimulate capitalists to venture on speculation, nothing to animate exertion or to encourage cultivators to utilize their industrial energies. Every thing was involved in chaotic disorder, and the Nobabi mask under which the Government of the East India Company preferred to act in those days, served only to render the confusion worse confounded. The English rulers of our country knew little or nothing at that time of revenue matters. The fiscal management of the country was after the dethronement of Meer Jaffier confided in the hands of Mahomed Reza Khan under the designation of Naib Dewan. The civil servants of the Company in those days were raw and inexperienced youths, with but imperfect knowledge of the country and very little accustomed to administrative business. Their chief concern at that time was to amass wealth, no matter by means howsoever foul and disgraceful. In short, the political aspect of the province was shrouded in the darkest gloom, and the young civilians lost no opportunity to enrich themselves by taking advantage of the disorder. They were generally speaking the worst of harpies, rapacious, selfish, debased and corrupt in the extreme.

Such was the state of Bengal when the decennial settlement was concluded by Lord Cornwallis with the landed proprietors of the country, under assurances of perpetuating the arrangement, provided the Hon'ble Court of Directors approved of the measure.

Ever since the memorable day (12th August 1765), when Lord Clive obtained for the East Indian Company a grant of the Dewani of Bengal, Behar and Orissa, from the Emperor Shah Alum, the Court of Directors at home, had carefully and providently instructed the Company not to dabble in revenue matters, nor to attempt any interference with the internal administration of the country. It may be very pertinently asked why, when the imperial *sunnud* virtually made the East India Company the proprietors of the three provinces, they chose to be dependent on the natives for the fiscal management of these extensive territories. The reason that may be assigned for the adoption of such a course is no other than that the Company, being then utterly ignorant of the statistical details of the country, could not venture to embark in such an arduous undertaking. In this they were right; for had they meddled in the business of the collections, they would doubtless have had to encounter the greatest of difficulties. The financial state of the country was any thing but satisfactory. The land assessment returns were full of inaccuracies, and consequently no reliance could safely be placed on them. They were designedly prepared for purposes of chicanery and corruption. The revenues were collected by native agents whose sole aim was to over-reach the landlords, who in turn practised the utmost possible extortion on the cultivating ryots.

To remedy this state of things, which was known to have been highly detrimental to the interests of the governors as well as of the governed, no possible amount of exertion was spared by Lord Clive and his associates. After much deliberation it was thought expedient not to wrest the collections from the hands of the native agents, but to place them under the control of civilian supervisors. Accordingly in 1769, a body of young civilians was let loose upon these extensive domains with the express purpose of gathering information regarding the patriarchates of the ancient owners of landed tenures, the customs and usages which governed their inheritances, the nature and capabilities of the lands, and the like. These European superintendents, who subsequently obtained the designation of *collectors*, were

particularly instructed to exercise the strictest and most vigilant control over the proceedings of the native agents. An arrangement was made by which every district of the Company's *Dewan* jurisdiction was furnished with the civilian element, accompanied by a staff of native officers, to act as controllers and guardian angels of the Company's immense finances. But this measure, however, cautious and well devised it might have appeared at first sight, was ill suited to the requirements of the time, and consequently the scheme instead of fulfilling the warm anticipations of Clive and realizing the sanguine hopes of the Hon'ble Court of Directors who had furnished the supervisors with volumes of instructions, proved miserably abortive and inefficacious, if not actually a sham and a hoax.

But though the Council in India and the Directors at home were disappointed in their aim, they did not relinquish the task in despair. Actuated as they were with truly benevolent feelings towards our countrymen, they renewed their attempts at improvement with unremitting energy and application, and bent their head and heart towards the suppression of tyranny, rapine and corruption on the part of the collectors, and interested themselves to an incredible degree in the development of the agricultural and commercial resources of their newly acquired domains. It is an incontestible truth, that the Anglo-Indian rulers had all along from the day of the victory of Plassey at heart the welfare of the native husbandmen, the protection of our sacred rights and privileges, and the advancement of the general security and prosperity of the country—a fact which it would be ungrateful for us to ignore.

After much controversy and hot discussion, the East India Company determined to throw off the mask, and to put an end to the double government which had hitherto existed in the country. This was done immediately after the advent of Warren Hastings on our shores. The new Governor, with all his foibles, was perhaps the fittest officer for carrying out the sweeping measures proposed by the Hon'ble Court of Directors. His predecessors in office, Mr. Verelst and Mr. Cartier, were apprehensive

of introducing any sort of change in the internal administration. They were fully convinced of the evils which were raging within the British Indian territories, they felt more than once the necessity of a radical change in the system of government, but they had not the pluck to rush into such a bold step. The accomplishment of the administrative revolution was reserved for Hastings. He commenced his career by introducing precipitately radical changes in the Government. The office of the Naib Dewan was abolished on the 11th May 1772, and the East India Company thenceforth assumed the charge of the revenue affairs. The seat of government at the same time was removed from Morshedabad to Calcutta. Hastings lost no time in organizing new civil and criminal courts throughout the length and breadth of the Company's domains, and busied himself in compiling a code of laws for their guidance, which was published before full six months had elapsed after his arrival in Bengal.

It must be remembered, however, that these changes were introduced at a time when there was an utter want of concord and unanimity in the Governor's Council at Calcutta. At no time in the history of British India was its government more disgraced by intestine strife than when Hastings was President of the Council. The Governor General encountered the worst opposition from Mr. Francis and his other colleagues, and had to act single-handed in all his important undertakings. Internal discord of the worst type prevailed, and hardly a day passed without dissensions in the Indian Council. The Court of Directors felt it their interest to uphold Hastings at this critical juncture in all his movements, but they were nevertheless as yet disinclined to adjudicate upon the momentous question of right in the soil.

Shortly after the memorable famine of 1770, when Bengal had hardly recovered from the terrible shock of the calamity, the ruling authorities contemplated a revenue *bundbust* for five years with the highest bidders, and on the 10th of April 1772 the scheme was carried into effect through the agency of a class of native officers denominated *amils*, whose operations were criti-

cally and vigilantly supervised by a body of experienced civil servants of the Company. Towards the end of 1776, that is, when the five years' settlement was about to expire, Mr. Anderson, Mr. Bogle and Mr. Croftes were appointed superintendents, with special instructions to gather materials from every creek and corner of the country, for the purpose of enabling the Supreme Council to determine the nature of the revenue settlement which would be consistent with the policy of Government without at the same time entailing ruin and misery on its subjects. The commission proved lamentably unsuccessful. The five years' *jumma* was found to have been a complete failure, inasmuch as the measure had entailed a heavy loss on the exchequer. The remissions on the leases during that period amounted to nearly 120 lakhs of Rupees. This fact served to intimidate the government, and made it swerve from its original intention of making a moderately permanent settlement of its revenues.

For some years subsequently, the Bengal government after much prevarication thought it expedient not to enter into any arrangement with the landed proprietors beyond the term of one year. In 1781 the establishment of the Revenue Board was sanctioned, and Mr. Shore, Mr. Charters, Mr. Anderson and Mr. Croftes, were appointed its members. All these gentlemen were officers of tried experience in the Company's service, and were remarkable for their ability, energy and application to business. Mr. Shore, as head member of the newly constituted Board, became the recipient of all communications from the district collectors regarding the nature and capabilities of the soil, the classification of agricultural lands, the mode of tenure, the ownership of the soil, the rules of succession, and the like. A hue and cry was raised in all the country round against the *ticca pottah* system. The collectors in the mofussil were loud in their protests against the continuance of this objectionable arrangement, and they unanimously recommended the introduction of a better and a more permanent settlement of the lands in Bengal and lower Behar.

It was at this stage of proceedings that Lord Cornwallis was appointed Governor General of India. He arrived in Bengal in

1786. Mr. Shore was his companion on board the *Swallow*, and had then and there acquainted him with abundant details regarding land assessment. Historians with one accord assert that through the instrumentality of Mr. Shore, the new Governor General was induced to propose a decennial settlement with the landed proprietors. After much hesitation and prolonged cavil, the settlement was announced in September 1789, and operations were commenced in December following with great energy.

The decennial settlement, which was thus introduced after mature deliberation and which in 1793 was declared permanent under the sanction of the home authorities, was in truth, the *vertebra*, so to speak, of the permanent land settlement of Bengal. The *ticca* lease system, which had been hitherto in vogue was found to prove seriously detrimental to the interests of the people, and the Hon'ble Court of Directors therefore thought it advisable to order the discontinuance of the practice, and the introduction of a perpetual *bandbust* on such principles as would tend to promote the future prosperity of the country, the ease and comfort of all classes of people, and to ensure at the same time the regular and punctual discharge of the Government revenues. Fully convinced of the necessity of an aristocracy, the Court of Directors spared no pains to impress on Lord Cornwallis the advisability of giving preference, in all possible cases of settlement, to the old existing class of landed proprietors of Bengal, Behar and Orissa. The Governor General was strictly enjoined to conclude the settlement of the public revenues with the *actual proprietors* of the soil; and with a view to enable the settlement officers to ascertain that class of landlords, care was taken to embody in the original rules for forming a decennial settlement (passed for Bengal on the 18th September 1789) certain explanatory clauses to that effect.

That our rulers were at the time anxious to make the settlement with the *bona fide* zemindars, may be well understood by glancing at the exceptional sections of Reg. VIII. of 1793. It is superfluous to say that the tenor of that regulation was throughout ostensibly favorable to the landowners. The

legislators were careful to make certain provisions with the avowed object of protecting the interests even of the defaulting and absent proprietors of land—nay, sundry clauses were inserted in the original rules providing for the allowance of *malikana* to such of the zemindars as would be disinclined to enter into engagements with Government, and whose estates would consequently have to be settled temporarily with farmers. The amount of this *malikana* allowance was fixed at one-eleventh of the net profits after deducting the charges of collection. At the same time, the sayer and other illegal imposts were abolished, and the landed proprietors were strictly enjoined to enter into specific engagements with the ryots in respect to the *jumma* payable by them.

Among the numerous zealous advocates of the permanent settlement, Mr. Thomas Law, the then Collector of Behar, ranked preeminent. This gentleman seems to have set his head and heart on the collection of the necessary statistical materials from every part of the country. His elaborate reports on the subject were held in high esteem by Mr. Shore, who regarded his arguments as lucid, forcible and convincing. The suggestions of Mr. Brook and other worthy officials of the time were no less important and interesting. In short, the records touching the question of a *mocurree* settlement soon swelled to prodigious volumes, and the recommendations of the Board of Revenue based on them tended to a great extent to compass at no distant time a remarkable revolution in Bengal, Behar and Orissa.

So much by way of detail touching the Permanent Settlement. It now remains for us to consider, how far the concession on the part of our rulers has proved beneficial to our countrymen. Viewing the question in all its bearings we look upon the measure as a compound of both good and evil. It would be preposterous to deny that the old system of land settlement was ill suited to the requirements of our country, but at the same time we cannot ignore the fact that the Permanent Settlement in all its features was not such as could exactly meet

the then existing desideratum. There is not a shadow of doubt, that fixity of rent with permanency of holding would unquestionably create a deep interest in land, and would induce zemindars to effect radical improvements by an outlay of their capital such as the excavation of tanks and canals, the construction of roads, clearance of forests, and the like. But let us now see how far the anticipations of Lord Cornwallis on this score were fully realized. Did the zemindars of the three provinces, where this change in the revenue administration was introduced, invest their wherewithal in the development of the agricultural resources of the country? Certainly not. And why? Simply because the revenue scale was exorbitant, and the concomitant conditions were stringent in the extreme. During the administration of the great Akbar, his renowned financier Raja Todar Mal had fixed the public revenue at one-sixth of the net produce of the soil. Two centuries later, the sudder *khazana* was raised step by step to the maximum of ten-elevenths of the gross yield of land after deducting the expenses of collection. This of itself was a burden too heavy to be borne, and consequently this exorbitant demand deterred many a provident landlord from entering into engagements with Government. The records of the time will shew that a significant number of actual proprietors of the soil relinquished their tenures and rested content with a simple *malikana* allowance bestowed on them. Now, as we have stated above, this *malikana* was a pittance. Common sense will tell us that the zemindars of those days would never have abandoned their lands if, after making due allowance for all possible contingencies, they could calculate upon a pretty fair income for their trouble and responsibility.

But irrespective of this exorbitancy in the revenue itself, there were many other conditions which contributed no less to the ruin and impoverishment of the ancient aristocracy of our country. For the purpose of illustration we would quote a passage from Reg. I. of 1793. It is announced in that Regulation that the Governor General further expects that the zemindars "will regularly discharge the revenue in all seasons; and he accordingly notifies to them that in future no claims or appli-

cation for suspensions or remissions, on account of drought, inundation or other calamity of season, will be attended to, but that in the event of any zemindar, independent talookdar or other actual proprietor of land, with or on behalf of whom a settlement has been or may be concluded, or his or her heirs or successors, failing in the punctual discharge of the public revenue which has been or may be assessed upon their lands under the above mentioned Regulations, a sale of the whole of the lands of the defaulter, or such portion of them as may be sufficient to make good the arrear, will positively and invariably take place." Can any man deny that these conditions were hard and stringent in the extreme? Were not the zemindars driven to the painful necessity of repeatedly contracting heavy debts by the mortgage of their talooks and the pledge of their jewellery for the purpose of meeting the public demand? It is true that the sale of the lands of the defaulting zemindars was not insisted upon at the beginning in conformity with the letter of law, but that circumstance did not in the least redeem the severity of the case, inasmuch as the provisions of Reg. IV. of 1793, which empowered collectors to imprison defaulters *summarily*, proved a more dreadful bugbear. To avoid the disgrace and ignominy of being dragged to goal, many a landed proprietor left no stone unturned to furnish himself with the promised revenue by means however harassing and disgraceful. Thus they often implicated themselves in the greatest difficulties, and brought lamentable calamity upon their families—a fact which can hardly be sufficiently deplored.

We assert without fear of being contradicted that the regulations touching the Permanent Settlement, though apparently complete, were to a certain extent radically imperfect. For instance, the zemindars were bound to be punctual in the payment of their monthly *kists* on pain of being deprived of their talooks, whereas no provision was made in the Regulations to enable them in turn to realize their rents from their tenants except after the expiration of the financial year. Then again, the settlement was declared permanent, contingent upon

the punctual discharge of the Government demand, but the landed proprietors were prohibited from entering into engagements with their under-tenants beyond the term of their own leases. This was rectified to a certain extent by Reg. XLIV. of 1793 which restricted the term of such engagement to ten years at the most, and at the same time imposed the stringent condition that in the event of a public sale for arrears of revenue, all such engagements and under-leases would stand cancelled from the date of sale. Subsequently a further amendment was effected by Reg. V. of 1812, which authorized zemindars to dispose of their talooks in perpetuity as absolute proprietors. Shortly afterwards, Reg. XVIII. of that year empowered landowners to grant talooks and other leases of their lands, and to fix the rents of the sub-tenures at their discretion, subject only to the condition of such engagements being cancelled on the sale of the parent estate for arrears of revenue. Thus it is clear, that, in spite of the inexhaustible array of arguments *pro* and *con* touching the question of Permanent Settlement which was produced by the ablest statesmen of the last century, material fallacies had crept into the system which had to be expunged by progressive legislation. There is still room for further comment on this subject, but the task may well be reserved for future legislators. We conclude for the present by making one simple observation, which is this, that the high rate of assessment permanently entailed upon the landholders of our country is a chronic disease for which it would be idle for us to look for a remedy.

CRISIS.

THE FORTS OF PARIS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO'S RECENT WORK

L' Année Terrible.

They are the watch-dogs, terrible, superb,
Enormous, faithfully that Paris guard.

As at each moment we could be surprised,
As a wild horde is there, as ambush vile
Creeps sometimes even to the city walls,
Nineteen in number, scattered on the mounts
They watch, — unquiet, menacing, sublime,
Over dark spaces limitless, at eve,
And as the night advances, warn, inform
And one another aid, far stretching out
Their necks of bronze around the wall immense.
They rest awake, while peacefully we sleep,
And in their hoarse lungs latent thunders growl
Low premonitions. Sometimes, from the hills
Sharply and suddenly bestrewed with stars,
A lightning darts athwart the sombre night
Over the valleys ; then the heavy veil
Of twilight thick, or utter darkness, falls
Upon us, masking in its silence deep
A treacherous snare, and in its peace, a camp ;
Like a huge crawling serpent round us winds
The enemy and enlaces us in coils
Inveterate, interminable, but in vain.
At a respectful distance keep the forts
A multitude, a populace of monstrous guns,
That, in the far horizon, wolflike prowl.
Bivouac, and tomb, and prison, Paris now is all.
Upright and straight before the universe
That has become a solitude, she stands
A sentinel, and surprised with weariness
From over-watching, slumbers : all is still.
Men, women, children, sobs passionate, bursts
Of triumphal laughter, can, footsteps, quays,
Squares, crossways, and the river's sandy banks,
The thousand roofs whence issue murmurs low,
The murmurs of our dreams, the hope that says
I trust and I believe, the hunger, that, I die,
The dark despair that knows not what it says,

All, all keep silence. O thou mighty crowd !
 O noises indistinct and vague ! O sleep
 Of all a world ! And O great glorious dreams
 Unfathomable, — that ever one and all
 Mock our frail wisdom, now are ye submerged
 In one vast ocean of oblivion deep.—
 But they—are there, formidable and grand,
 Eternally on watch.

On a sudden spring
 The people, startled, breathless, doleful, awed,
 And bend to listen. What is it they hear ?
 A subterraneous roar,—a voice profound
 As from a mountain's bowels. All the town
 Listens intent, and all the country round
 Awakes,—and hark ! to the first rumbling sound
 Succeeds a second, hollow, sullen, fierce,
 And in the darkness other noises crash
 And echo follows echo flying far !
 A hundred voices terrible through night
 Rolling, reverberating, and dying off !
 It is the forts. It is that they have seen
 In depths profound of spaces vast and dim
 The sinister cannon-waggons darkly grouped ;
 It is that they the outlines have surprised
 Of cannons ranged ; it is that in some wood
 From whence the owl has fled on hurried wings,
 Beside a field, they faintly have descried
 The black swarm of battalions on the march,
 With bayonet gleams, like points of silver sharp
 Commingled ; it is that in thickets dense
 They have found out the flash of traitorous eyes
 Or tread of stealthy steps.

How grand they are,
 These great watch-dogs, that in the darkness bay !

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY SCHOOL-DAYS.

By An Old Bengali Boy.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SUNDAY LECTURES.

As the chief object of the General Assembly's Institution was to convert the students to Christianity, the course of studies pursued in it was thoroughly saturated with the spirit of that religion from the lowest to the highest class. The very first primer that was put into the hands of a boy learning the English alphabet, contained some of the facts and doctrines of the Christian religion; and the course of studies was so regulated that his knowledge of Christianity increased in the same ratio with his knowledge of English; and it thus happened that the Hindu students of the fourth year College class of the General Assembly's Institution had often as systematic a knowledge of Christian theology as some curates in the country parishes of England. This was the case before the establishment of the Calcutta University, which institution, it must be confessed, has greatly affected all missionary colleges. As missionaries prepare their students for the degrees of the University, they are obliged to adopt the curriculum of studies prescribed by that learned body; they have, therefore, at present less time for the Christian and theological training of their pupils than before. The state of things was different, however, in the præ-University days of which I am speaking at present. The students were in those days thoroughly grounded in a course of Natural Theology, a course on the Evidences of Christianity, a course of Systematic Theology, a short course of Ecclesiastical History; besides a course of Lectures on the whole of the Holy Scriptures from the book of Genesis to the book of Revelation. *In addition to these Christian appliances in the class-room, public Lectures were delivered by the Professors to the students on Sunday evenings. Of those Lectures I purpose to speak in this chapter.

Before the Lecture-room, properly so called, which was on the southern side of the Institution,—I refer of course to the building at Cornwallis Square—was fitted up with a gallery, the Sunday Lectures were delivered in the room which occupies the north-eastern corner of the house. On week-day the room was used as a class-room, and on Sundays it was converted into a Church. There was on the north side a modest pulpit, in front of which there were rows of benches for the audience. As the Lectures were delivered at night, the room was lighted by means of wall-shades. In the cold season the Lectures commenced at six o'clock, and during the rest of the year at seven. No psalms or hymns were sung. The service commenced with reading a chapter of the Bible; prayer followed; the sermon or the address, which lasted at least one hour, came next; and the service closed with another prayer. As the object of these Lectures was to enforce the lessons imparted in the class-room during the week-days, the congregation was composed chiefly of the students of the College class; the public, however, was not excluded, and almost every Sunday evening a good number of outsiders was present. At the close of the service, the Lecturer often asked the audience whether they had any remarks to make on the subject brought before them. The students seldom made any remarks; but some of the outside public not unfrequently brought objections against the doctrines preached; and when this was done, the discussion lasted one hour and sometimes two hours.

These Sunday Lectures were begun, I think, in the year 1838 when Dr. Duff was away in Scotland, and shortly after the arrival in the country of the Rev. John Macdonald who has since gone to his reward. The Lectures created a good deal of interest both among the students and the outside public from the day of their institution; but the interest was greatly enhanced after Dr. Duff's return from Scotland, as a great many outsiders were attracted to the Lecture-room by the eloquence of that great missionary. And in truth that little room in the north-eastern corner of the General Assembly's Institution at Cornwallis Square witnessed the delivery of more eloquent sermons and more powerful

preaching than could be heard in those days, I do not hesitate to say, in any Church or cathedral in all India. There was Dr. Duff with his impassioned preaching, presenting Christian truth both in its philosophical and in its practical aspect, and enforcing the truth home to the heart and to the conscience in tones of thunder. There was Dr. Mackay with his "still small voice," full of pathos and reverence, setting forth in eloquent and graceful English the riches of divine truth. There was Dr. Ewart, perhaps not so gifted as the other two, but more affectionate in his mode of presenting truth, dwelling chiefly on the evidences of the Christian religion, and endeavouring most patiently and sympathizingly to commend that religion to the understandings of his hearers. There was John Macdonald, with his ministerial experience acquired in London, unfolding the treasures of divine grace, of which he never tired to speak, in a stream of simple and impressive eloquence. And, last not least, there was Dr. Thomas Smith, powerful in exhortation, and fervid in his appeals to awaken the heart and to quicken the conscience. When it is remembered that one or other of these men, mighty in the Scriptures and eloquent in expounding them, preached from Sunday to Sunday, I shall not be suspected of exaggeration when I say that there was in those days better preaching, in the little room of the General Assembly's Institution, than perhaps in any ecclesiastical edifice in India. All the missionaries preached extemporaneously, with the exception of Dr. Mackay who always read carefully written sermons.

During the time I attended these Lectures, the discussions at the close of the sermon were generally led off by an old Brahman a disciple of the late Raja Ram Mohan Raya. He was about fifty years old, short in stature and thickset, with a pair of singularly bright eyes which gleamed with intelligence. He spoke English with wonderful rapidity though not accurately. He had evidently studied the whole of the Bible, was thoroughly versed in the Hindu *Sastras* in which he had no faith, and was not unacquainted with the Koran. He had, like his master Ram Mohan Raya, great reverence for Christ whom he represented to have been a perfect, ideal man, and was more a Unitarian than a

Brahmo of the present day ;—indeed his religious opinions coincided with those of Dr. Channing of America, of whose writings he was a diligent reader. Almost every Sunday evening at the close of the Lecture he brought some objection or other against the doctrine preached. On one occasion, I remember, the discussion between this champion of Unitarianism and Dr. Duff lasted till 11 o'clock at night—the latter meeting with his usual felicity the thousand and one objections ingeniously and acutely brought forward by the former. But the most interesting and sometimes the most amusing discussions were the passages at-arms between this redoubtable logician and the Rev. John Macdonald. Possessed of a clear and cool brain, of the easiest temper in the world, and of considerable humour, Mr. Macdonald united great logical power to the patience of a Job. He also evidently believed that ridicule is sometimes the test of truth ; and not unfrequently there was a good deal of laughter amongst the audience at the expense of the champion of infidelity. In justice to Mr. Macdonald, however, I should remark, that no minister in the pulpit was more solemn than he ; it was only in the discussions which followed the sermon that he indulged in a little pleasantry in order, I suppose, to complete the defeat of his theological opponent.

Of these Lectures I was a most regular listener. I seldom missed any of them unless severe indisposition kept me confined to my house. If I am asked, what led me to attend these Lectures so regularly, I do not know that I can give a satisfactory answer. Though I was at that time of an enquiring disposition, I can hardly say that the pure spirit of religious enquiry impelled me to attend those Lectures. Was it then the simple desire of hearing eloquent discourses—and I have always agreed with Milton who says that “song charms the sense but eloquence the soul?” No, not that either, for religion had some thing to do with my attendance, though not exclusively. Was it then the desire of spending an evening agreeably ? Well, that might have been one of my objects, but not the only or even the chief one. Whatever the reason was, I always attended the Lectures, because I found they did my heart good and improved my intellect.

The Lectures used to begin either at 6 or 7 o'clock in the evening of every Sunday, but I used to go to the Institution usually about 2 or 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The intervening hours I spent with the converts who, few in number, resided in the house of the superintending missionary on the premises of the Institution. With two of the converts—since dead, Mahendra Lal Basak and Kailas Chandra Mukerjea, I was intimate. In the course of these Recollections I shall have perhaps occasion to speak at length of these friends, but now that I have mentioned their names I cannot refrain from saying a word about them. Mahendra was decidedly the most intellectual Bengali that I have ever seen. Whatever subject he applied his mind to, he mastered. He was great in literature, great in mathematics, great in metaphysics. When the Hon'ble Mr. Amos, the legal member of the Governor-General's Council, offered a Prize for the best knowledge of mathematics to be competed for by the students of all the schools and Colleges of Calcutta, Mahendra carried it off. When Dr. Duff was delivering a course of Lectures on metaphysics which created no little public interest, Mahendra sent anonymous letters to the Lecturer in which he combatted some of his views with an acuteness and ingenuity characteristic only of a highly philosophical mind. Mahendra was in truth, in the highest sense of the word, an original thinker. Indeed, he was the only person I have seen in my life—and it has been pretty long now—who deserves the name of a man of genius. If he had not been prematurely cut off, he would doubtless have been one of India's greatest sons. The other convert, Koilas Chandra Mukerjea, had none of the intellectual greatness of his comrade—indeed his talents were very humble. But he was morally great, he was the most loveable of human beings. He was the meekest, gentlest, most unassuming, most affectionate of men. I never saw him but I thought that I saw before me a perfect Nathanael “in whom there was no guile.” They were both prematurely cut off. They were pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided; for they both went to their reward within a few weeks of each other. Their life here below was short

but sweet. Such were the two friends in whose company I spent the Sunday afternoons. Kailas was not all the time with us ; but Mahendra and I sat together from 2 or 3 to 6 or 7 o'clock in the evening, talking and reading to each other. I was generally the reader, and Mahendra listener. And there he sat in a corner of the room for hours with his eyes shut, and his mind completely absorbed. If he failed to catch the sense of any passage read, he would call out—"Brother, read that passage over again." We read of course religious books, as Mahendra being a Christian and a Presbyterian would not read any thing else on Sundays. In this way, he and I went through the *Paradise Lost*, the *Paradise Regained*, Young's *Night Thoughts*, Pollock's *Course of time*, Grahame's *Sabbath*, and several volumes of sermons by distinguished English and Scotch divines. Our readings were interrupted only by the sound of the bell announcing the commencement of the Lecture. When the Lecture and the discussions were over, I returned home.

AN OLD BENGALI BOY.

PSEUDODOXIA EPIDEMICA.

GENTLEMAN.

What ? A DATYA begat a PRAILAD as NACKOO begat CHILACKOO ? Sun-beams out of cucumbers ? Pooh ! The other day while enjoying a constitutional my eyes accidentally fell on a slender figure, jet-black. The gloss of the Hottentot complexion was supplemented by an alpaca shooting coat of cut *a la mode*, buttoned at the top presumably to allow ample scope for due ventilation to the garment underneath of the same hue, slightly subdued by the unstinted powder of the municipal *hoolce*. It would be sinning, beyond all hopes of redemp

tion, against the spirit of the age, to suppose that the pink of fashion went about, like the goat in the fable, without a beard. But no oasis was visible in the Sahara extending from a fraction below the waist up to the grisly poreupine quills that thatched the warehouse of the University lumbers. Small wonder after all. For whoever discovered kiss-marks on a leprous cheek. The Cimmerian scene was occasionally diversified when, in the course of his audible soliloquy, the hero mocked himself by the display of two sets of ruby teeth at an Euclidful of angles to one another. Sir! your "pearly teeth" are my eye-sore. I hate everything white from "white Devils" to "white Ladies." The ugly amalgam has not a drop of poetry in it. But for the sable curtain of the night, that so charitably screens our nocturnal pécadilloes from the impudent glare of public gaze, gallantries would have been unheard of in Police courts, and their worships, honorary and stipendiary, would have been compelled to revert Cincinnatus-fashion, to their cornfields again. Besides, red contrasts beautifully with black, and nothing is good or bad but contrast makes it so. The dramatist's dictum "Rule a wife and have a wife" becomes an exquisite piece of satire on the wife-worship of England, and Mormon polygamy develops itself into a capital game of Tit-for-Tat viewed from the stand point of the Vatican. Vermilion teeth with Day-Martin surroundings have always been irresistible, as is sufficiently evidenced by the *veni vidi vici* strategy of the Othello of Mathura. Sixteen hundred live sweet hearts in the seraglio is what Kalif Harunuruschid himself could not sport at a time. The very atmosphere of the place is surcharged with the amorous contagion, and few—very few of ordinary mortals can undertake a pilgrimage to that Lebanon in the company of widowed relatives young or old. The degree of consanguinity was never a consideration in that holy land, without perplexing Malthus with plethoras female flesh is heir to. I will not venture to chronicle the conquests of my friend in this particular line, but thus much my vocation compels me to record, that, in point of redness of teeth or of blackness of complexion, he yielded to no man of any age historic or prehistoric. Nay more, he had the

advantage of sundry adjuncts, such as striped Cashmere trousers and Japan leather boots, never dreamt of by the philosophy of the gay Lothario of the N. W. Provinces. Then the strut! Genuine Anglo-Saxon strut! Well! I fell a musing, In how many generations, I asked myself, would this youth attain the full point of his ambition, and be canonized with the saints of Grub Street? One single generation I thought would be quite sufficient for the purpose, considering the amount of devotion in the glorious cause. *Un hum* whispered Puck over my shoulders. "Two generations"? "*Un hum*" rejoined Puck. "Three"? The same "*Un hum*." Irrate I thundered forth "thirty times three"? With provoking placidity Puck replied "Never"!

"Vulgarity of manner," says a distinguished writer, 'is often exhibited in its most offensive form by persons originally of humble birth and breeding, who have risen to wealth by the force of fortuitous circumstances' Yes; once a Jacobin, a Jacobin for ever. Vulgarity, like the poison of Yankee importation, is transmitted from generation to generation in spite of cyclopedias of legal enactments. You can no more arrest its progress than you can wash an Ethiop white. Through Pomatum or Bear's grease, through Verbenà or Eau de cologne, through cotton or flaxen, through woolen or silken stuff, the parvenu crops up *nolens volens*, and betrays the paupered pedigree. No skill in tailoring or jewelering will efface the brand or interrupt the infinite series of blunders that the Avatar is destined to perpetrate during his brief career. Put the wrong man in the wrong place, and the whole batch of angels go a mourning—not the mock market place, mourning of Dick Wildgoose's brothers, weeping in one eye and rejoicing in another, at the prospect of the old muck-worm's kicking the bucket; but the real mourning of Congreve's "Bride" weeping out her very soul for the object of her affection. Gay Antony at the head of an army but heaps disgrace on the Roman eagle, and proud Atticus in the senate is three times in labor, but brings forth nothing—no, not even a mouse! So the hero of the humble pie, cajoled to the higher platform, makes a fool of himself. A boor to his very backbone, he is

at daggers drawn with Grace, and, as for 'Taste, he got himself divorced from her the moment she dropped down on Darwin's Banyan Tree. By some cursed fatality the poor fellow is wrong in everything he says or does. He is never *apropos* but ever *malapropos* in all matters. He jabbbers precisely when he should hold his tongue, he rambles when he should confine himself within his mosquito frame. In society he is more shy than a new arrived *houri* in Machoobazar street, in domestic circles he is more obstreperous than Falstaff, that impersonation of bombast. He cringes when he should command, and would fain show "spirit" where it is his bounden duty to obey. "Spirit," is the rage of Flunkeyism. Master Snob is nothing if not "spirit" both literally and metaphorically. Courtesy to neighbours is *infra dig*. Dead drunk with the equality alcohol of the day, he elbows men, women and children in a fashion that does immense credit to the University of Impertinence in which he was graduated. He is in an eternal fidget, not knowing what to do with himself. His new fledged gentility sits awkward on him. He is a beggar put on horseback fast driving to the devil. He is a toper picked up in the streets to contribute mirth for the inmates of a lordly mansion. Roused from his trance he sits in state, and muses :

"What ! would you make me mad ? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath ; by birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear herd, and now by present profession a tinker ? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat able wife of Wineot, if she knew me not ; if she say I am 'not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom."

In good old times when George III was king, youths of brilliant parts were selected, not by your open competition system affording Tagrag Bobtail endless loopholes through which to creep into state offices of trust and emolument, for caricaturing justice and equity, and dumfounding common sense by untenable claims to rights and privileges, which, interpreted aright, are nothing more or less than generous concessions on the part of philanthropists, who can at any time strip the cawing brood of their

borrowed feathers and reduce jackdaws to jackdaws again. Nor indeed by "my dearing" recommendations from fattened blockheads, who, after having garnered in their own nefarious harvest, would fain help shoals of nephews to the like, by deluging all departments of the public service with nincompoops unfit to handle a hoe or a hatchet. No; they were selected after testing their thorough competency to take charge of the buckler of the chivalrous knight, and became, by courtesy, *ex officio* Gentlemen or Esquires. Oh! save us from the locust plague of hybrid Esquires of these degenerate days, who, like the *Sireans* of yore, transformed, or deformed rather, into *Baboos*, infest our land, "thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks in Vallombrosa!" Dear me! There is no stepping out of one's threshold without stumbling on huge carcasses of Esquires, white black and blue, some half seas, some whole seas over, listening to canine curtain lectures with more sincere devotion than was ever listened to a sermon of a Bishop in the Cathedral. This is all Mr. Hogg's doing. I cannot find language adequate to express my indignation against him and his dummies, for having, with malice prepense, by an empty show of drainage deprived these gentlemen of their old rendezvous, where they used, from time immemorial, to spend their nights without the necessity of weighing the specific gravity of every passer-by! What bloated eleve of our Colleges will have the audacity to deny that the ditcher, in more senses than one, is an exact picture of his own, the scene perhaps slightly shifted. It is quite immaterial whether the coma is reached in this street or that street. Time enough for such minor considerations when the gentleman is being demesmerised. But after all, your man of extra pegs is more gentlemanly, so to speak, than the other drunkard, the hypocritical Riddle who is to be understood only by logical contradictories. His "yes" is "no" and *vice versa*. It is safer far to sport with living dragons than to rely on his smiles. His milk-and-honey is gall deodorised. Breathes there a mortal who will submit his thoughts to a chemical analysis? Will the base elements bear a closer inspection? Supposing steam or electricity were to throw open a communica-

tion with your neighbour's heart, what dolorous regions of jealousy and hatred, of lust and avarice, will you be landed on at the terminus, after having passed the fascinating atmosphere of the face ! Fortunate indeed that high Heaven has buried this active Hecla-deep beneath opaque strata which defy the optic glass of the Tuscan artist, or else every gentleman of yours would have been compelled to fling social science to the dogs, and to betake himself to some obscure corner in polar circles for hiding the ever vomitted lava from the curious ken of his nearest kith.

The clock strikes five. The weather in the Bay is uncommonly fair for February. The P. & O. Steamer '*Faith*' makes eight knots an hour. All the passengers are on the deck to take leave of the gorgeous setting sun of Bengal. Joy is depicted on every face in anticipation of the happy reunions in the sea-girt isle. Our omnipotent Registrar of the Board, who, to husband his furlough, has drudged at the desk day and night for several consecutive years, deaf to the calls of pleasure, and to the solemn toll of the church bell inviting sinners to divine worship on the day of universal rest, relaxes his stern reserve of office, and freely joins the small talk around, about absent fathers and mothers, about absent wives and children, about absent Betsey, the haberdasher's daughter, for whose lily hand master Peter Pennyloss has rusticated in Ting Ling factory at the furthestmost point of Limbo, the filthy abode of the odds and ends of humanity. Amidst this mirth and glee who be that, retired from the rest of the company, absorbed in deep meditation ! Why it is Sergeant Lollard, the very prop and pillar of Protestant missions throughout the world. In season and out of season has Sergeant Lollard promoted, by purse and persuasion, the propagation of the gospel in India, which he now leaves to weep over the wrongs of the oppressed Hindu, brutally robbed, by a Christian Government, of the luxury of roasting both the parents together, *he* dead downright, *she* as alive as a nine lived cat. Side by side stands the apostle of Sanitation. During a long career of masterly inactivity he has invariably preferred, like the starved bull of the milk man, a

crouching to a running match, keeping the myrmidons of the skinning ghat off only by periodical bellows against tonics and febrifuges and other indigenous vegetable productions of the country. His diseased optics, accustomed to naked chalky cliffs, would not be reconciled to the velvet verdure of the meadow, that relieved the aching eyes of the labourer working in the field under the glare of a noon-day sun. Every tuft of grass is reported as a centre of formidable epidemics, and is swept off accordingly. Nor is this the only boon for which the rate-paying ryot is beholden to the local corporation. Other scares as rational denude the land of innocuous plants whose flowers and fruits, leaves and roots, supplied dishes multiform to the impoverished peasantry; while the parastical *hilsa* of Kooshtea, and fibrous third class Beef of Municipal butchers are authoritatively certified "wholesome food," care being of course taken beforehand, that the abominations be kept at a mile's distance from the princely mansion of the functionary in question. So that Mr. HOGG-PEST BLESSINGTON may swallow factory maunds of the delicacies if he likes, but not a homœopathic globule is to go down the gullet of waxen KATE, who cannot verily stomach the stuff. There is perhaps little in the proposition to startle the public after all. The subject and the predicate remain untouched, it is the copula only that undergoes a slight change. What is sauce for gander is *not* sauce for goose.

Lo! on the stage the knight of La Mancha!
 "Upon whose brow shame is ashamed to sit,
 For it is a throne, where honor may be crowned
 Sole monarch of the universal earth."

In sober earnest the hero belabors caitiffs of high and low degree, resolved to banish oppression from the face of the globe, or to perish in the attempt. No miscreant from pole to pole escapes his Argus eye or his retributive justice. He is the sworn champion of the weak of all creeds and colors. He cannot breathe the air tainted with human woe. Violence is his aversion. Honor his motto. For honor he bears to live or dares to die. Gentle reader! Did you in your life time ever play the "Peeping Tom."

At any rate do it once for the nonce, and peep through the key-hole of this compartment. What would your eyes behold but the identical "Redresser of Wrongs" fast burying his lexicon of valor and honor in his pocket, and sooth to say! in the furor of the process mistaking, for his own, the petticoat pocket of a protected sister of his own faith and country! These are your gentlemen! Is dissimulation fraud or hypocrisy compatible with gentility?

"Should vice expect to 'scape rebuke
Because its owner is a duke."

ARIANS' ORIGINAL SETTLEMENT.

By the Rev. K. M. Banerjea.

[We are enabled through the kindness of the Rev. K. M. Banerjea to present to our readers the following extract from his work, the *Arian Witness*, which is in the press and will be shortly published. EDITOR.]

In dealing with the foreign evidence, bearing on the question of the primitive settlement of the Arians, one great difficulty consists in our own misfortune. We are unable to concur in the opinion, maintained by many eminent scholars, that the original Arian home was on the slopes of the Hindu Kush. We shall therefore first state the exact question at issue. We seem to be all agreed that the ancestors of the Brahmins came to India from beyond the Indus, that when they came they were themselves strangers to India, and India was a strange soil to them, that whether they came as conquerors, adventurers, or fugitives, the aboriginal inhabitants showed them no hospitality, nor allowed them to settle in the country without a struggle. Thus far we seem to be agreed. And as far as our own domestic interests are concerned, one main point is concurred in with the unanimous consent of scholars, and without any perceptible dissentient voice from the representatives of Brahminism. The position thus gained by the friends of Progress is itself of vast importance. The

great bulwark of Brahminism is yielded without a struggle. For after this concession, those who have raised an enormous structure of *Caste*, on the system, introduced by the Arian immigrants, can no longer hold *Ariavarta* to be the original settlement of the Arian (आर्य) race, nor the ancestors of Brahmins, either, to have been "autochthones" of Indian soil. They must, for consistency's sake, abandon their superstructure. For, the maintenance of the Brahminical system would compel them to hold that *Ariavarta* was the primitive home of the Arians. Without such a historical finding, Brahminism cannot stand, except as a spectacle of contempt and derision, a huge fabric founded on an admittedly exploded myth. If the ancestors of the Brahmans were themselves emigrants from an outlandish soil, "the earthly gods" of India must be proved to be descendants of a Mlecha race. And then the boast of a Brahminical pedigree, co-eval with the creation of gods and the heavenly bodies, mountains and rivers, must vanish. Such pretensions cannot be consistent with the fact of the Arian emigration from the other side of the Indus.

But so strong is the evidence of Comparative Philology, and so numerous are the admissions and allusions in the Vedas themselves, that no one, laying any claims to the position of an educated man, can dare to deny the fact of the Arian immigration. Even vernacular manuals, composed by authors who are strict observers of the caste system, inculcate that fact as a lesson of undoubted history.

Our difficulties commence from this point. After tracking the migratory path of the Arians to the other side of the Indus, many are inclined to look toward the slopes of the Hindu Kush as the quarter whence they had come. But as that mountain range continues to the Caspian gates, it is difficult to say what, in their opinion, are the limits of the Hindu Kush. We cannot derive from their theory any definite idea of the actual locality of the Arians' primitive home.

But, however appalling a position of antagonism to scholars of high reputation must confessedly be, we cannot at once abandon the chain of argument followed in the last chapter, and based,

if we may venture to say so, on indisputable facts. The testimony of the Rig Veda, confirmed by the Zend Avesta and the Cuneiform Inscriptions, has brought us within Assyrian territory in our course. We have found Indra and Brihaspati fighting against "the lofty citadel of Bel," across the "great river" Euphrates. We have found Twastri fabricating weapons for Indra in his conflict with Vritra on the river Parusni (probably Purрати, or the same Euphrates, *Græce*). We have seen that the followers or votaries of the Assyrian god, or deified hero, Anu, engaged in that conflict, with many other individuals and peoples, traceable to places, within the limits of the Assyrian influence, Mesopotamia, and to the furthest meandering of the Euphrates. These pre-emigration events naturally point to the westward of Asia in our inquiry after the primitive home of the Arians.

This, again, is confirmed by a legend, which Dr. Muir has cited from the *Satapatha Brahmana*, evidently indicating the migratory path of the Devas and Asuras, or the undivided Arians, to have been from "the west to the East."

"The gods and Asuras, who were both sprung from Prajapati, strove together. Then the gods were, as it were, worsted, and the Asuras thought, 'this world is now certainly ours.' 2. Then they spake, 'Come let us divide this earth, and having divided it, let us subsist thereon.' They accordingly went on dividing it with ox-hides from the west to the east. 3. The gods heard of it, [and] said, 'The Asuras are dividing this earth; come, we shall go to the spot where they are dividing it. Who shall we become (i. e., what shall become of us), if we do not share in it?' Placing at their head Vishnu, the sacrifice, they proceeded [thither], 4. and said 'put us in possession of this earth; let us also have a share in it.' The Asuras, grudging as it were, answered, 'We give you as much as this Vishnu can lie upon.' 5. Now, Vishnu was a dwarf. The gods did not reject that offer; [but said among themselves], 'They have given us much, [these Asuras], who have given us what is co-extensive with sacrifice.' Then having placed Vishnu to the east, they surrounded him with metres;

[saying], on the south side, 'I surround thee with the Gáyatrí metre;' on the west, 'I surround thee with the Trishtubh metre;' on the north, 'I surround thee with the Jagatí metre.' 7. Having thus surrounded with metres, they placed Agni (fire) on the east, and thus they went on worshipping and toiling. By this they acquired the whole of this earth; and since by this they acquired (*samarindanta*) it all, therefore [the place of sacrifice] is called *vedi* (from the root *vid*, 'to acquire'). Hence men say, 'as great as is the altar, so great is the earth;' for by it (the altar) they acquired the whole of this [earth]. Thus he who so understands this, conquers all this [earth] from rivals, expels from it rivals. 8. Then this Vishnu, being wearied, surrounded by metres, with Agni to the east, did not advance; but then hid himself among the roots of plants. 9. The gods then exclaimed, 'What has become of the sacrifice?' They said, 'Surrounded by metres, with Agni to the east, he does not advance; search for him here.' So digging, as it were, they searched for, and found him at a depth of three fingers; therefore let the altar [have a trench] three fingers deep; therefore, also, *Páñchi* made an altar of this description for the soma sacrifice. 10. But let no one do so," etc.— (*Sanskrit Texts*, Vol. IV, p. 108.)

If now we advert to the well known testimony of Herodotus on the subject, we only introduce evidence which remarkably harmonizes with the vestiges of Arian migration in Western Asia, contained in the Vedas themselves. Herodotus tells us that the Medes were, from time immemorial, called Arians until the age of Medea of Colchis, who changed their name on her arrival in their country. Herodotus declares that they were of yore called Arians *by all parties, or universally*. * It is remarkable that he gives us no insight into the *reason* of their being originally so called, and that he only assigns a mythical cause for the cessation of that name. But he has nevertheless noted a living memorial—a standing witness of the *fact* of Arians having once had their home in that quarter. Among the six tribes of the Medes

* Herod. vii. 62.

he has named, one was called the Arizanti,* or decendants of Arians. Another vestige of Arian connexion with the Medes, noticed by him, was in the equipment of the Arians in the army of Xerxes. They were all inhabitants of the Central Asian Province of Aria, where they had doubtless settled on their migration or expulsion from Media. They were *furnished with Median bows*, but were, in other respects, like the Bactrians. †

We know that much reliance cannot be placed on unsupported statements of Herodotus. But we know also that his testimony *supported by other evidence* becomes most satisfactory. He has here recorded a tradition that in times of yore Media was peopled by "Arians," and, again, that they had already moved out before the age of mythology had given place to that of history. The tradition is not only corroborated by the evidence of the Vedas and the Assyrian Inscriptions, but by many other considerations which we shall state presently. Indeed, the record of Herodotus supplies an explanation of what the Rig Veda says, without which the Vedic descriptions, to which we adverted in the last chapter, would have presented the appearance of a *mirage* in the desert, or the wild reveries of an insane mind.

Bochart proves by a learned dissertation that Media was called Ara or Aria from *Hara*, a place where the Assyrian Kings Pul and Tiglathpilnesar had banished the Reubenites, the Gadites, and half the tribe of Manasseh. "Hara," he says, "stands in 1 Chron, v. 26 for Media in Ezra. Omitting the aspirate, Jerome reads Ara. Indeed, by the Greeks also, Media is called Aria, and the Medes, Arians." He then cites the passage in Herodotus to which we have already referred. He next cites Pausanias in Corinthiacis de Medéa, where he says that *Medéa went to the region then called Aris, and gave to the people thereof the name of Medes*. Apollodorus is then quoted, who says, that *Ariania was a country near Cadusia*. Xenophon is referred to after this, whose testimony is, as remarkable as it is curiously satisfactory. He says, "The Thamnerians of Media are near

* Herod. i. 102.

† I *bid*, vii. 65.

Badusia." Now Thamneria is derived from "theman" *South*, and Aria, meaning *the southern Arians*. And so Bochart concludes. "Porro Aria est Hara."*

Here we have a chain of evidence leading us to Media as the original home of the Arians. We may safely say that in this investigation we have conjectured, or assumed nothing, we have put forth no pet theory of our own, we have followed our evidence, link after link, each link being independent in itself, without any inter-dependence of one on another. And if in the chain any link adds strength to its neighbour, it is after the fashion of a Company of troops wherein each combatant supports his comrade, and, only so far as, in every chain of sound reasoning, logically established, the several arguments necessarily corroborate each other. The whole chain may be thus stated in a few words. (1) We find the Arian, a stranger, probably a fugitive in India. He speaks of his "old home," but cannot definitely give its geography. He only says he came from *West to East*. He is a learned man, but is more fond of poetry than prose. He is certainly not a Xenophon. Unlike the author of the *Anabasis*, he kept no notes of his journeys and travels before he reached this country. He cannot give a coherent account of his marches, or halting stages in his journey. But he speaks of his gods and priests. He calls them Asuras, and yet he sometimes curses the Asuras, (some of whom he describes as the disciples of one "Sanda,") not in the language of a profane reprobate, but as a serious moralist, who knew how to distinguish good from evil. He is indeed so impatient of evil, that he imprecates his chief Asura, (whom he calls *eminently wise*,† and to whom he ascribes the creation of the Heavens and earth), to banish to a distant land, the baneful author of evil, named "Nir-riti," or unrighteousness incarnate.

2. Then, again, he speaks of a "lofty citadel," of an Asura named "Vala," which could only be reached by crossing a "great river." He speaks also of certain officers of Vala, who

* Bocharti Geographia Sacra, Phaleg, q. 220.

† R. vi. 24. 8. 9, 14, viii. 42, 1.

were brothers or cousins with the common surname of "Panis." The Panis, he says, had captured some cattle belonging to the spiritual preceptor of his chief, Indra, who recovered the animals after fighting and conquering the captors.

3. He speaks also of a conflict between his Indra, and an Asura called Vritra. The latter had attempted to cause a ford, in a certain river by restraining its waters, with a view to storm, by a night march, some town of which one of Indra's friend's (Sudas) was the ruler. Indra baffled the enemy's plots and stratagems, and saved his friend's territories. He then punished, by death or deprivation, many individuals and peoples who had leagued with the enemy, and gave away their territories and substance to others, who were friends and allies.

4. He names some of these peoples and individuals concerned in the above conflict. Some of these are Turvasa, Kavasha, Yamuna, Devaka, Sambara, together with the followers of Anu, the people of Aja, the Sigrus, the Yatus, &c.

Such being the statements of the Arian stranger, we make inquiries about the individuals and peoples named by him, and we find them verified in Central Asia and the Assyrian empire, by the testimony of the Cuneiform Inscriptions and other equally undoubted evidence, almost exactly as he has described them. And now Herodotus and some other Greek historians recognize him as an old resident of Media, missing for a long time, supposed to have been roving like a truant, or perhaps expelled from his original home by the incursion of some ruffian bands.

We ask, whether this is not a chain of evidence which would satisfy even a judicial tribunal?

We fail to see anything like evidence in the conjectures of great men who have assigned the slopes of the Hindu Kush as the original home of the ancestors of Hindus, Persians, Greeks, and Teutons,—as, indeed, at the same time, the great nursery and rendezvous of the whole Arian family, that is to say, of the progenitors of all the most civilized races in the world.

Let us hear the most eminent scholar of the day as a supporter of the same side of the question:—

"At the first dawn of traditional history we see these Aryan tribes migrating across the snow of the Himalaya southward toward the "Seven Rivers" (the Indus, the five rivers of the Panjab and the Sarasvati), and ever since India has been called their home. That before that time they had been living in more northern regions, within the same precincts, with the ancestors of the Greeks, the Italians, Slavonians, Germans, and Celts, is a fact as firmly established as that the Normans of William the Conqueror were the Northmen of Scandinavia. The evidence of language is irrefragable, and it is the only evidence worth listening to with regard to ante-historical periods. *Mac. Müller's Hist. of Anc. Sanscrit Literature*, p. 12.

But while most of the members of the Aryan family followed this glorious path, the southern tribes were slowly migrating towards the mountains which gird the north of India. After crossing the narrow passes of the Hindu Kush or the Himalaya, they conquered or drove before them, as it seems without much effort, the aboriginal inhabitants of the Trans-Himalayan countries. They took for their guides the principal rivers of Northern India, and were led by them to new homes in their beautiful and fertile valleys. It seems as if the great mountains in the north had afterwards closed for centuries their Cyclopean gates against new immigrations, while, at the same time, the waves of the Indian Ocean kept watch over the southern borders of the peninsula. None of the great conquerors of antiquity—Sesostris, Semiramis, Nebuchadnezzar, or Cyrus, who waged a kind of half-nomadic warfare over Asia, Africa, and Europe, and whose names, traced in characters of blood, are still legible on the threshold of History, disturbed the peaceful seats of these Aryan settlers. Left to themselves in a world of their own, without a past, and without a future before them, they had nothing but themselves to ponder on. *Ibid.*, p. 15.

We yield to no one in our admiration of the great feat achieved by the learned editor of the Rig Veda Sanhita. It is therefore with extreme diffidence that we are obliged to give expression to our wonder that with the proofs of his Rig Veda in hand, the editor himself could have said that the Arian settlers, when they arrived in India, were "without a past, and without a future before them." What were "the ancient exploits" of Indra, if they were "without a past?" What meant the fights of Brihaspati and Angiras before the "lofty citadel" of Vala on the Euphrates, whether historical or mythical, if they were "without a past," in fact and in fancy? What meant their dealings with the names we have already mentioned, and perhaps scores

more that we can yet mention, if the Arians were "without a past" on the plains of India? How could they have known the names of the great Assyrian gods, Anu and Sanda, if they were never in Assyria, nor had any dealings with the people, and—if they were really "without a past?"

We dare not say more. We can only regret that we are unable to accede to such confident assurances from one to whom multitudes justly look up for instruction and intellectual enlightenment. Sacred interests compel us, or we could not have presumed to give expression to our dissent from an authority, so high—from a scholar so ripe, and from a philosopher at whose feet we would willingly receive lessons.

But the language of the Rig Veda Sanhita is plain. The voice of the Rishis, whose compositions he has himself brought within our reach, gives no uncertain sound. There is nothing in it to manifest a journey to or over the Himalaya or the Hindu Kush. The Rishis point to many traces of a journey through Assyria and Central Asia, but none through the passes of the Hindu Kush and the Himalaya.

We believe that the story of the slopes of Hindu Kush, having been the original settlement of the Arian family, was a conjecture entertained before the evidence of the Rig Veda was examined or noticed—certainly before it was compared with the notes of the Cuneiform Inscriptions. Critical scholars had generally a distrust of Herodotus, and they did not think that his assertion about a *Median* Aria was at all better than many other stories which he had recorded, only to be repudiated, in the republic of letters, as glaring untruths. They did not therefore think it worth their while to notice or examine evidence about it. Their motto seems to have been—*farthest from Herodotus, nearest to the truth.*

We do not however know what fate has overtaken that unfortunate historian's statement about the *Germans* having at one time been a Persian tribe—whether *that* has been assented to or not. If this has been credited, it will itself lead to a moral presumption that the Arian family in its integrity lived in Central

and Western Asia, rather than the neighbourhood of the Hindu Kush. The Germans of whom Herodotus makes mention (i. 125) were probably the Caramanians, and, as such, Asiatic remnants of the great nation which now occupies such proud eminence on the continent of Europe—before whose arms France has been prostrated, and whose intellectual energy and vigour the whole world acknowledges with admiration.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Baboo Sama Churn Ghosh, teacher of Gymnastics in the Hooghly College, has just published in Bengali a little book called *Byāyāma Sikshaka*, which contains rules and directions for performing the ordinary feats in gymnastics. As physical training now forms a part of the education imparted in Government schools and Colleges, we strongly recommend the pamphlet to the students. The *brochure* is inscribed to Mr. Thwaytes, the Principal of the Hooghly College.

The *Darsak*, a monthly Magazine in Bengali, edited by Baboo Abinas Chandra Niyogi, has reached its seventh number which, amongst other subjects, contains the following:—"My pil-lory;" "Is the king our king?" "The Bengali." "New Light," "Amara Sinha."

We have been favored with eleventh number of the *Chikitsa-tatwa* or Medical Science, which is a monthly medical journal. Its price is only one anna a month.

THE BENGAL MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1875.

A SCHEME FOR THE BETTER GOVERNMENT OF INDIA.

What is government? We have nothing to complain of the divine government of the world we live in, as we cannot point out its flaws and suggest improvements. It is with human government that we have to do. Let us talk of it calmly, let us not have preconceived notions, let us seek truth honestly. That it is the gravest problem with us at present, few will hesitate to admit. On its right solution depends our future happiness. Our interests are greater than those of Great Britain, France and Germany, for we outnumber the peoples inhabiting those countries.

2. We are born free. Freedom is therefore our birthright. As it is the gift of God, so none can pretend to deprive us of it. All such attempts result in the breach of the laws of nature; no race can long act against them with impunity. The crash comes at last, and the noblest fabric is razed to the ground. As in the moral, so in the political world, we must be prepared to sacrifice our free-will to a certain extent, when our interests clash with those of our neighbours. If no collision is feared, we are free to act, each according to his own will. The amount of self-denial we are reasonably called upon to undergo, must be in keeping with the general good it may bring forth. When to the injury of a greater number, we forbear but to secure the good of the less, we positively infringe what morality enjoins. We thereby wrong ourselves and wrong the greater part of that whole of which we are but a unit. Such actions are *prima facie* the result of

coercion. With it man ceases to be a free agent. The greater the coercion, the less is his glory in all he does. And that government is rotten to the core that gags freedom of action. It is a tyranny of the worst type.

3. That it is the prerogative of man alone to think and to act as he thinks is an axiom ; where this is denied, he is degraded from his high place in the scale of creation and is at best a slave. He loses self-reliance and energy, which are the source of all the earthly good worth seeking. He loses his individuality. Oh ! how great is the loss ! He cannot be distinguished from the common herd of his fellow-slaves. It is not the eye or the lip by which we know him ; and our features are soon forgotten, but our actions, moving in an ever widening circle, endure almost to eternity. A slave may be well cared for,—fed, clothed and lodged decently,—this adds to his physical comforts ; but the incentive to think is beyond his reach. Nations are made great by the great minds that flourish in them. By their exemplary actions they exalt the aspirations of their own kith and kin. The thoughts and actions of forefathers kindle in the breasts of their children the emulation to rival—to excel. Bolder attempts are crowned with more brilliant success. It is thus that free nations march on with an accelerating force in the way to greatness. This is only possible with free states, where full play is given to the bent of the original minds that may be born in them. Despotism, whether native or foreign, alike freezes “ the genial current of the soul.” History teaches us this lesson. The despotism of Napoleon III. made it possible for the autocrat of Prussia to hurl the glorious French nation to the dust. The emperor blinded the people with splendid public works and a spurious commerce. The mind of the nation was enthralled. The fall was sudden, and the world awoke from its dreams. Greece, refugent with the lustre of a hundred stars, no sooner owned the yoke of Rome than she abdicated her functions of the civiliser of the world. Sad disasters had before darkened her sky ; but this was “ the most unkindest cut of all.” She has not yet recovered her high state. Italy is another instance. Our own father-land is a third. It was once the land of

deep thinkers and brave soldiers. The civil wars made it possible for the barbarians of Central and Western Asia to overrun it, and plunge it into barbarism once more. A second race has stepped in their stead and has deserved well of our country.

4. One man has no right to interfere with another's actions so long as these do not prejudice his interests. If the individuals composing a nation be properly educated, there need be no fear of one's encroaching on the right of one's neighbours. Until the state of things comes to such a pass, it is almost foolish to expect society to exist, if the strong override the weak. This necessitates the establishment of government. If it be not based on the usurpation of the rights of the people, its aim ought to be the happiness of the greatest possible number. If it is founded on the tacit consent of a willing community and serves to further its prosperity, it is all that could be wished for. But this should not be the criterion of a good government. It should exist for the good of, and be conducted by, the people. Where one of these two elements is wanting, it is but a half measure, and cannot well fulfil the objects which alone justify its existence. The present government of India is an oligarchy in which a handful of foreigners hold power partly for their own good and partly for the benefit of the natives; whereas it should be wholly for the interests of the latter.

5. That the motives of the British Indian Government are worthy of our partial approval is evident from the despatches and speeches of the great statesmen, who are now and then appointed to rule India. Apart from all considerations that lead a few men to act differently from what they preach, we must admit that according to their light they are acquitting themselves well, if regard be had to the misrepresentation we are subject to from various quarters. Nevertheless our progress is not what may be achieved. Compare it with that of any other civilised state, and you will find that the difference is very great indeed. I will refer to the educational destitution of our people as tending to prove how little an alien government can understand our wants. It is perhaps no exaggeration to say that not one per cent of the population can

read and write. If we except the Presidency towns, in no district does the state spend on an average more than twenty thousand Rupees a year on secondary and primary education. I extract the following from the London *Spectator* to shew how they manage things in Switzerland. "To sum up; the cost of Public Instruction in the Canton (of Zurich) is about £52,000 a year, or at the rate of 4 s 7½ d per head for its inhabitants, exclusively of the contributions by the communes." In Bengal, in the year 1872-73 the whole state expenditure on Public Instruction was Rs. 2,700,000*, that is at the rate of less than 8 pies per head. Yet our rulers talk of withdrawing aid from secondary education, because there are no funds to provide for the education of the masses. However large may be our income, we lavishly waste it in the shape of fat salaries we pay to officers of every department of our government vastly more than similar officials get in other countries which have longer purses. Thus our means are squandered away to the neglect of the pressing wants of the country. Besides, the money wrung from the people cannot be better spent than in educating them. We have no industrial schools worth naming. The chief duty of a government should be the education of the people, and nations wax great in proportion to the care bestowed on it. The supremacy of the European over the Asiatic is to be traced to the superior culture in literature, art and science. Look at the flourishing institutions in any country of Europe, and think of what exists in Asia, and you will at once perceive the cause of our inferiority. You cannot degrade a nation by any other "means more than by ruining its educational institutions.

6. I have stated above that for want of funds the educational department is starved; but look at the following picture. When the Sultan of Turkey visited England, the Secretary of State for India spent a considerable sum in feasting him. Great Britain shirked her duty and put it on the shoulders of India, because the latter has no voice. Besides an occasional supply of arms, we pay the Amir of Afghanistan a yearly subsidy of Rs. 15,00,000. More than Rs. 16,00,000 are spent on the Ecclesiastical Establishment,

* Report on Public Instruction, p. 24.

though the revenue is almost wholly raised from persons who have no faith in the Established Church of England. The injustice which disaffected the Irish, is perpetrated in India. To better the already liberal provisions for pensions to Covenanted Civil servants, or their prospects of promotion, a yearly liability of Rs. 700,000 has been incurred by the Secretary of State on a representation made from this country. It may not be difficult to point out many instances of such extravagance of our Government and of stinting the operations of a department to which the people look up for the amelioration of their condition. Let us then turn our eyes to Railways. "The capital expended on all lines up to date aggregates £97,816,291 of which £92,417,739 consists of guaranteed capital, and £53,98,552 has been expended direct by Government. The nett receipts of last year were £ 31,85,069 or £315846 in excess of those of the year preceeding. The liability of the Government for guaranteed interest was £ 46,13,511, so that there was a deficit of £1,492,919 and during the last five years it has averaged £1,550,996."* What is the cause of this annual deficit? If the working expenses of our Railways be compared with the similar charges in Europe and America, it will be seen that we pay needlessly more. We import skilled labor from Great Britain at unusually large rates, though we can obtain it much cheaper here with a little exertion. Why does the Nalhatti Line pay, and others do not? The local officers of the companies have little regard for economy when the dividends of the shareholders are guaranteed by Government. The canals fare no better. All the high officials live in India only for a short time, and before they have acquired experience in the working of the several departments, they go back to their own country. It is this which hinders economical management, even if they be imbued with the desire of not fleecing the people unnecessarily. As it is, the interests of the natives are sacrificed before the shrine of apathy and want of community of feeling. We should therefore try by all legitimate means to have a voice in the affairs of our dear fatherland.

* Mr. Danver's Report on Indian Railways, for 1873-74.

7. The chief drawback to a government in which the people have no share, though it be ostensibly carried on for their good, is, that it cannot gauge their wants and aspirations. It is therefore that all civilised nations have adopted the principle of representation, though in some countries it is only partial, in others general. Until we have such a government our well-being cannot last ; even if we prosper, our prosperity is but mechanical ; for what we have not acquired by our unaided efforts, we can scarcely call our own. If a wrong-headed man be placed at the head of our government, he may in a short time ruin the most cherished institutions of the country, and thus throw back its progress for half a century. Considering the steady advances, which the enlightened nations of Europe and America are making, if we but stand still we lose ground. We are now very much behind them, and ought to work harder and faster till we come up to them. This is not possible under the present *regime*. In a monarchy, the best and dearest interests of the people are, some time or other, sure to be imperilled. If the king be virtuous, conscious of his duties, and capable of doing them, he may achieve much ; but still there are many circumstances which will influence his actions. In an oligarchy, the interests of the *few* will prevail over those of the *many*. Having the resources of a nation at his command, the king may aggrandise it at the expense of its neighbours, but this is no true test of its happiness. It is simply spoliation. If on the contrary, the king be an imbecile, the nation may be plunged into misery and servitude. "A good despotism," says Mill, "means a government in which, so far as depends on the despot, there is no positive oppression by the officers of state, but in which all the collective interests of the people are managed for them, all the thinking that has relation to collective interest done for them, and in which their minds are formed by, and consenting to, this abdication of their own energies. * * * And that state does not mean stupid tranquillity with security against change for the worse ; it often means being overrun, conquered, and reduced to domestic slavery, either by a stronger despot, or by the nearest barbarous people who retain along with their savage rudeness the

energies of freedom. Such are not merely the natural tendencies, but the inherent necessities of despotic governments.”*

8. In short the people being denied the privilege of originating new measures and of exerting themselves to accomplish their ends by the means at their disposal, lose gradually self-reliance. If you take off their responsibility you make them a nation of slaves. Surely this is not the end of government, for which they are called upon to sacrifice their liberty. On the other hand, the aim of all good government should be to educate the people to rely on themselves, and to make them sensible of their powers and duties and capable of fulfilling their mission. Nations, as well as individuals, prosper in proportion to the energy with which they may prosecute their views. In short, a pure monarchy or oligarchy, in which the ruled have no share, cannot compass those high ends for which a government exists. When it is a government conducted by the representatives of the people, it then serves the intended purposes. It is often alleged that the natives of India are not fit to undertake the duties of self-government, hence the leading-strings must be pulled by others for them. The working of the municipalities to which the elective franchise has been granted leaves in one's mind no doubt of the capacity and public spirit of the people in this direction. That India would return to the state of anarchy in to which she fell on the dissolution of the Mughul Government, cannot be assumed without an insult to the intelligence, rectitude and patriotism of her sons, and also without ignoring the progress she has already made under British auspices. Moreover, from the earliest times, the internal government of India has been federal; every township has been a little republic in itself, the king's officers did not much intermeddle with its domestic concerns, being satisfied with the payment of the assessment levied on it according to the quantity of arable land comprised in it. The head man, with the several village officers, settled all disputes and paid all taxes. The following extracts from Elphinstone's History of India† will corroborate the above statements.

* *Representative Government*, pp. 19, 20.

† Read pages 62 to 63.

"Each township conducts its own internal affairs. It levied on its members the revenue due to the state; and is collectively responsible for the payment of the full amount. It manages its police, and is answerable for any property plundered within its limits. It administers justice to its own members, as far as punishing small offences and deciding disputes in the first instance. It taxes itself, to provide funds for its internal expenses; such as repair of walls and temple and the cost of public sacrifices and charities, as well as some ceremonies and amusements on festivals.

"The village communities are little republics, having nearly every thing they can want within themselves, and almost independent of any foreign relations. They seem to last where nothing else lasts. Dynasty after dynasty tumbles down; revolution succeeds to revolution; Hindu, Pathan, Mughul, Mahratta, Sikh, English, are all masters in turn; but the village community remains the same. * * * This union of the village communities, each forming a separate little state in itself, has, I (Sir C. T. Metcalfe) conceive, contributed more than any other cause to the preservation of the people of India, through all the revolutions and changes which they have suffered, and is in a high degree conducive to their happiness and to the enjoyment of a great portion of freedom and independence."

We still rarely resort to the courts for deciding all our caste and religious disputes; we have *panchayets* instead. A few villages may be split into two parties; but this is not general. Does not this shew self-government? if the African's domoiled in America are deemed worthy of equal franchise with their white neighbours, is it not then "strange, passing strange" that we should be thought unfit for it?

9. A representative government is necessary in India, for with few exceptions the members of the English House of Commons do not possess sufficient knowledge of Indian affairs to enable them to decide a question fairly. This is one of the main causes which thin the House when an Indian debate is going on. As they do not understand us, a clique has monopolized Indian questions. It is sad to think that the number of members who take interest

in India has not increased since the day when Burke impeached Hastings. If in the course almost of a century, no perceptible change is visible, we despair of any decided improvement in future. As the English constituencies do not insist on a knowledge of India in the members whom they elect, it is impossible that our interests will be looked after with that degree of anxious earnestness which their very vastness urgently calls for. Excepting such as have some interest in India, the average Englishman does not care a fig for India. And the result is, that our affairs are generally settled by an irresponsible Secretary aided by a Council of old effete Anglo-Indians. I can scarcely call to mind an instance in which the Cabinet was defeated in an Indian question, while nearly every session affords examples of defeat on English topics. But when *our interests* clash with *English interests*, we frequently go to the wall. By protective duties levied on our exports to Great Britain, our cotton manufactures have been destroyed. The Manchester party is too powerful for the poor Indians and the Government of India to oppose. "If in spite of such precautions, the Indian local manufactures should assume more important dimensions than at present, then there appeared no doubt that the proper course would be, not a repeal of the import duty with its concomitant resort to more objectionable taxation, but the imposition of an excise duty. At present there appeared to be little more need for such a measure than when in 1861-62 Mr. Laing decided against it, but it would be well if investors in Indian Mills would bear this hint in mind, and, thus forewarned, be precluded from charging the government with breach of faith to them, in the event of the imposition of an excise duty at any future date."* If any minister in England had made such a speech in Parliament, the government would have been overturned the next day. Here, because the people have no voice in the affairs of their country, our councillors in secret conclave pass any measure which suits their friends at home.

From the Secretary of State to the lowest Magistrate, the In-

* Read the speech of Mr. Hope published in the Supplement to the *Bengalee* of the 21st August, 1875.

dian officials are not responsible to the people though they fatten on their money. Our wrongs are not redressed, nay, they do not very often find a hearing. It is *our* duty to look after our own concerns, not of *others*, however well disposed they may be. The only feasible way of doing this is by representative government. "A completely popular government is the only polity which can make any claim to this character. It is pre-eminent in both the departments between which the excellence of a political constitution is divided. It is both more favorable to present good government, and promotes a better and higher form of national character than any other polity whatsoever."* I shall therefore sketch a constitution that will not interfere with existing interests.

10 The constitution may be thus formed. The Lieutenant-Governors, the Chief Commissioners, the Commander-in-Chief, all the semi-independent Princes, and the titled Maharajas may constitute the Upper House; while the Lower may consist of about 500 members returned by the people in the manner specified below. A few more members may be returned by the corporate bodies, such as the Universities, the Indian Associations, large municipalities, &c. In the Lower House will be discussed all measures relating to the finances of the country, and other propositions that may be brought forward by any member, notice of which must be previously given. The Upper House may object to any proposition passed in the Lower House, and send it down for reconsideration. When a measure has passed both the Houses and received the assent of the Governor-General, it will be finally settled, he having the power of vetoing it when not passed by two-thirds of the members of either House. If a measure be passed by the Lower House, the Upper House shall have power to send it down, provided it has received the sanction of less than two-thirds of the members. Any difference of opinion between the two Houses may be settled by a conference. When a measure is passed by two-thirds of the members of the Lower House, it will become the law of the land, though it may not receive the assent of the Governor-

* Mill's *Representative Government*, p 22.

General who may veto any law passed by less than two-thirds of the members of either House, and shall, in doing so, give his reasons for withholding his consent. The matter shall then be discussed a second time, and if the two Houses concur in passing it, though two-thirds of the members do not concur, it will become law and take effect, provided the British Parliament do not annul it. The Governor-General may be assisted by a Prime Minister, and Ministers for Foreign affairs, Public Works, Finances, Education, Commerce and Agriculture, Home affairs, Law, &c., who may be appointed or removed by him; but they will also be responsible to the Imperial Assembly. The present rules as to the appointments of Governor-General, Commanders-in-chief of the army, Lieutenant-Governors, Chief Commissioners, and similar high functionaries, and to the civil and military services, &c., may continue in force, unless any changes proposed by the Imperial Assembly receive the assent of the British Parliament. A vote of censure may be passed by the two Houses, when any officer impeached will be recalled or dismissed. The Governor-General will retain office for five years as at present, but there must be a change of his ministers, when they lose the confidence of the Imperial Assembly.

11. Again, under the Imperial Assembly, there will be Provincial Assemblies composed of two Houses, one in each of the present governments as they are now in British India. They will take up all subjects relating to their own internal affairs, but they shall not consider any matter relating to the general interests of the whole country. The Lower House of each Provincial Assembly will send a certain number of members to the Lower House of the Imperial Assembly, regard being had to its population, one member being returnable for every five hundred of its inhabitants. The Provincial Upper House will consist of members who are semi-independent princes residing in the Province, with whom the British Government has direct political relation, all the Rajas and Nababs, and the Commander-in-chief, if any; while in the Lower House will sit members, each being elected by 100,000, and the Commissioners of divisions and generals

of the army. For this purpose, small towns may be grouped together to form a constituency. Every five of these members shall select one of themselves to represent them in the Lower House of the Imperial Assembly. The vacancies thus created may be filled up by the candidate who polled the largest votes in any of the five constituencies, but who was not returned. The Governor, the Lieutenant-Governor or the Chief Commissioner, as the case may be, shall exercise the same powers with regard to the local assemblies as the Governor-General may do in respect of the Imperial Assembly, which may disallow any measure passed in the former. The Governor may be assisted by nearly the same number of ministers as the Viceroy.

12. At the end of every five years a general election will take place for the appointment of the members of the assemblies. The vacancies caused by death or other accidents in the interim may be filled by new elections. The good sense of the people will help them to return those members who may have done their best to promote the general welfare.

13. I have tried in the above to give a rough sketch of a simple form of representative government, which will alone advance the prosperity and maintain the progress that the nation has already made. Rules for the qualifications of the members may be framed, so that wealth, intelligence and rank may be adequately represented in the Imperial Assembly of the country. The English language should be the chief medium of communication, and Hindi might also be used. But in the provincial assemblies the vernaculars of the provinces may be used instead of Hindi; the members may at their option use either the vernacular or the English language in addressing the House. In the Parliament of the two Canadas both English and French are used in discussion.

14. Most Anglo-Indians[†] will be taken aback by our proposition; for to them it will appear as if the Queen will be politely asked to give up the brightest jewel in her diadem. But under such a form of government as sketched above, the connection between England and India will rather be made closer. It will be a chain of love and sympathy that will bind the two great

nations. Such assemblies will materially help the good government of the country. They will tend more and more to enlighten the public mind and the views of the British Indian Government, which, I believe, sincerely intends doing justice to India.

15. Again, as all the chief European officials will *ex officio* sit in the Assemblies, and as they are generally well informed in the affairs of the provinces they will represent, their influence will be much felt. The Government may be possibly defeated in a few measures which the people zealously wish to pass. Under the present *regime*, even when the public opinion is decidedly against a proposition, the Government has generally the good sense to yield. Besides, if any unwise measure be passed in India, the British Parliament having the power of vetoing it, there need be no fear of the prosperity of the country being endangered by it. As public opinion will thus be brought to bear on the measures of our present Government, it will gain immensely in strength, but will not at all be weakened. It will sail clear of the rocks upon which it may split. The British people so jealous of their own freedom, never mean to deprive us of it. It rests with us alone to make known our wants and aspirations to them. We have much yet to learn from our fellow-subjects of Great Britain. To them we owe our contact with European civilisation—"a debt immense of endless gratitude."

16. Our present Government is a mild despotism, rendered mild by the enlightened minds that pull its leading-strings. The people have no voice in it, and their wants are not sufficiently attended to; nor are their aspirations after a loftier national existence cherished. It is frequently urged that the Russian Government is despotic, but there are local councils; besides, the public offices being open to all the Russians alike, they themselves form a very important element in the governing body. There is besides the indirect representation of the views of the people. Whereas India, the governors hold themselves aloof from the natives. What the English know about India is from a few interested persons, who are not generally out-spoken,

and who humour them in the views they are supposed to be fond of. The native newspapers are generally not much thought of, and very few of them are ever read by those Englishmen who rule the destinies of India. The native understands the Englishman better than he is known by the latter; but neither of them knows the other sufficiently well for the furtherance of their common interests. Misunderstanding has been the cause of India's ruin. It is therefore the duty of all patriots to remove that misunderstanding.

Vox.

LA CHANSON DES ADIEUX.

From the French of André Theuriot.

The lover said to Love about to fly,

“Go not, dear Love, away;

O my sole wealth, mine idol, refuge high,

Thy gold wings furl, and stay.

“Within my heart is not thy place, the best? .

Reposest thou not there

As the wild wood-bird in its mossy nest?

Why wilt thou go,—and where?

“Rest! —In the house that peace and silence crown,

Beside the waters still,

Were we not happy when the night came down

On hamlet and on hill?

“Hast thou forgotten all the eyes we past,

In summer side by side?

See, in mine eyes the tears that gather fast!

O rest, whate'er betide.

“Thou dost not hear me, and thy bright wing throbs,

Thou burnest to depart;

Little import to thee my tears and sobs,

The torture in my heart”.

THE RUINS OF SRINAGAR.

—Love to the lover said, as far he flew,—

“O child, no ills forbode !

Have I not given thee aspirations new

And lighter made thy load ?

“Have I not waked within thy slumbering breast

Thoughts heretofore unknown,

That like a troop of birds make music blest ?

Art thou not manlier grown ?

“Art thou not better ? vex not then thy mind,

If subject unto change,

More bitter tears to dry, worse wounds to bind,

From place to place I range.

“Adieu ! Lone dreamers elsewhere I must cheer,

And lo,—I leave with thee

Friends,—upon earth the only friends sincere,

The joys of memory.

“Some day I shall return,—knock at thy pane,—

Perhaps a suitor stand,—

Who knows if thou wilt welcome me again

And give me then thy hand ?”

T. D.

THE RUINS OF SRINAGAR.

Those who have had occasion to go from Chakda, a station on the Eastern Bengal Railway, to the quiet rural subdivision of Bongong, must know that the carriages that ply for hire between these two places, generally stop three times in the way, to allow a little rest to the poor horses. About three miles north of Bela, the second of these halting places, lies the site of what was once a town of some importance, though it is now no better than a village, retaining still its former name of Srinagar or the

"town of beauty." The people of the place still speak with pride of its ancient days of grandeur, the power and glory of its Rajas. Till lately the place is said to have been well populated. About fifteen years ago, a great epidemic swept away most of its inhabitants. "Numbers of dead bodies", says an eye-witness, "lay for days together in the fields and ditches, there being none to burn or bury them." Those who could, fled from the country leaving the rest to their fate. From that time Srinagar has been reduced to an insignificant village.

The ruins at this place are not very considerable, being those of a fort only, within which years ago might have been seen buildings and edifices which once sheltered an opulent family that owned the castle. But the ruthless hand of the P. W. D. has levelled them to the ground, employing the materials in the construction of a neighbouring road. All that we now see, therefore, is the site of the fort surrounded by a moat which is fast filling up. The fort had four towers on its four corners, the sites of which are now indicated only by four mounds of earth rising above the general level of the place. In the moat is still to be seen a dilapidated little edifice, consisting of a small room which in its days of glory, surrounded as it was by the waters of the moat, served as a cool place of retreat such as is needed in a hot climate like this. The villagers also point out a dirty little pond which was once a fine tank, and to which the ladies of the castle often repaired for bath and other purposes. It is said, that large sums of money have from time to time been unearthed by fortunate persons from these ruins; nor is this very improbable, as it was the custom during the troublesome days of Muhammadan rule to secure riches by burying them in the earth. One less fortunate than the rest is said to have lighted on a trap door under ground, which on being opened disclosed jars inside filled not with gold and silver, but with the water of the holy Ganges, kept there for some religious purposes no doubt.

Outside the fort, and within the village, are to be seen two old temples which, though not yet in ruins, are still very much out of repair. These temples bear inscriptions in Sanskrit

written in Bengali characters, on pieces of black stone as they appeared from a distance. These inscriptions were copied and published in a Bengali paper by Babu Sirish Chandra Vidyaratna, the late subdivisional officer of Bongong. The remains of the fort, edifices and temples are all of brick.

The information gathered regarding the once powerful occupants of the place is very meagre. It is said, that it was the seat of Bhabananda Mozumdar who aided Man Sing against the refractory chief Pratapaditya Raya of Jessore. Pratap, it is well known, was beaten and imprisoned, and Bhabananda was rewarded by large accessions to his zemindari taken from Jessore, the possession of the rebel chief. Raghab Chandra Raya and Raghu Nath Raya, two celebrated successors of Bhabananda are said to have built the fort or greatly improved it. They cleared the jungles, excavated tanks and built houses on the little islets, and otherwise beautified and strengthened the place. Raghab Chandra Raya set up a Siva which still receives worship under the title of "Raghabesvara Siva." He also instituted the worship of Siva's consort Kali; and under the name of "Raj-Rajesvari", it too still receives worship once a year.

The cause of the Naddea Rajas removing from Srinagar to Krishnaghur is not well known. A story is told, which is evidently got up by Muhammadans to prove the superiority of their religion. It is said that, on clearing the jungles, one of the Rajas offended one Kazi Sahab, a Muhammiadan saint, whose tomb is still to be seen at the place, and he appeared to the Raja in a vision, threatened him with punishment, and set on ghosts and evil spirits to annoy him, until the Raja found it necessary to leave the home of his ancestors and migrate to Krishnaghur. This is but a counter story of one told by Bharat Chandra as to how spirits were set on Jehangir to prove the superiority of the Hindu religion. Krishna Chandra the sixth in descent from Bhabananda, and son of Raghunath, who probably left Srinagar, had in his court the poet Bharat Chandra who wrote of Bhabananda Mozumdar and the glories of his family. It was from Krishna Chandra that Krishnaghur has been named. J. C. D.

A NEW PARTY IN MISSIONS.

By A Hindustani.

Mr. Gladstone in his now famous article on the Church of England represents its continued vitality as dependent upon its two opposite tendencies. The Church of England, like every large establishment, does not represent a single principle or present a single idea. A small church, an establishment of limited dimensions, whether political or ecclesiastical, may embody a single idea, and unfurl before our eyes a beautiful picture of unalloyed unity. But a huge body ecclesiastic, like the Luthern Church of Germany or the Episcopal Church of England, cannot from the nature of the case present so unbroken, so complete or so spotless a unity. A close inspection will always disclose in such a body a number of jarring principles at work ; a number of mutually antagonistic forces counteracting one another, and so holding what may be called its giant bulk in equilibrium. The Church of England is not a unity in the sense in which a church, called into being only yesterday, and therefore without sacred traditions and time-hallowed associations, holding sway over a very limited number of human beings, is a unity. It is on the contrary, a diversity under a unity, a scene of perpetual fight under a smooth exterior of peace and prosperity. It represents not one idea, but a congeries of ideas, not one force, but a large collection of forces. But all the diverse and jarring principles of which it is the centre may be classed under two well-defined, and prominent tendencies. One of these tendencies may be called the tendency *esoteric*, or that which proceeds inwards or tends towards the vital spirit ; and the other may be called the tendency *exoteric*, that which proceeds outwards or tends towards the external body. The two tendencies are Evangelicalism and Ritualism. Now, each of these parties consists of a body of extremists. The Evangelicals fix their gaze upon that which is the life or soul of the huge body ecclesiastic, and overlook its body, its organization, and its para-

phernalia of formularies and rubric. The Ritualists, on the contrary, give prominence to these gorgeous surroundings of the church in question, and throw its life and soul into the back ground. If the Evangelicals were left to themselves, or their influence was left unchecked and unshackled, they would ruin the church. They would certainly do their best to have its animating spirit unencumbered with a body of disciplinary rules which tend to curb its buoyancy and fetter its movements. But they would however unfetter it so far as to make it a monstrosity, a soul without a body, invisible to human beings, and therefore incapable of exerting any appreciable good influence around it. In the same manner, if the Ritualists had their own way, they would also ruin the church. They would adorn the body, complete and perfect the organisation, and add regulation to regulation, and rubric to rubric. In their anxiety to decorate the externals, they would forget to feed the vital principle, and so present another kind of monstrosity, a body without a soul, a putrid mass of ecclesiasticism and superstition. Both the parties are extremists, and each needs, or rather peremptorily demands a counteracting principle to check its power and circumscribe its influence. Neither of these parties ought to be left alone and unmolested to carry on its operation and to gain its victory; and it would be an evil day for the Church of England if one of them were entirely extinguished or taken out of the way of the other. Let them fight with and neutralize each other, and let no preference be shown by the law or Government either to the one party or to the other. They would, if so left, balance each other, hold the whole body ecclesiastic in equilibrium, and insure the continued life and vigorous action of a Church, which, whatever its defects, is the best organized Church in Great Britain, perhaps in Protestant Europe.

Some people speak of what they call the approaching dissolution of the Anglican Church with perfect unconcern or indifference. Though not churchmen ourselves, we cannot sympathize with them in this. We believe the effect of the dissolution of this superb ecclesiastical establishment will be dismal in the ex-

treme. It will be something like the effect which the sudden disappearance of Mount Blanc will leave upon pleasure-hunters and sight seers. What an awful gap! What can fill the fearful void which the sudden disappearance of the Anglican Church will leave behind it! Its grand organization, its broad principles, its pure doctrines, its sublime prayers, and affecting services—the man that can calmly contemplate the extinction of these glorious realities, each replete with or redolent of associations of the most sacred character, is something like “the wretch” described by sir Walter Scott who can think of his dear native land without a glow of patriotism illuminating his soul! We sympathize fully in the poetic enthusiasm and statesmanly foresight with which Mr. Gladstone speaks of the unfading vitality and continued prosperity of the Church of England. And the plan he suggests is the very best plan that can be suggested to preserve this compact, massive and magnificent structure from the furious attacks which have of late been directed against it. Let both the contending parties continue within its broad acres, and their ceaseless struggle will maintain its equilibrium, and prevent it falling a victim either into the arms of bigoted superstition or into those of wild fanaticism. But let them part with each other, and the noble edifice will be converted into a heap of ruins. The Ritualists separated from the Evangelical wills have no place of rest for the soles of their feet any where outside of Rome or St. Petersburg. The Evangelicals, again, separated from the Ritualists will slide down into the ever inclining abyss of that Dissent which, except under the guidance of calm and philosophic intellects, is apt to develop into the most senseless phases of rationalism or into the most grotesque forms of fanaticism. The preservation, therefore, of the Anglican Church peremptorily demands the continuance of these two hostile elements within its ample circumference. But it may be said, that the points of difference being matters of conscience, a compromise is impossible. They cannot, in our humble opinion, be classed with such grave matters of faith and conscience as render a secession of one party from the other indispensable. The Ritualists, for instance, believe in evangelical Christianity, and will not separate them-

selves from their brethren because they do not take precisely the same view of the importance of rubrics and formularies, and of the doctrines of the Real Presence and Baptismal Regeneration with themselves. And the Evangelicals may be sure that they would sooner agree with those who look upon baptism as a holy sacrament to be spoken of with becoming reverence, than with those who represent it as only "a few drops of water poured on the cocoanut of a little baby." We therefore maintain a compromise is possible, and Mr. Gladstone's advice is both practicable and sound.

Our object in alluding to the two mutually antagonistic and at the same time mutually balancing forces in operation in the Anglican Church is to show the important part party-spirit plays even in an ecclesiastical establishment. There are many good people who shudder at the idea of such a thing as party-spirit getting into the recesses of a sanctuary. They are willing to admit that as one of the moving principles in politics it is not a bad thing. The sphere of secularism is its sphere, and there it may be allowed to range at large. But here, within the sacred edifice of the church of God, not only should its prevalence be deprecated, but its intrusion even should be most violently and most unequivocally opposed. The fact, however, is, that it invariably does good where it is allowed to exercise its wholesome influence. If it is allowed to run wild or to reign unmolested, it produces the wildest results—but where its undue development is checked by a system of forces balancing each other, it is a blessing rather than a curse. But blessing or curse, it is ubiquitous as well in the church of God as without it. There is not an ecclesiastical establishment within the precincts of which its grisly figure is not to be found. We have shown that party fight is the order of the day in the Anglican Church. It is not at all difficult to show that it is also the order of the day in every other Church. Let us take for example the Methodist Episcopal Church in America, a Church whose influence in Trans-Atlantic regions is unbounded, and which is represented in India by a number of flourishing missions in the North-West and in

Oudh. One of the peculiar doctrines of this Church is what is ordinarily called the doctrine of Christian Perfection. This is one of those subtle doctrines which cannot be held within the bounds of creeds and formularies, and so untold varieties of views have been promulgated in its name. All these views, however, may be classed under two heads or grouped into two schools of thought, *viz.* that of the Bellites and that of the Anti-Bellites. The Bellites maintain that something like absolute sinless perfection is attainable in this life; and there are in their opinion pious men whose lives are free from sin, disfigured though they may be by many a weakness or imperfection. The Anti-Bellites bring down this Perfection to a much lower platform, and maintain that it is compatible, not merely with "involuntary sins," but even with voluntary sins involved in those "minute volitions" of a sinful nature of which every body is cognizant. Thus explained, it is a rational doctrine, and no sensible man either in or out of the Methodist Communion will refuse to subscribe to it. But in the sense attached to it by the Bellites, it becomes the peculiar treasure of the holy convocations of zealots and fanatics. These two parties in the Methodist Church are not without some use, inasmuch as they have, by their constant and ceaseless warfare, held the body ecclesiastic in equilibrium. Party-spirit reigns in every community of believers, and where it is properly balanced, it is a blessing, rather than a curse.

We have inflicted upon our readers all this common-place disquisition with a view to induce them quietly to listen to what we have got to say regarding the recent organization of a New Party in Missions. Had we not prepared our way by means of a preface bristling with platitudes, some of our readers might have exclaimed:—"Party-spirit in Missions! Oh tell it not in Gath—publish it not in the streets of Askelon!" Yes, there is Party-spirit vigorously at work in Mission circles; and there is proof of this in abundance in Mr. Sherring's recently published history of Indian Missions. Party-spirit has reigned, but happily not unbalanced in Missions; and so it has generally speaking

exercised a wholesome influence over the grand work associated with them. The debate for instance between the Educationists and anti-educationists among Missionaries is of too recent a date to be forgotten. The educationists, under the lead of the now venerable Doctor Duff, called a grand principle into operation. Bazar preaching had been conducted with commendable perseverance, and certainly not without promising results. There were however large and very respectable classes of the community which Bazar preaching could not reach or influence. Were they to be left without the pale of Gospel ministrations, or was something to be done to bring the truths of Christianity down into the mansions of the great or the substantial dwellings of the middle classes? This was the important question that had to be solved; and Dr. Duff solved it by opening a grand educational institution under the sacred banner of his mission. His wisdom and foresight have been demonstrated in a series of results the brilliancy of which even his enemies are willing to admit. But the educationists were apt to go further than Dr. Duff would lead them. Not content with praising their system, they began to depreciate the systems of operation in vogue among Missionaries of the old school. They derided Bazar preaching, looked with suspicion at chapels erected in public thoroughfares for the benefit of the passers by, and represented Missionary tours as upon the whole objectionable under existing circumstances. The anti-education party checked the extravagance of these men. But they also went to the other extreme. They would have nothing whatever to do with education. They would not even call the Missionaries engaged in imparting high education in Mission Colleges by their proper names. They called them in contempt *mere Teachers*, and were not slow to take advantage of every opportunity of bringing their policy and work into disrepute. But the parties in question have very nearly balanced each other, and their ceaseless struggle has on the whole done good. The same thing may be said of the parties and sub-parties which have bandied their shibboleths backwards and forwards within Mission circles.

Now let us come to our text. The nucleus of a New Party

in Mission circles is noticeable in some places. It is our desire after inflicting a preface of unconscionable length to state what the main principles of this party are, to show wherein they err, and to point out what appears to us the very best way of balancing its extravagancies. But before we address ourselves to this three-fold treatment of our subject, we would for a moment direct attention to the great man who is the centre of attraction in this case, and to his watchword. That man is the Rev. William Taylor of California, a name which has become a household word in many a Christian home in the country, and which is embalmed in a many a bosom amid feelings of veneration bordering on superstitious homage. Mr. Taylor is very well known to our readers—indeed, not to know him argues one's-self unknown. During the short period of his stay in India, he succeeded in galvanizing many classes of its Christian population into life, surrounded the country with a belt of flourishing Methodist churches, and made several meetings conducted on an extensive scale, meetings of which we had only heard, accomplished facts in the ecclesiastical history of the nation. He is at present absent in America; but his most ardent desire is to come back to India and live and work amongst us till from his labors in the world he passes to his reward in heaven. The same excellencies of mind and character which made Dr. Duff the head of a party make Mr. Taylor the head of a Party. Dr. Duff was most naturally regarded as the leader of the Educational Party in Mission circles, because he was, from his shoulders upwards, *taller* than his contemporaries in Mission service. In massiveness of learning he was certainly inferior to a few of them, nay to a few of his own colleagues; while in depth of piety and serenity of disposition he was surpassed by many of them. But in versatility of intellect, in fervour of zeal, and in force of character, he was taller than all of them. Hence he seemed as one born to rule, born to lead a party. What wonder that he should be the recognized head of a party attracted around him as well by the original character of his genius as by the characteristic fervour of his eloquence. Mr. Taylor is also a man formed in the very same mould from which great

characters, leaders of parties, have always come out. He is from head to foot a self-made man, and every inch of him bears marks of the energy and enthusiasm with which he has trained himself. He is in many respects an *original*. His style bears marks of originality; his oratory bears marks of originality; and even his private conversation bears marks of originality. Without the refinement of education, he writes books which attract crowds of readers by means of a nervous and entertaining style, and a somewhat grotesque combination of solemn truths and amusing stories, and which moreover command a sale which the most polished works of the age fail to secure. Without the graces of oratory, he speaks, and multitudes hang upon his lips breathless, for his style of speaking, like his style of writing, is at once entertaining and instructive; while to the fallen sinner, the wretch brought down to the lowest depths of degradation, he is an angel of mercy, inasmuch as in the spirit of his Master he takes him by the hand, draws him to his own bosom, raises him in the scale of social respectability, as well as ministers to him the consolations of the Gospel. We cannot withhold our admiration from such a man without betraying a degree of moral obliquity even below what is tolerated in the sphere of secular journalism. From some notices in some American papers it appears, as we have already said, that he has made up his mind to make India the home of his old age and his grave; and India must not show any backwardness in honoring a man who, for the sake of her teeming millions groping in darkness, is willing to give up the comforts to which after long years of faithful service in the vineyard of the Lord he is entitled.

The two great men we have named differ from each other, in one prominent respect, and resemble each other in another. Dr. Duff is the outgrowth, so to speak, of Scotch Presbyterianism, and is the type of order and propriety. As a Minister he would never go an inch beyond the broad line of demarcation marked out by time-hallowed traditions of his Church; as a worshipper he would allow himself to be bound, hand to foot, by its prescribed forms; and as a man he would never utter a

syllable which does not befit the position which God has given him in the Church. He is the living impersonation of a thoroughly crystallized type of ecclesiastical organisation, the outgrowth of what may be called a concentration of rules more or less immutable and principles more or less ascetic. Mr. Taylor, however, is a man of an entirely different stamp. He is the outgrowth of American Methodism, and laughs at order and propriety. Mr. Moody preached as often against stiff formality in Scotland as he preached against beer-drinking in England. Mr. Taylor, is a man of the Moody stamp, and he does not let a single opportunity pass of running his hostility to crystallized forms of worship and established ecclesiastical institutions. The formularies of the established Churches of England and Scotland are his stock themes of pleasantry and sarcasm; and even some of the old, effete rules of his own Church do not receive a better treatment at his hands. His mode of procedure even in the Church of God would strike all not entirely dead to all sense of propriety as singularly eccentric. In his prayers he would go on expounding a doctrine of his Church; in the midst of his sermon he would pause, and sing a beautifully appropriate hymn, and while exhorting his hearers to repentance and faith in the most earnest manner conceivable, he would never hesitate to have recourse to pleasantries and witticisms which would hardly be tolerated in very respectable drawing rooms. Mr. Taylor in his preaching presents a phenomenon which is nowhere witnessed but in America. The genius of Methodism received in that continent what may be called a strange turn, and raised from the uneducated classes of society a host of preachers who distinguished themselves both by their ready as well as by their deep piety. Their number has steadily diminished in proportion as education has spread in America; but many of them did so much good in their day and generation that their countrymen will not easily allow their names to slip out of their memories. Mr. Taylor is one of the greatest preachers of this class, and he will, we have not the slightest doubt, leave behind him a name even greater than many dear names enshrined in the history of American Methodism. We must say that we can

not entirely approve of his eccentricities; but we are sure that the uncommon brilliancy of his career of philanthropy leaves these completely in the shade.

Mr. Taylor is the antipodes of Dr. Duff as regards the point we have dwelt upon. But in one respects they resemble each other with the greatest exactitude. They are both bold reformers, and laugh at obstacles to which ordinary minds would succumb. Dr. Duff, pulling on with wind and tide, is not in his element. But when bravely and impetuously fighting his way through long ranks of determined opponents on whom he now and then casts what may be called a side glance of pity, he is peculiarly Duff like. Who has forgotten the determined and bitter opposition through which the great Doctor has cut his way to that fame on the pinnacle of which he now quietly spends the evening of his eventful life? Mr. Taylor is his match in this respect. Opposition, instead of disheartening him, tends to strengthen his mighty spirit; and obstacles before which inferior men quail tend only to brighten his generally cheerful countenance with a smile of compassion or pity. The amount of opposition he has braved unmoved even in India may recall to our minds those stormy days when Dr. Duff was carrying forward almost single-handed a glorious warfare in favor of Missionary education in spite of the combined antagonism of all classes of critics in the country. The secular press has made Mr. Taylor the butt of its ridicule, and even the religious press as a whole has had very little to say in his favor. The ritualists have represented him as "a sheep-stealer," and formalists have looked upon him as a charlatan, while sarcasm and reproach have been aimed at him from all points of the compass. But in spite of this universal denunciation he has succeeded in producing a great change in Calcutta, Madras and Bombay, has carried the banner of Methodism far and wide in the country, and has popularized revival meetings among classes of Christians who had always regarded them with marked distrust. The progress of men like Duff and Taylor can no more be arrested by the obstacles which ordinary mortals throw in their way than the stately march of an elephant can be checked.

by a number of worms heaped up in its path.

Dr. Duff's watchword was *Education*. The question he had to decide was this—were the higher classes of society in India, which could not be influenced by Bazar preaching, to be instructed in Gospel truths through the medium of that higher education towards which they were being providentially drawn? He answered the question in the affirmative, and initiated a scheme of missionary operation which, in consequence of the brilliant success by which it has been crowned, has in his lifetime become so popular that there is scarcely a Mission in all India without some vestiges of its ubiquity and power. Mr. Taylor's watchword is *Revival*. The question he has had to solve is this—are the existing Churches of the country to continue *dead* for all Missionary purposes? or are they to be vitalized by means of revival meetings, and so made subservient to the great cause of Missions? He has answered this question in the affirmative, and put into vigorous operation a scheme likely when fully carried out to present to our non-believing countrymen an argument, which of all arguments is the most convincing, the argument in his own words of “a *holy Church*.” Dead Churches, electrified into life by simple gospel preaching, made patterns of ardent love and seraphic fervour, shining as lights in a dark land, and bringing multitudes of non-believing Hindus and Mahomedans under the beneficent sway of the truth as it is in Jesus more by the lustre of a bright example of piety and devotion than by what may be called the outgoings of an active philanthropy—such is the consummation he is determined to bring about. No wonder that he has the sympathy and hearty good will of all God's people in the country.

The importance of the work which Mr. Taylor commenced four years ago, and has been vigorously carrying forward through the instrumentality of an Agency specially adapted to it cannot be over-rated. The Churches of the land have properly speaking been a drag on the Missionary enterprize, rather than an incentive to its progress. They have most effectively impeded the progress of Christianity in the country by evincing a spirit of

secularity in direct antagonism to its heavenly spirit, nay they have, by an exhibition of vice such as is anathematized even in heathen countries, brought our holy religion into disrepute, and thrown insuperable obstacles in the work of conversion carried on by missions and missionaries. But they need not be left in this degraded condition. It is possible to infuse a new life into these dry bones, and to change them so that they may, instead of being serious obstacles in the way of Christianity, communicate a mighty impetus to its progress through the country. Their re-organization or renovation therefore becomes a work of paramount necessity even in a Missionary point of view. But who is to bring about the reform they peremptorily demand? The worthy pastors who have hitherto guided their destinies have left them in the low state in which they are found. Some of them have raised their altars, beautified their walls and improved their furniture, but they have not bothered their heads much about their spiritual condition. To leave these establishments in the hands of such overseers is tantamount to leaving them in the condition of spiritual deadness out of which they are to be shaken or electrified. Mr. Taylor has raised up an agency,—men of power ready to disentangle gospel truth from the cobwebs of polemical theology and the meshes of gorgeous ritualism, and present it in all its pristine simplicity and purity and otherwise eminently fitted to carry on this work of needed reform. And he will certainly succeed in communicating a great impetus to the peculiar work of conversion with which Missions and Missionaries are associated. He will succeed in converting many of these Churches from stumbling-stocks in the way of Christian truth into potent incentives to its progress. He will succeed in making ecclesiastical establishments, which are at present so many drags on, into powerful and valuable auxiliaries to missions. The Churches of the country need a general *revival*, and Mr. Taylor has through the instrumentality of his numerous agents unfurled the banner of revival in almost every important place in India.

Nor is the service which Mr. Taylor's Churches are fitted to render to the great cause of Missions merely *negative*. They will

doubtless remove many of the obstacles to the spread of Christian truth displayed in the scandalous lives of professing Christians, or in the indifference, secularity and faithlessness of a collection of Churches which are more or less bereft of Christian vitality and Christian energy. But Mr. Taylor expects them to do a great deal more. He wishes under God's help to make them not merely Holy Churches, but *Missionary* Churches,—Churches, not merely without spot or wrinkle, but determined in the spirit of the Churches raised in primitive apostolic times, to carry on aggressive evangelistic work beyond its precincts. His design is to make them carry the light of the Gospel far and wide, as well as to exhibit it, in what may be called, their corporate life. Christians trained in his school cannot but be earnest workers. He teaches them never to waste a minute in indulging in vain regrets, in morbid introspection, in languid desires and passive affections; he teaches them not to wait till they have reached an artificially prescribed degree of piety before commencing active business; in the vineyard of Lord. His motto is—Whereto thou hast attained, show the blessing God has given thee by extending it to thy neighbours. He never scruples to send forth persons newly converted to proclaim in all the warmth and enthusiasm of their first love the truth which has made them free. His preachers sometimes set forth the incompleteness of his system, show a great deal of zeal without a corresponding amount of discretion, and even at times disgrace their colors by a defection and a downfall rarely noticed in the case of preachers sent out by theological seminaries. But the mischief they do is overbalanced by the good which results from their labors, incoherent and ill-cemented though these doubtless are. Lord Macaulay will bear us out when we say that the success of some of the greatest religious movements, with which modern history familiarizes us, has depended more on the sort of impetuous and somewhat ill-regulated enthusiasm utilized by Mr. Taylor than on any other thing.

How Mr. Taylor expects to evangelize the country it is desirable to point out in a few words. His reform is a thorough,

regular branch-and-root reform. He begins his work of renovation with the *head*. He wishes to raise up or rather to attract from Europe and America a Foreign Missionary Agency, ready to set forth an example of faith and self-sacrifice ten times more heroic than what has been presented to our non-believing countrymen by the existing body of Indian Missionaries. Our foreign Missionaries do not in his opinion come up to that ideal of self-abnegation which was realized by the first Missionaries of the Cross, those bold preachers who amid appalling difficulties and almost incredible acts of self-denial laid the foundation of the Christian Church both among Jews and Gentiles on and immediately after the day of Pentecost. These gentlemen live apart from the people of whom they are to preach, and amid comforts and luxuries at which the first preacher of the Cross would have shuddered. Their self-denial is *relative* not *absolute*, and the natives, who do not take what may be called a comparative view of their position, fail to notice and appreciate it. The Hindus and Mussulmans are scarcely expected to be moved by an act of self-denial which lies concealed behind spacious bungalows, well-stocked tables and neat conveyances. These are not our sentiments, but the sentiments of the great man whose missionary policy we are trying to set forth. Mr. Taylor wishes to raise up a class of Missionaries, ready to show their mode of life a degree of self-sacrifice more effective and more over-powering than what is being displayed by the Missionaries generally. His scheme may be chimerical and unpracticable. We believe that it *is*; all things considered, chimerical and impracticable; but we cannot but admire the sincerity of the man, inasmuch as he does not demand any act of self-sacrifice which he is not willing himself to practise.

We have always thought that the spirit in which some Missionaries have publicly denounced the supposed secularity and cupidity of the native Ministry bespeaks, not merely an error of the head, but also of the heart, not merely an obliquity of vision but an obliquity of disposition. Does it require much penetration to discover that a paid European Ministry necessarily begets, can

not but beget, a paid native Ministry? We do not assert that a paid European Ministry or a paid native Ministry is a curse;—but we do maintain that the one necessarily begets the other. And whatever traces of secularity and avarice are noticeable in the native Ministry are but a *fac-simile* of similar traces of secularity and avarice in the European Ministry. We do not, for a mement, admit that native preachers are as a rule guided by nothing loftier than a sordid, mercenary spirit, or that they are more anxious about their temporal affairs than their Teachers, as a body, are. That they are very far behind their Teachers, generally speaking, in depth of piety and intensity of Missionary zeal, we are prepared to admit. The force of character the Teachers display has been matured through untold generations by centuries of Christian influence; and the country must pass through similarly long periods of religious training ere it can bring forward instances of piety and zeal such as may vie with the brightest brought forward by the Missionary body. But while we admit that native preachers are behind their instructors in piety and zeal, we are sure that there is one thing in which both the Teacher and the pupil are on a par. In simple devotion to the secular principles of the age, principles which can not be set aside except at a cost which flesh and blood is too weak to face unmoved, the Missionaries and their Native assistants are on a par. Native Preachers do not by any means pay more attention to the comforts of life or the demands of civilisation than European Missionaries find it necessary to do. So that the accusation of cupidity and secularity fastened upon them by critics, who judge others without judging themselves, falls to the ground. All this can be proved by a simple reference to a known fact. Some years ago when Mr. Routledge of the *Friend of India* notoriety displayed his ignorance and spite in an offhand, but virulent attack on Native Preachers, an American Missionary wrote that English Christians should not allow Native Christians to enjoy “a monopoly of self-sacrifice.” That worthy Missionary, the Rev. J. M. Thoburn D. D. has since thrown up his salary, and carried into practice the principle of heroic self-sacrifice which he then and for a long

time afterwards represented through the columns of the *Lucknow Witness* as the one thing needed, both in the case of European and Native Missionaries, to communicate a mighty impetus to the cause of Missions. Others have followed his example, and now instances of heroic faith and striking self-sacrifice, brighter than the brightest brought forward by the Missionary body, are becoming common in the Mission field demarcated by Mr. Taylor. Now, have Native Christians allowed gentlemen of the Taylorite School to enjoy "a monopoly of self-sacrifice?" No. Several Native gentlemen of respectable attainments and respectable position in society have joined these new Missions, and are being supported in the same primitive method amid the precariousness of which their European prototypes are displaying the strength of their faith and principle. Dr. Thoburn and his colleagues have not merely preached self-sacrifice, but embodying the principle they advocate in their lives set a bright example calculated to tell on the Native Church. And the result is, that bright example has *not* been wasted on its members. And while one-eyed critics who give the cold shoulder to native preachers, reserving for themselves hot legs of mutton and fragrant cups of tea, have their sentiments treated with the contempt they merit, these gentlemen are leaving a bright mark on the Native Church, and inducing some of its most gifted members to walk in their footsteps, and do all the good which intelligence backed by heroic self-sacrifice can enable them to do!

Nor are Mr. Taylor's brightest hopes of success based or concentrated on the trained and appointed Missionary Agency he expects to raise or summon together. He expects to raise in his Churches a vast body of unpaid lay agents, who will carry on in every nook and corner of the country a species of guerilla warfare, while his trained veterans are engaged in pushing forward his regular campaign work. In a revival meeting recently held in Lucknow, Dr. Thoburn, the presiding Minister, said that if his hearers, who had come from various parts of the country attracted by his great name, were to wait till they were bathed in a shower of divine blessing and if being full of the Holy Ghost

and power they returned to their respective stations, they would shed around them a salutary influence such as would in a short time revolutionize the country. The apostles quietly waited in Jerusalem till the memorable day of Pentecost, and being filled with the Holy Ghost and power they marched forward in their career of victory; and within a very short time they set the world upside down. Wesley, Whitefield and their coadjutors waited till they were armed with power from on high; and when thus armed they marched forward and within a few years they revolutionized England, Scotland, Ireland and the Colonies. And certainly if Mr. Taylor succeed in bringing his flourishing Churches under the mighty influence of a wide-spread, national revival, and in sending abroad from their centres of life and earnestness, a body of lay agents full like Stephen of old of the Holy Ghost and power, it is impossible to estimate the good in which the rapid working of such a machinery is sure to result. The policy of sending out trained soldiers to carry on the work of Missionary propagandism among Hindus and Muslims is as old as the oldest of the Missions with which that work is identified. But very little of the policy of sending out a host of lay agents, unconnected with schools of theology, but trained in that of revivals, was heard of before Mr. Taylor's arrival in the country.

Nor should the direct influence of Mr. Taylor's revival meetings over the educated portion of the non-believing population of the country be overlooked. These meetings will tell on surrounding heathenism through the instrument of the regular and secular agency they are to conjure up. But they are to do a world of good to educated natives directly by showing them the *power* of Christianity. On the sign-board of each of those gatherings the well-known words of Cowper—"Battered and broken fortunes mended here" may be printed. The scene enacted within is wonderful. The wretched man, who has ruined himself by immoderate indulgence in drinking gets in, reeling and staggering in consequence of the shock his nerves have received, and comes out a sober man determined to lead a new life in the strength of

the Lord. The whoremonger and the gambler, who are being dragged down into perdition by inveterate habits which laugh at their power of resistance, receive miraculous influence such as makes them masters over vices by which they have been subdued and enthralled. And even the scoffer goes to scoff, and remains to pray. The well-known description of the miraculous influence exercised by the preaching of Goldsmith's Village Pastor is evidently based upon the wonderful changes effected in his day by the revivalists who shook England to its centre under the banner of John Wesley. In these gatherings Christianity is not only preached as a theory, but showed up as a power; and the native gentlemen who may be persuaded to attend them cannot but be powerfully influenced for good both by what they hear and by what they see. The direct influence of Mr. Taylor's meetings should not therefore be despised.

We have occupied so much of our available space with a description of the varied features of Mr. Taylor's policy that we have scarcely any left for a fair reference to the extravagancies into which his scheme is already developing. A man of a sanguine temperament like Mr. Taylor is sure to slide down into an extreme; and no one who knows him will be surprised when informed that he expects *too much* from his revivals, and falls moreover into the mistake of underrating what is being done by men destitute of his matchless faith in these demonstrations of religious earnestness. His view of the requirements of Missionary self-sacrifice has a dash of fanaticism about them, and he is somewhat wilfully blind to the fact that intelligent and able Missionaries cannot as a rule be attracted into the country by salary arrangements less inviting than those which are in vogue in Mission circles. Heroic self-sacrifice, such as he demands will always be the exception, not the rule; and to make Mission work dependent on a sacrifice which implies the virtual abandonment of all the secular advantages of education and refinement is to connect it with what is sure to prove a very precarious source of support. He overrates, moreover, the importance of the untrained and guerilla agency he expects to be able to send out of his meet-

ings towards the four points of the compass. He forgets the obvious fact that Churches without a spot or a wrinkle, such as he expects to present before the admiring gaze of our countrymen are dreams which will not be thoroughly realized before the millennium. He is, like all enthusiastic spirits, blind to the defects and imperfections which will mar the beauty and check the practical development of his grand scheme. But his worst fault is, that he unwisely depreciates the current modes of operation resorted to in Mission Circles. He laughs at Mission Schools, denounces Mission compounds, and speaks contemptuously of almost every project utilized by men who understand mission work a hundred times better than he does. The imprudent things he has in perhaps unguarded moments said, and the many foolish things his foolish admirers have said, have occasioned a breach between his work and that of the Missionaries, a breach which will heal when a strong conservative party rises up to check the extravagancies of his party. Some of the sentiments we have indicated in the above paragraph may be the sentiments of those of his admirers who out-Taylor Mr. Taylor, rather than his own. But there is one which is peculiarly his, and with a cursory reference to it we would conclude our somewhat lengthy notice of his policy and work. Mr. Taylor's decided opinion is, that he has *not* sinned for about thirty or thirty-three years. Such a declaration on his part would not sound strange if his views of sin were made manifest. That the defects and imperfections of the mind and the heart which even the most pious stand convicted before God are in his opinion not of a useful character, and that while he is most willing to hold himself guilty of these he is unwilling to admit that he has been guilty of any thing more serious—these are facts not generally known. Still making all allowance for the peculiarity of his views of sin, we cannot but strongly condemn such language, inasmuch as it is eminently fitted to mislead people who do not know him. Such language moreover sets forth views of sin very different from those held by mankind in general. We do not palliate Mr. Taylor's faults, or convert his eccentricities into virtues, but we

maintain that, in spite of the tinge of fanaticism which both his sentiments and actions display, he is a Great Man, and is destined to perform in India a Great Work.

COMPLIMENTS PAID TO GOVERNMENT EDUCATION.

By A Hindustani.

The well-written, though by no means valuable, paper on Education in India, commented upon in these pages sometime since, gave rise to an interesting discussion in the columns of the *Pioneer*. The stale objections advanced by the writer "A Native" called forth an able vindication of current systems of education from the pen of a gentleman who called himself "Another Native." "A Native" appeared once more to defend himself as well as he could from the attack his temerity had provoked; but he was completely silenced by a masterly rejoinder from his opponent. And now the good Editor has come forward with a long article in behalf of his *protege*. But he seems to have been victimized by the sort of fatality which influenced Balaam, the son of Beor, when, instead of securing a rich present by cursing the people of God, he kindled the rage of his royal employer by actually blessing them. The *Pioneer* has come forward determined, in support of the only native gentleman who had come to help him out of the mire into which his violent attacks on the educational authorities of the North West had plunged him, to pour forth a stream of terrible curses on the hated system of education patronized by the State. But Balaam-like he is influenced by an uncontrollable and relentless fate so far that he actually blesses the institutions he has come forward to curse. Instead of depreciating and injuring the system of education in vogue, he has actually paid it the highest compliment that could possibly have been paid by its

most enthusiastic supporters. And we may say of him what Lord Macaulay says of poor Boswell. Boswell, in the opinion of the brilliant essayist, was the Prince of Biographers, not in spite of his folly, but simply because he was a fool, and took positive delight in divulging what a sensible man would have concealed. The *Pioneer* blesses English education not in spite, but on account of his animosity to the country wherein he commands luxuries denied even to a prince out of India. His spite towards the educational authorities of the North West, against whom he has been levelling his tirades for years, is doubtless of the most irreconcilable stamp; but his spite towards the Natives of the country is the master passion of his soul, and swallows up all its subordinate affections and feelings. And this all-absorbing feeling of bitterness has led him to forget for the time being his animosity to the educational authorities, and to pay to their current systems of operation the highest compliment that could have been paid even by its warmest supporters. Like all sensible people we abstain from the always disagreeable task of imputing motives to public writers; but when their animosity is written in characters which he that runs may read, its exposure becomes a duty of paramount necessity, though exceedingly unpleasant in its nature. An Editor who has been perpetually snarling at native progress, running down our countrymen with a consistency and perseverance only equalled by his unconcealed and boundless malice, deserves to be exposed as an enemy of the country.

The *Pioneer* is not the only writer in India who, while bespattering Natives with foul abuse, weeps aloud that the language directed against him by the injured Native Press is intemperate and harsh. We have of late heard many gentlemen of principles higher than those recognized by the *Pioneer* complaining bitterly of the harsh criticism their own invectives have elicited. Nor have we far to go in quest of what may satisfactorily explain this strange phenomenon. There is a principle in our nature which leads us to prize that which want want. This principle is illustrated nowhere better than in Lord Byron's magnificent poetry. The virtues in which Byron was shamefully wanting are the virtues

represented as worthy of all admiration and praise in his poems. The character which claimed his admiration and fired his poetic genius was the very antipodes of that which he himself could boast of. Living in all the plenitude of a self-indulgence which nothing could restrain, the excellency he praised most vehemently and most loudly was self-restraint. A gormand and a toper, his aesthetic admiration was strangely enough concentrated on thorough monastic abstinence in matters of food and drink. A weak-minded voluptuary, vigor of mind and strength of character were the idols he worshipped with the most enthusiastic devotion. It is hardly fair to say that Lord Byron has only reproduced himself in his poems. His characters are by no means exact *facsimiles* of himself. In some respects they are. In wounded pride, bruised vanity and that brood of morbid feelings which make up as well as illustrate a perfectly cynical spirit, he has reproduced his bitter self in his characters. But in strength of mind and decision of character, they are the antipodes of himself. While he was a libertine living amid the most glaring excesses of self-enjoyment, they are vegetarians and teetotallers, faithful to the objects of their love, and ready to subdue by strength of character that adversity to which he himself would have entirely succumbed. The poet praised most loudly those excellencies of life and character in which he was most glaringly wanting. The good Editors referred to, on the same principle, praise moderation and temperance in discussion simply because they are glaringly deficient in those virtues. They praise most loudly what they lack most thoroughly. It is perhaps true that they do not always overstep the bounds of temperate and becoming language. When, for instance, they face opponents of color and complexion resembling their own, they do not often resort to forms of expression exceedingly offensive and vulgar in their nature. But when they have to confront native critics they lose all self-control, and conceal their littleness behind volley after volley of epithets and expressions not much above those listened to in Billingsgate. And when native journalists by way of retaliation pay them in their own coin, they are accused of the folly of resorting to lan-

guage intemperate and harsh. Who will thunder in the hearing of these worthies the time-hallowed precept—Physician, heal thyself?

The *Pioneer* of course repeats and supports all the hackneyed and threadbare objections against Government education brought forward by his native *protege*. He however does not see so clearly as others that all these objections are in reality compliments to education. The Government system of education is antagonistic to the time-hallowed traditions of the country. Now, it is plain that this system would be a stupid thing if it were in perfect harmony with political traditions fitted to feed and pamper absolutism, and religious traditions fitted to support bigotry and superstition. Its opposition to these traditions is, therefore, an excellency, not a defect; and a remark setting forth this opposition is a compliment to it, rather than a disparagement. The Government system of education is unpopular among Mussulmans. Now, this system would be a stupid thing, if it could demean itself so far as to win popularity among Her Majesty's Muhammadan subjects by flattering their ancestral pride and senseless bigotry; and hence its unpopularity among them is a token of excellence, and the accusation fastened upon it is a compliment. The Government system of education is unpopular among Indian noblemen. Now, this system would be a stupid thing if it could bid for popularity among them by pampering their pride and voluptuousness, their hereditary greatness almost invariably allied to intellectual littleness and moral turpitude; and consequently its unpopularity among them is also a compliment. The Government system of education raises men of "a low position" in society to subordinate posts in the public service. That it raises men of a low position, when those of a higher position scrupulously keep aloof from it, to the highest posts available to them, is a compliment. The Government system of education raises a class of "unpleasant men" who fail to occupy a position of honor and influence among their own countrymen, and who are made the butt of ridicule by particular members of the ruling class. Now, this also is a compliment to the system rather than a disparagement. The system

would be a stupid, worthless thing if it could raise up young men likely to be lionized by people determined to choose darkness rather than light on the one hand, and by those on the other who are doing their best to stereotype the barbarism of the country, in order that they may have the satisfaction of securing to themselves obsequiousness and flattery of which they have been the unworthy recipients. So that all the accusations brought against Government education by "A Native" are compliments to it. But these are but minor compliments compared to what the *Pioneer*, in pursuance of the course indicated by his *protege*, has paid it. To this the highest compliment ever paid by any writer to Government education, let us for a moment direct the attention of the reader.

The *Pioneer* thinks that the Government system of education is neutralized by that "low type of mind" which distinguishes the natives of the country from members of the ruling class. This system of education is in short *too high* for the native mind, so far above the average intellect of the country that it is "wasted" upon us as a nation. Had it been made operative in a country like England distinguished by a type of mind as much above that seen in the country as anthropomorphous apes are above tadpoles, it would certainly have displayed results worthy of its exalted nature; but imparted as it is to men not much superior to the brute that perisheth, its excellency is neutralized, and results of a ludicrous character are strewn around its path. The arguments the Editor brings forward to support this strange assertion are worthy of notice. The Indian Colleges have not sent out any "original Mathematician or Physicist." Now, as we said in our paper on education published two months since, this may justly be predicated of most of the Colleges of Great Britain and Ireland, not to say the whole world; and hence the legitimate conclusion is, that the low type of intellect, which is said to have neutralized English education amongst us, is not confined to the country. Original mathematicians and scientists are rarities, and if a College sends out one original thinker in two or three centuries, its glory is justly represented as great, and if one or two cen-

turies more are allowed to do their work in the Indian educational establishments a few original mathematicians and philosophers will doubtless make their appearance. And as to original thinkers of the imitation type, they are at least as common among the *alumni* of the Indian Colleges as they are among the champions of the Anglo Indian press.

The second reason brought forward by the *Pioneer* in support of his strange assertion shows, how completely a man blinded by prejudice often stultifies himself. Mathematicians sent to Cambridge from the Indian Colleges never get an honor higher than what an English mathematician of "more than average ability" can attain to. Now, none but an idiot, or a man infatuated and befooled by prejudice or something worse, can deny that this would indicate a superior order of intellect on the part of the Indian competitors, an order of intellect superior to the average found in England. But the excellency of the *Pioneer's* logic cannot be set off to advantage unless we come to his third and last reason for alleging that the prevalent type of intellect in India is so low as to cause the superior education imparted to us to be "wasted." Fearing that some opponent may represent the Brahmo movement as a grand result of the Government system of education, he says that that movement shows that the best pupils of Indian Colleges have not gone beyond "the theological and metaphysical stage":—that is, they have not yet to come to the *positive* stage, and therefore not in a position to thrust God out of His creation, and to leave its affairs in the hands of a number of inexorable and blind laws. If the merit of evolving creation out of a primordial form by molecular action is indicative of a superior intellect—may God preserve us from it! But we need not pry into the argument which the *Pioneer* has brought forward in support of his queer assertion, though we may by the way assure him that multitudes of the young men brought up in Government schools are fast advancing towards the goal pointed out—the goal where belief in the existence and superintending providence of a God is an unfashionable thing. Let us, however, admit his position, and

what is the consequence? Why—the assertion made by him is the highest compliment that can be paid to English education. To say that this system of education is too high for the natives of the country is tantamount to saying that it is of a very exalted and glorious nature, suited to angelic intelligences such as we see in human form in Colleges and schools in England. The system is high and grand, the fault tending to its complete neutralization being inherent in the national mind, not in it. To make it a source of good to us, we have to bring it down to make it low and inglorious in its nature. Who will ever question that all this is a very great compliment to the scheme of education held up to ridicule by “A Native” and that the *Pioneer* has actually blessed instead of cursing it?

That the Government scheme of education is defective we have again and again pointed out in these pages. Its greatest defect, its most objectionable and repellent feature is its godlessness. It is moving the country from its old moorings, and casting it adrift on a tempestuous sea without a chart or a rudder. But this defect makes it unpopular among Missionaries and earnest religious reformers, not certainly among our countrymen who do not care a straw for religious education. From the loose way in which some people talk, one would think that the admitted absence of the religious element from Government schemes of education was the sole cause of their unpopularity among Natives. The fact however is, that our countrymen as a rule do not care at all for religious training. The fact that no religious training, properly so called, is ever attempted in indigenous schools, is enough to prove that, whatever may have injured Government institutions in the estimation of the country, their want of religion has had nothing to do with their unpopularity. The defect moreover is unavoidable. Even the Missionaries themselves, though very properly ready to denounce the godless character of the scheme of education condemned, do not advocate that policy which may oblige Government to preach Christianity to its pupils through its staff of teachers. But barring a defect which is inevitable, and the fact that it, like every human institution, is suscep-

tible of great improvement, we venture to assert that the Government scheme of education is the very best that could be worked out under the present circumstances of the country, and that the results it has already displayed are of an encouraging character. While Sir Richard Temple and other statesmen are advocating and carrying out schemes likely to improve the education imparted in Government institutions both in quantity and quality, the *Pioneer* comes forward with conclusions fitted to lower it. The education given is in its opinion too high for the natives of the country. Let it be lowered, let current phases of life be perpetuated, and current institutions stereotyped, let natives in short be kept down in the low position in which the Europeans found them on their first arrival in the country, and let European gentlemen, representatives of British ascendancy in the country, be allowed unrestrained to kick them down whenever they have the audacity to raise their heads to speak of their rights,—and all that is needed to make India a paradise for Editors like the *Pioneer* will be forthcoming.

A WORD IN SEASON.

My dear friends! As a countryman of yours, as an admirer of the families to which many of you belong, as one nearly related to some of you, as a natural guardian to not a few, I beg to offer you some words of advice, at a crisis the like of which Bengal has not witnessed since the battle of Plassey. I know, in your estimation, advice, unasked, is worse than impertinence; I am, however, prepared for more opprobrious epithets if I can but promise to myself a patient perusal of these hasty lines. This premised, permit me to dip into the *medias res* at once, and ask you, point blank, “what will you do with your holidays?” All the public offices in Bengal are to be closed from the 23rd December

1875 to the 3rd January 1876, both days inclusive. "His Honor (the Lieutenant-Governor) desires it to be understood that it is left entirely optional to gentlemen to avail themselves of the opportunity to come to Calcutta or to *make such other use of the holidays as they please.*" Nothing can be more handsome than the concluding clause I have italicised. Woe unto you if you construe the latitude of the generous concession to a license for your reprobate elaboration of the Sunday programme. What that programme is you know, I know, and so knows every he and she doomed to a residence close to the scenes of your carousals. There is, they say, a tuneless bird which soils our house-tops, and fancies that none notices the nuisance. You pay a higher compliment for obtuseness to your neighbours by assuming that your admirable zig-zags escape unperceived. History records but one year of "confusion." Confusion is stereotyped in all your years. On all your so-called rest occasions you are the author of days and nights.

Your days and nights yourself you make,

Whenever you snore or fight,

And, if at dawn few pegs you take,

With you 'tis downright night!

The approaching holidays, however, are not in your usual routine of glorification. For the sake of every thing sacred in heaven and on earth, do divert the god-send to some more rational purpose, and, once in your life, disappoint the Devil.

Honi soit qui mal y pense. You can ill afford to take any appreciable part in the rejoicings on the tapis to welcome the Royal Tourist. Illuminations, Receptions, Fire-works, Balls, and Suppers are expensive demonstrations of loyalty, and sundry Brahmins of our Committees have made them more so purposely to exclude the Pariahs. The normal deficit in your financial budget leaves the two ends of the balance sheet miles assunder, and the new Tariff percentage on the gallon of your every day consumption renders the meeting of those ends still more hopeless. Martell, with whose price current alone you are familiar, has risen to 26-8! Famine quotations in grog-supply are hundred-fold more alarming than those in food-grain, especially as the boobies of the Relief-staff

will not understand that food *may be* food, but drink *is* drink. Under such circumstances, therefore, you cannot possibly spare a *cowry* for *tamashas*, which, if to be countenanced at all by philosophers of your calibre, must, at any rate, be subordinated to the all-important considerations of potations—of course for medicinal purposes!

Besides, the thermometer of your loyalty is, *entre nous*, never at fever heat. Your independent spirits rebel against homage to rulers who obstinately close their eyes to the self-evident truth that "Bengal ought to be for Bengalis." You condemn the wretched policy that imports foreigners to enjoy the lion's share of the loaves and fishes at the disposal of the state. Nothing you urge can satisfactorily explain an anomaly that upholds the system of nepotism so palpable except the alleged "crime of color." You indignantly repudiate the nursery tales of "Saxon energy," and cannot, for the life of you, understand why the Public Service should remain, in this fog end of the nineteenth century, a "family preserve" amongst an alien race. It is rank nonsense, you maintain, to parade the so-called efficiency of "Heaven-borns," whose nativity your Town-Hall orators have over and over again authoritatively fixed at the very antipodes of the celestial regions. The nobility are but panders to worthless puppets, who, like drones in flourishing bee-hives, eat up the honey gathered by the middle classes. An intelligent, middling class can well dispense with the pageantry that shrouds stinking anachronisms amid this rapid march of intellect. You have read of what has been achieved by a combined effort of such a middle class, and you are in no hurry to lose sight of the glorious example. "What man has done, man can do."

I admit that such a deplorable state of chronic discontent is sufficient to cow down the stoutest heart. Allow me, therefore, to propose a remedy. It is a panacea for the cure of all maladies of the like description. I propose that you devote these twelve holidays to a solemn survey of your god-less career. Nay, start not. Facts are stubborn things. I appeal to yourselves. Lay your hands on your conscience, if the reckless course has left any vestige

of that invaluable endowment in the breast, and candidly confess how many minutes, yea how many seconds, say of the last decade, have been given to your Creator. Literature and Law, Physics and Metaphysics, swallow up your time, and the few debris now and then left are consecrated to liquor and licentiousness. Dedicate the leisure graciously vouchsafed to the reformation of your souls. Teach your obdurate hearts to rely on the justice of divine dispensations, and all your grievances, real or imaginary, will thaw and melt like snow under an April sun. You are too shrewd to be sceptics. You are too sensual to disbelieve the testimony of your senses. Tell me, my dear friends! which particular sense of yours has proved the traitor, has failed in the discharge of its most legitimate function, has failed in placing before you all the attributes of the one living God in vivid colors. In slavish imitation of some depraved "Hard Thinkers" of the west, you discard the phenomenon as a delusion! Religion is nothing more than Prejudice! Granted, it is nothing more than Prejudice; surely you ought not to cast aside a universal prejudice, as old as the creation of the world, without bestowing some serious thoughts on the subject. You will perpetrate a great political blunder, if you allow the future Emperor of your country to leave the banks of the Hooghly with the impression that YOUNG BENGAL is a god-less animal. How awful must be the consequence if you wantonly forfeit the mercy of that Emperor of Emperors by your headstrong resolution to leave the legacy of PRACTICAL ATHEISM to unborn generations! "Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen!"

CHHAKESSUR.

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ANNALS OF KASHMIR.

(From the original Sanskrit of Kahlana Pandit.)

BOOK I. PART IV.

BY J. C. DUTT.

Not much is said of the reign of Durlabhavaradhana. The queen's bad character was not known to any, and she built a monastery named Anangabhavana. An astrologer predicted that Mahlaan one of the sons of the king would not live long, so the boy raised a god Mahlanasvami. The king bestowed a village named Chandra near the hill Vishokakota upon the Bramans. He also set up a Hari named Durlabhasvami at Srinagara. He died after a reign of thirty-six years.

His son Durlavaka by queen Ananga then reigned. He assumed the name of Pratapaditya after the title of the dynasty of his maternal grandfather by whom he was adopted as his son. He had a rich minister named Oda who built a village for the habitation of Bramans. This powerful king built a beautiful town named Pratapapura, where settled merchants from many places; and among others Nona from Rohita. He built Nonamatha for the habitation of the Brahmans of Rohita. It is said that the king being pleased with him once invited him, and the merchant passed a day and a night with the king. When in the morning the king asked how he was, the merchant complained of headache on account of the lamp that was burning in his room. And when afterwards the king was invited by the merchant, the king saw that a rich stone, instead of a lamp, lighted his room. Astonished at the luxury and riches of the merchant, and being

well entertained by his host, the king spent there some days, and then returned to his capital.

His son Chandrapira, otherwise called Vajraditya, ascended the throne: he is said to have performed many good deeds, and to have been a very virtuous king. He equally possessed power and forgiveness, and similar opposite qualifications. He was rich without the concomitant vices; he equally favored all and did nothing that frightened his people; and was so modest that he felt ashamed when any one praised him for his good works. He held his ministers under due subjection; and in disputes he always sacrificed his own interest at the altar of public good. He made many clear and just laws. Here the author ends his description of the virtues of the king for fear of prolonging his narrative. He however adds an instance of the justice of the king. In building a temple to Tribhuvanavarni, the house of a shoe-maker fell within the boundary marked for the temple, but that man would not give up his house though compensation money was offered to him. At last when the matter was reported to the king, the men in charge of the building were held guilty, and not the shoe-maker; since without first asking his consent they had commenced work. And they were blamed for this want of foresight. They were told either to change the plan, or to devise some other means, for he, the king, would not commit the sin of forcibly taking another's land. "For it is our duty," said he, "to administer justice, and if we act unjustly who would act rightly?" At this time there arrived a man from the shoe-maker, and was sent to the king by the ministers. This man said, that the shoe-maker wished to see the king, and if he was held not fit to enter the court, he requested that he might see the king when at leisure, and out of his court. On another day the king gave audience to the shoe-maker when not in court, and asked him if he was the obstacle in the execution of a pious object, namely the erection of the temple; and if he thought his house beautiful he might have another house still more beautiful, or a large sum of money. Then the shoe-maker replied—"Be not proud, o king, of your learning and experience, but listen to my words according to my judgment.

I am meaner than a dog, and you are a great king of the line of Kakutstha. The courtiers will be vexed to see us talking together. All men love themselves and the things that belong to them. As you love your body which is adorned with ornaments, so we equally love ours though unadorned with any thing. What this handsome palace is to you, that is my hut to me though through it the sun penetrates. This hut, like a mother, is witness of my joys and sorrows from my birth, and I cannot bear to see it destroyed. The grief which a man feels whose house is taken away from him can only be known to a king who has lost his kingdom. Even after all this, if you come to my house and ask for it, then out of civility I shall give it up to thee." The king took possession of the shoe-maker's house.

The death of the king is reported as having occurred owing to some magic performed by a Braman whom the king punished for murder, instigated by his brother Tarapira. It is remarked that from this time, the crime of destroying the lives of superiors through magic by aspiring men, began in Kashmir. When the king was at the point of death the Braman was brought to him, but the king would not kill him saying that he was innocent, since he was instigated by another. Who does not feel a pleasure, remarks our poet, in remembering the forgiveness of this king? This reign though short is replete with many virtuous acts. He reigned for eight years, and eight months.

The fierce and angry Tarapira succeeded him. The first act of his reign appears to have been a war with his enemies whom he defeated with great slaughter. Who those enemies were, it is not mentioned. His prosperity was a source of annoyance to all. Envious of the gods and thinking that the Bramans exhibit the glory of the gods, he ceased to punish the Bramans in order that they might become corrupt. He reigned for four years and twenty-four days. He too is said to have been removed by the magic of the Bramans, whereupon our author remarks that the man dies by the same means which he devises for others, just as fire gives out smoke to trouble the eye, but the same smoke transforms itself into water and puts out the fire.

He was succeeded by his youngest brother Lalitaditya. He was a very powerful king, and it appears that he carried on wars against his neighbours, but did not fight against those who submitted even at the moment of his victory. Almost the whole of his reign was spent in conquest. He carried his victorious arms to the east. He conquered Gadhipura where the women were hunch-backed. * Yashovarman the king of the place wisely submitted. But the king's servants were prouder than the king. Yashovarman unfortunately placed his name before that of Lalitaditya in the document of the treaty which was about to be concluded between the two kings.† This offended Mittrasharman who was minister of war and peace, as he regarded it as a slight to his master. The king approved of the conduct of his servant in taking offence, and was so pleased with him that he made him head of the five offices which he created out of eighteen that existed before.‡ Yashovarman and his family were extirpated. The poets Vakpati, Rajashri and Bhababhuti, &c., who were in the court of the king of Konouge, now came over to the king of Kashmir, and used to chant songs to him. Kanyakubja from the Jumna to the Kalika (the extent perhaps of the kingdom of Konouge at that time, submitted to him.

He with his army marched thence towards the east. He passed Kalinga where it appears that elephants were caught. And then he came to Goura (Bengal). Thence he reached the Eastern Sea (Bay of Bengal) and pursued his course along the coast towards the south. Karnata submitted at his approach. A beautiful Karnati lady named Ratta, who ruled supreme in the south, her territories extending as far as the Vindya hills, also submitted to him. The army, then rested on the banks of the Cavery beneath the palm trees, drinking the water of cocoa-

* It appears from the text that Gadhipura and Kanyakubja are one and the same town. And as for the legend of the ladies there being hunch-backed, see Ramayana Book I. Chapter XXXIV. Griffith's translation.

† It ran thus "Peace is established between Yashovarman and Lalitaditya."

‡ The five offices are thus named—the great constabulary, the military department, the great stable department, the treasury, and the supreme executive office.

nuts. Thence he marched to Chandanadri (literary the hill of sandal wood, a part of the western Ghats). And then the king crossed the sea from one island to another; and thence he marched towards the west, singing the songs of victory, and attacked the seven Kramuka and the seven Konkana (Concans) which suffered much thereby. His army was anxious to enter Dvaraka situated on the western sea (Arabian Sea). The army then crossed the Vindya hills and entered Avanti, where there was an image of Siva named Mahakala.*

Lalitaditya, finding that almost all the kings had been conquered, turned towards the north, and had to fight his way in that direction. He robbed the king of Kanvoja of his horses. He passed through the mountains of Bluskhara (Bokhara). He thrice defeated Dussani. He then conquered the Bhutanees, in whose naturally pale colored faces, says the author, no further sign of anxiety was visible. Before he approached East Jatishapura the inhabitants left the place. His elephants then passed through a sandy desert. Here the kingdom was governed by a female, and here it appears the females outnumbered the males. The queen, it appears, submitted and came out to have an interview with the invader. The people of North Kuru fled to the mountains for fear of Lalitaditya.

Rich with the spoils of conquest the king returned to his country. He gave Jalandhara (Jullundur) and Lohara and other small provinces to his adherents. He obliged other kings to wear a symbol of subjection, which they bore, it is said, to the days of the author. The Turashka (Turks) commemorate the event of their being bound by generally clasping both their hands behind their backs, and shaving the front part of their heads. To show the inferiority of the people of the South, he caused them to wear a tail. It is said that there was not a town or village or island or river where he did not raise triumphal monuments. These monuments he named according to the event or the time. When he set out on his expedition, he felt certain of con-

* This god is mentioned in many of the works of Kalidasa. See Meghaduta Vidyasagara's Edition) Sloka 31.

quest, he built a town named Sunishchitapura which may be translated as the "city of certainty", when in his pride of conquest, he built another named Darpitapura or the "city of pride," in which he set up an image of Keshava. And when his conquests were over, and he was enjoying the fruits of his victories, he raised another city which he named Phalapura from *phala* signifying fruit or effect. He completed Parnotsa and built a house for amusement named Krirarama, the name indicating the purpose of the building. In the kingdom of the females he set up an image of Nrisingha—an iron figure, it appears, unsurported by any thing but placed in the air between two loadstones, one above and one below. When he was out in conquest, his deputy built a town after the king's name, but he incurred the king's anger. In the above mentioned city of Lalitapura, there was an image of the sun. At Hushkapura he built an image of the god Muktasvami and built a large monastery with a stupa for the Buddhists. He raised the stonehouse of Jeshtarudra and attached many villages and lands to it. He also planted a series of machines at Chakra-dhara to draw water from the Vitasta. Also he raised a strong wall of stone round the temple of the sun. He erected a town adorned with vines, and another for the spiritual benefit of the people.

He built a beautiful town named Parihasapura. Here he set up a silver image of Vishnu named Sri Parihasakeshava, and another of gold named Sri Muktakeshava, also an image of Mahavaraha an incarnation of Vishnu, the mail of the last image was made of gold. He also set up a silver image of Govardhanadhara. He planted a single piece of stone fifty cubits high on which was planted a banner on the top of which he set up an image of Garura. He likewise built a temple of Buddha which had a square courtyard, also a chaitya, and a monastery. It is said that the image of Muktakeshava was built of eighty four thousand tolas of gold, that of Sri Parihasakeshava was built of eighty four thousand palas of silver, a pala being equal to four or eight tolas. The image of Buddha which he set up was built of eighty-four thousand prastha of brass, a prastha being equal to forty eight

double handfuls. The monastery had a square court-yard, and the chaitya was built with eighty-four thousand pieces of the current coin. The rich king built gods of gold and silver by the side of the great gods of the country. The jewels, furniture, and villages bestowed on the gods were without number. It is very probable that the riches plundered from the countries he conquered supplied him with funds for these numerous works of public utility as they were then considered. His queens, ministers, and dependent kings, also set up hundreds of images, no doubt influenced by the example of the king. His queen named Kamalavati, who was very rich, set up a silver image of Vishnu named Kamalakeshava. His minister, Mittrasharma, raised an image of Siva named Mittreshvara; and Kayya, a subordinate ruler, built a god named Sri Kayyasvami; he also erected a vihara named Kayyavihara, where Sarvajnamittra a Buddhist attained the purities of Buddha. Another of his ministers named Tuskhara shehankuna raised a vihara named Chankuna, a stupa and a golden image of Buddha. Ishauadevi, wife of the minister above named, caused a canal to be dug whose waters were clear and beneficial to the sick. Chakramardika a favourite queen of Lalitaditya, built a town named Chakrapura containing seven thousand houses. A Braman named Bhappata set up a god named Bhappateshura, and other individuals set up Karkatesha and other gods. The prime minister Chankuna built in another place a vihara with a chaitya; and Ishanaachandra, the physician and brother to the wife of Chankuna, having obtained wealth through the favor of Takshaka, built a Vihara.

The King further caused a permanent asylum for the poor to be built at Parihasapura, to which he presented one lac and one plates filled with food. This perhaps indicates the number of men that were fed there. He invited prudent men from other countries; and brought Chankuna, brother of Kankanavarsha, an alchemist from Bhushkhara. The king exchanged with this man a statue of Buddha which he brought from Magadha* for certain jewels

* It appears from this passage that Lalitaditya conquered Magadha, the modern Behar, though the fact is not mentioned in the list of his conquests.

of mysterious properties. This statue Chankuna placed in the monastery which he built, and could be seen in the days of the author encompassed with iron railings.

The king discovered under ground a ruined old temple, within which were two old statues of Keshava, and an inscription purporting that they were built by Rama and Lakshmana.† By the side of the temple of Parihasahari the king built a separate house of stone where he placed Ramasvami one of those two statues. His queen Chakramardika asked for the other statue Lakshanasvami from the king and placed it beside Chakreshvra.

The author here relates a miracle said to have been performed by the king, which would not have been worth narrating had it not contained some historical facts regarding his conquest of Sindhu. It is said that, when the king set out on his wars, a man with fresh wounds laid himself down before the elephant on which the king rode. His hands were scratched, and his nose wounded and bleeding, and he begged hard to be saved. The kind-hearted king asked what had happened to him. He replied that he was the faithful minister of the King of Sindhu, and that he was beaten by the king because he advised him to submit to Lalitaditya. The king of Kashmir determined to chastise the king of Sindhu, and caused good surgeons to attend the wounded ex-minister. The ex-minister afterwards privately told the king that after suffering the injury he had received, he did not care to live, except for the sake of vengeance, and when vengeance will have been taken it was fitting that he should die bidding farewell to the joys and griefs of this world. "But it is meet", said he, "that I should injure him more than he has injured me. How can you", he then continued, "reach that country sooner than three months, or reaching his country, how will you maintain yourself against him? I will show you a way by which you can reach that coun-

† There is some evidence to show that these extreme western parts of India were once conquered by the princes of the solar line. Lava and Kusha are said to have founded Lahore and Kussour; and we again find in Cunningham's *ancient Geography of India* Vol. I. Page 49, that Pushkara the son of Bharata, and nephew of Rama, founded Pushkalavati, the Peukelaotis or Pencolaitis of the Greeks, the ancient capital of Gandhara.

try in half a month, but no water can be had by that route, so you will have to carry water for your army. My friends there will give no alarm of your approach, so you will be able to capture the king with his ministers and his zenana." Thus saying he led the king's army, and entered a sandy desert. When fifteen days were past, the store of water became exhausted. Still the king pressed on for two or three days more, but finding that the soldiers were suffering from want of water, he said to the guide that more days had passed in the way than he had mentioned, and that the soldiers were almost dying for want of water. He then asked how much of the way was yet remaining. Then replied the guide smiling, "Askest thou of the way to the country of your majesty's enemy, or to that of Death? For the benefit of my master I have disregarded my life, and have devised the plan, and have brought you and your army to the way of death. This is not merely a barren place, but a terrible sea of sand, no water can be had here; who will save you to-day?" Hearing this speech, the whole army became motionless like a *sali* crop destroyed by hail stones. The king heard the lamentations of the frightend soldiers and said, "I am glad, minister, to see your devotion to your master, but on me your deception is in vain, and you will now grieve for your falsehood as one does who grasps a flame mistaking it for a jewel. As a thunder-bolt opens the ground, so at my words waters will spring from underneath the ground." The king then began to dig the earth with a spade and there issued a river from *patala*, the life-hope of his soldiers. The ex-minister of the king of Sindhu, his labors now being abortive, returned to the country of his master, where followed death, for the king of Kashmir defeated the wily king of Sindhu, and devastated his country. The river Kuntavahini, which the king struck out in the desert, and which ran according to the wants of the king through various tracts, was still flowing in the days of our author.

Once when dwelling at *Parihasapura* in the company of his queens and when intoxicated with wine, he told his ministers that if they wished to increase the beauty of his city, they should burn

Pravapura the city built by king Pravarasena. His orders could not be disobeyed, and the ministers hurried to the place, and set fire to the dry grass and heaps of grain. The king seeing from his palace the burning flames laughed loudly. But when he became sober he grieved at the sin committed in burning the town. On the morning when his ministers saw him repenting, they removed his grief by assuring him that they did not burn the town. The king was glad to learn this fact, as one is to see his son whom in dream he thought he had lost. He then praised his ministers, and instructed them not to obey him when he issued orders under the influence of wine.

Another of the king's wicked actions is thus related. He assured the king of Goura of his safety through the god Sri Parihasakesava, but he caused him to be murdered by wicked men at Trigrami. The people of Goura were then very powerful, and for the death of their king they were ready to give up their lives. Some of them entered Kashmir under the pretence of visiting Sarasvati, and having collected themselves into a body besieged the temple of Parihasakeshava, the god by whom the assurance had been given to their king. The king was not then in the city, and the priests seeing that they intended to get an entrance shut up the gates of the temple. On the other hand the people of Goura seeing Ramasvami, whose temple stood by the side of the other, built of silver, and mistaking it to be Parihasakesava, tore it from its seat and broke it to atoms, scattering the pieces on every side. They were however overtaken by the soldiers who were in the city, and were cut to pieces—their sable bodies besmeared with blood fell on the ground.

Thus passed the days of the king; the greater part of his reign was spent outside his kingdom. Anxious to see no one but himself king in the world, he again led an expedition against Uttarapatha. The ministers for a long time had no intelligence of him, and the messengers whom they had sent returned with the following message from the king. —“What a mistake it is on your part to expect my return when I have entered these regions? what business have I to enter my own kingdom leaving behind the new kingdoms

which I conquer every day? The river issuing from its source terminates in the sea, but the career of him who conquers for the sake of conquest has no termination. I am instructing you what you have to do, and reign accordingly. Let not the great men of the country raise a quarrel among you, for like atheists they have no fear of the future world. The people who dwell in the caves of mountains should be punished even without fault, for if they can get money and fortify themselves they will turn out formidable. Let not the villages get grain more than would suffice them for one year, and let them have no more bullocks than what is required for cultivating their lands, for if they gain more than they require for the year, these cruel dāmaras will become powerful enough to set aside the orders of the king. When the villagers have clothes, wines eatables, elephants, ornaments, horses, houses like the citizens; when kings neglect to watch important forts; when they are not able to know the hearts of their servants; when soldiers are recruited from one district alone; when the Kayasthas are united to one another by marriage; when kings see their officers behaving like Kayasthas who were supposed to be very oppressive and crafty;—then you will know for certain that the people's lot is going to be changed for the worse. After careful consideration follow my advice, and let not outsiders know of this. As by scent the nearness of an elephant is known, and by lightning the thunder clap, so by careful observations the heart of man can be ascertained. My sons Kuvalayaditya and Vajraditya are the same to me, but being born of different mothers, there is difference in their intellect. The elder should be anointed when he is strong, still if it be necessary you may disobey his orders. If he leaves his kingdom, or commits suicide, let none of you be grieved. My younger son you should not raise to the throne, or if you do, never disobey him. And though he be oppressive still you should guard him. To my youngest grandson, the boy Jayapira, you should always say "be like your grandfather." "

The ministers, understanding his purpose, and despairing of his return, heard his orders and wept. One day Chankuna

after much weeping said to the people—"Anoint Kuvalayapira, for the king is dead." He is said to have learnt the fact through magic. The king died after a reign of thirty six years, seven months and eleven days. Some say he perished at Aryanaka by an untimely fall of heavy snow. Some again maintain that in order to keep up his glory he burnt himself in some time of danger. Again, there are others who are of opinion that he with his army entered the abodes of the gods through Uttarapatha.

PSEUDODOXIA EPIDEMICA.

DUTY.

The sense of duty, says Dr. Brown, is always associated with that of obligation. If such be the case, I owe duty to no creature whatever. I am obliged to no body, dead or alive, for my unfortunate passage out to this scene of misery and injustice, where honest folk have to eat humble pie, embittered by the cankered venom of surly porters, ever and anon mimicking the Cerberian proclivities of their masters with success quite unmistakeable. Was there a gold famine in the Hogg-market upstairs, that not a grain was available to be epitomised into something like a Tea-spoon for my mouth, while from the mouth of Baron Rothschild dangled a Table-spoon of the old style, big enough to transport the entire commissariat of the Crimean war, or to displace the extra water-supply of Noah's deluge? Is Rothschild more musical? I admit there are names pregnant with the very quintessence of harmony inimitable by instruments wired or stringed. "What's in a name?" expostulates the mad-cap of Avon. Why, every thing in a name. It is the fountain-head of all intellectual dalliance. Let some body but whisper the name of your DULCINEA, and the whole train of thrilling associations is at once set a-going. But what has that to do with Gortchakoff or Hemsterhuys or such other nut-crackers with which our neighbours, the Muscovites,

delight to break our jaws? We must indeed be worked up to the insane mood of seeking sermons in running brooks ere we can discover a single grain of poetry in Rothschild, painfully prosaic from alpha to omiga. Then why this distinction without a difference? This zenith and nadir in society? This throw-spittle here, and lick-spittle there?

“For a’ that, and a’ that,
It’s coming yet for a’ that,
That man to man the wide world o’er
Shall brothers be for a’ that.”

It is useless disguising from ourselves the fact that the galvanic battery of modern Progress has given a tremendous shock to Tradition. The poor cripple limpeth as it listeth without any regard to the laws of reason or rhyme. Talking of galvanism, by the way, reminds me of an experiment made in old Alma Mater on a dead frog by our chemical lecturer. It—not the Professor, though, as to the matter of that, I don’t think the functionary in question, or indeed ninety nine per cent. of the fraternity, would be much compromised by being placed on the same bottom with the croaking gymnosophist, but let that pass—It, the resuscitated amphibious animal, surcharged with an exuberance of animation, commenced cutting capers with a gusto that thoroughly over-did the resurrection. *Festina Lente* is the motto of old fogies. The more occult the science the broader the margin for dogmatism. The more barefaced the lie, the safer the erudition of the preacher. He risks nothing by libeling the species, by tampering with the genesis of the animal kingdom, or by converting the creation into a myth. The harpies of the High Court will pounce upon you if you venture to call a man a bastard, but there is no law to catch you if you bastardize the whole race. The Vatican and its faithful crew will make minced meat of you for denying Real Presence in a piece of bread, but deny all real presence in the universe and you escape scott-free. “Love thy neighbour as thyself” has been declared apocryphal by the Synod of Swelldom. To arrive at the true reading of the commandment we must substitute in the place of the interpolated verb its logical contradictory, and hate the poor of

the parish with all our heart, with all our soul, and with all our strength. It is *infra dig* to admit to our festive boards ragged paupers, the pestilential propaganda of the ninety-nine plagues. A forty pound divine may allow the claim of kindred to any prodigal son he likes; but Mr. Upstart, just kicked to affluence, can ill afford to recognise his quondam chum of the village work-house. Alas! poor Yorick! cool your heels at the outer gate till the crack of doom, there is no chance of a closer approach to the dainties of your metamorphosed companion till you can make a shift to exchange the cotton shreds on your back for embroidered silk. The entire panoply of ties social or consanguinal has been merged into dress. Equip yourself well, and you have the private entree of my house. You are welcome to my board and brotherhood, to my billiards and—yes, if needs must—to my bed sheets, while I enjoy my *siesta* broadcast under the table after the full complement of toasts for the commemoration of the happy reunion. Dress is the true badge of gentility, the rest is leather and prunella. Pedigrees are fictions, and the so-called accomplishments are hollow shams. *Per se* man is but a crawling automaton, it is silk that makes him man. The wretch then transplanted to this colony of Cloth-worshippers, without a penny worth of caterpillar secretion, cowed down by brainless puppets, and brow-beaten by progenies of unknown quantities, is to subscribe himself “the most obliged and dutiful servant” of the author of all his misfortunes.

Preachy, preachy, preachy,

Thrashy, thrashy, thrashy—Bah!

Who is to decide when doctors disagree? That Alexander the great and Tom Thumb the great, are equally reliable authorities in all matters, is what we may, I think, safely take for granted. When, therefore, two such eminent doctors of law and literature, of physics and metaphysics differ, however slightly, in the nomenclature of the very *bismullah* of human existence, they leave the smaller fry of mortals indeed in the lurch. Here it may be as well to premise that, by Tom Thumb I mean the doughty knight of our own age and country, as genuine Bengali as *Tul-*

talla slippers, and as unquestionably fresh as the Health Officer's *hilsa* via Kooshtea. Our hero was dubbed "Great" by the local College of Herald's, the sole dispensers, by the recent ruling, of names and local habitations to rising generations destined to rout wind-mills or to put Palk's Strait to fire-avocations that recommend *yvaths* to distinction faster than any other contingencies. Merit is not to be gauged by lineage any more than by the Bass-rilievo of the facial promontory. Your Peerage is the very "feet and mouth disease" of genius. The ghost of despair haunts "chips of old blocks" throughout their sojourn. The delicate crop of sapling perishes under the malignant shade of the widespread genealogical Banyan which monopolises all light, all heat, all moisture. A formidable array of Marquises and Earls, of Viscounts and Dukes, from that inexhaustible reservoir of *sans terra* nobility of Normandy, cow down their spirits, and the heirs apparent give up the contest for fame without striking a blow. Destitute of moral courage to chalk out a new career for himself, the lordling rolls down the ancestral groove dividing his waking hours between horses and hounds, between bottles and brothels, the orthodox programme of time immemorial. Divest him of the donkey load, cut off the tail, and the liberated Renard prêacheth in the wilderness. "Tails are but encumbrances. Brethren be ye like unto me, and like unto me live, move and enjoy your being." I defy any one to point out, either this side or that side the year of grace, a single hero, properly so called, who owned a Father, a sort of burglar, whose identity can be established only by the highly questionable testimony of a *particeps criminis*.

Tom Thumb was, it is true, what in common parlance is called a *Parvenu*; but he was "Great" for all that. The syndicate was pleased to recognise him as such, and therefore he was fully competent to juxtapose his opinions with those of his brother "Great" whom Philip called his son. The question thus repeats itself—Who is to decide when these two disagree?

“—————On the secret top of

Oreb, or Sinai didst inspire

That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed

* In the beginning, how the
Heaven and Earth rose out of Chaos."

Dr. Bentley suggests the substitution of "sacred" for "secret ;" Dr. Pearce with more piercing gumption, dissents, and adds—"Sinai and Horeb are the same mountain, with two several eminences, the higher of them called Sinai ; of which Josephus, in his Jewish antiquities, says that *it is so high, that the top of it cannot be seen without straining the eyes.* In this sense, therefore, though I believe it is not Milton's sense, the top of it may well be said to be secret." Dr. Newton is of opinion that Milton might have a further meaning in the use of the epithet secret, employing it in the same sense as Latin *secret*, "set apart or separate." GANA is knee-deep in love with the Etymology, Syntax, and Prosody of the "elegant extracts;" but our concern is with the fact that this literary Triumvir are as much at loggerheads, as were the first gubernatorial Triumvirs of Rome. Then is it to be "sacred," is it to be "secret," is it to be "separate," or is it to be a hotch-potch, like the so called theistic Baboo, who is neither a Hindu, nor a Christian, nor a Mahomedan? The Green room in which Alexander rehearsed the gymnastics of after-life, he designated his "Lodgings." Tom Thumb calls the retreat wherein he was initiated into the mysteries of the superb "Imitative Harmony," his "Godowns." Were we permitted to obtrude our crude notions in matters of such grave philological importance, we might, of course with due deference to the disagreeing heroes, observe, that the latter definition seems to be more in keeping with the exquisitely refined taste of those days of degrees and diplomas. Aristotle might have been an able instructor of youth in his own way, but any comparison between him and the Dave Carsons of modern Universities is altogether out of the question. These scout the idea of a slavish adherence to antiquated paraphrases, and very justly leave the bare routine to chalk and the black-board, those mighty engines for hammering sense into the heads of all would-be Native Civil Servants from China to Peru. Sir ! with as many apologies as there are nights in the Arabian book of Entertainments, I beg once

more, most respectfully to urge that, judging by the inestimable production, albeit not yet published, of the Meteorological Office, the physical features of the *Terra incognita* resemble more those of "Godowns" than of "Lodgings." With both the heroes, however, the question finally resolves itself into one, not of obligation, but of mere rentage, which both of them agree in condemning as extravagantly high, considering the nature of the accommodation. For an apartment so dingy, for a fare so stinted, for beddings so stained, no other publican would venture to charge more than four pence half-penny per head. This, will, as any man of "Compound Rules," will tell you, in nine months and odd days, amount, in round numbers, to four shillings, which sum paid, either in ready money or grub, ought to square our accounts. It is a fair bargain and admits not of cock and bull stories of life-long duty or obligation, any more than does a lift to Chowringhee in one of Mr. Chick's Harmoniums, or repose in one of those locomotive coffins manufactured by the superfine Industrial Art of Orissa.

"I'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserved friend,
But in the way of bargain, mark ye now,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair."

Absolved from duty in this quarter, what mother's son will have the audacity to put forward his claims for the obnoxious tribute? Certainly not the *ex officio* member of the firm of Messrs. Father, Mother & Co! The fellow that, like the giant in the story, enjoys all the glory, leaving his companion, the dwarf, abundant harvests of boxes and bruises in each and every encounter. There is not in the whole "Animated Nature,"—a capital work by the way, replete, especially the "House Spider" Statistics, with instruction, entertainment, and morals strong enough to allay the fears of poor Philanthropy at Dacca.

Say lovely fugitive, how didst thou sail
O'er Megna's eddies bleak and currents strong,
Among Bangals to dwell who now do throng
In Halls to jabber morals, and retail

The fudge of Howards old within the Ditch,
 The leading members teaching friends to lead,
 As maggots know how maggots to breed,
 And them in turn by force of lungs to—pitch!

I say, there is not in the "Animated Nature" an animal more conceited and self sufficient than man, "the Turk who bears no rival near the throne." Having usurped the management of the legislative Foundry, he forges laws and by-laws that completely ignore the sex, and thus excludes a moiety of human beings from all participation in affairs to them of equally vital importance. Is woman fit for nothing? Cannot she move a Resolution or second it either? Compare your Town Hall oratory with that of Machuabazar, and judge for yourself which excels in diction, delivery and delicacy. Why stuff with stump ventriloquists the various committees now formed or being formed for the reception of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales? Does loyalty lurk in beards and moustaches? Supposing it did, who knows that in this unsettled weather Darwin's "Reversion" will not, this very night, adorn the female face divine with those adjuncts on which so much emphasis is unreasonably laid, and thus confound Lindley Murray's inflexion of nouns and pronouns, burying.

"Boy, Girl," "Brother, Sister,"

"Father, Mother," "Husband, Wife,"

in the tomb of the Capulets, and leaving "He, His, Him," "He, His, Him" to the end of the chapter? But the most ludicrous outcome of this gender-legislation is in courts of assizes where parties apply for dissolution of nuptial ties, which, thanks to modern civilisation, is fast verging to a regular institution all round the world. In all such cases our Danies make over the litter to the guardianship of the interloper ere the urchins are in a condition to settle the reckonings of the "Lodgings" or "Godowns" as you may choose to call them! Is not this paying too much for a whistle? The labourer is doubtless worthy of his hire; but what man ever entitled himself to indemnification for his own pleasures, for his sirloin, for his simkin, for his cigarette? Who has made him king over Israel? Why should he override every body else?

He is but a sort of queen-consort, an impotent, a moribund digit that becomes lively only when brought in contact with significant symbols. "Is there no way for man to be, but *fathers* must be half-workers? I wish the jaw-breaking, blistering *Pater-familias* were expunged from the pages of our lexicons, and the whole race of egotists who pride in the *soubriquet*, despatched, in one lot, by mail steamer to Jericho to be there hanged, drawn and quartered for giving the local crows a dinner. I would much rather be plucked from trees like berries, I would much rather be dug up like onions, I would much rather be dragged out of water like crabs, than own fealty to this self-constituted despot who is a thorn by my side, who eternally croaks decorum, and checkmates my Free Will.

"Will ye submit your necks and choose to bend
 The supple knee? Ye will not, if I trust
 To none ye right, or if ye know yourselves
 Natives and sons of Heaven possess'd before
 By none, and if not equal all, yet free,
 Equally free; for orders and degrees
 Jar not with liberty, but well consist.
 Who can in reason then, or right, assume
 Monarchy over such as live by right
 His equals, if in power and splendour less,
 In freedom equal? or can introduce
 Law and edict on us, who without law
 Err not? much less for this to be our Lord,
 And look for adoration, to the abuse
 Of those imperial titles, which assert
 Our being ordain'd to govern, not to serve."

THE ASSISTANT PROFESSORSHIP OF ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE PRESIDENCY COLLEGE.

By An Educational Officer.

Owing to the lamented death of Baboo Peary Churn Sicar, the Assistant Professorship of English literature in the Presidency College became vacant in the beginning of the month of October last, and no steps have yet been taken to fill up the vacancy. When a short time ago Baboo Umesh Chandra Dutt, Assistant Professor in the Kishnaghur College, was promoted to the fourth grade of the educational service, we thought that that gentleman would be transferred to the Presidency College to fill the vacant chair. But our supposition has not proved correct, for we now hear that the Baboo is to remain where he is. What then becomes of the vacant chair in the Presidency College? That the chair in question is an important one must be admitted by any person who knows any thing of the Colleges in the country. The object of that chair is to initiate into the mysteries of English literature those young men who have finished their elementary training, and are commencing that higher education which our Colleges impart. The Assistant Professor lays the foundation on which other Professors build. If the foundation be not sound, the superstructure raised upon it cannot be durable; but if the foundation be stable, the building raised upon it becomes as firm as a rock; and the rains may descend, and the floods may come, and the winds may blow, and beat upon the building, but the house will not fall, for it is founded upon a rock. Further, the Assistant Professor is required not only to do solid work, but he is also required to possess literary enthusiasm. He should not only be able to lecture intelligently on the text-books of his class, but he should rouse the dormant faculties of his pupils, inspire them with love of knowledge for its own sake, impart to them a healthy literary tone, and communicate to them some portion of his own

enthusiasm for the study of English literature. All this is true of every Assistant Professor in the Colleges of Bengal, but it is especially true of the Assistant Professor of the Presidency College, as it is the first College in the country, and as the sons of the *elite* of the native gentry and of the landed aristocracy receive education within its walls. It is of the utmost consequence that the flower of the youth of Bengal should receive a sound training in English literature, and should be imbued with a healthy literary spirit,—all which work depends in a great measure on an efficient Assistant Professor, an Assistant Professor who has made English literature his specialty, and who is thoroughly saturated with the spirit of that literature.

Such being our estimate of the importance of the vacant chair in the Presidency College, we have been astounded beyond measure to hear it rumoured that that chair will be virtually abolished, and that its work will be entrusted to two educational officers on two or three hundred Rupees a month each, officers who will be expected to teach all sorts of subjects under the sun, in a word, to two educational jacks-at-all-trades. Far be it from us to speak slightly of those worthy gentlemen who teach in our elementary and our middle class schools. They do a most important work; and they do it most efficiently. But the idea is supremely ludicrous to transplant those worthy teachers from the scene of primary education to that of secondary instruction. As they have never made the study of English literature their specialty, they can hardly be expected efficiently to discharge the highly important duties of an Assistant Professor of English literature in the Presidency College. Should this arrangement be adopted, it would tell most injuriously on the College; and the first College in the country would lose its high position. We trust the Principal of the Presidency College, who has for so many years vigilantly watched over its interests, and who has by his assiduous labours made it so prosperous, will set his face against such an arrangement, and move the Director of Public Instruction and the Government to appoint an efficient Assistant Professor in the room of the lamented Baboo Peary Churn Sircar.

That the Assistant Professor of English literature in the Presidency College should be a Native officer of the Educational Department hardly admits of a doubt. In the first place, that post has for many years been filled, and filled most worthily, by Native gentlemen in the educational service. It cannot be said that the two Native gentlemen who filled that honourable post, the late lamented Baboo Peary Churn Sircar, and Professor Mahesh Chandra Banerjee, who is now enjoying his well-earned *otium cum dignitate* after a meritorious service of upwards of a third part of a century,—it cannot be said that these gentlemen did not discharge their duties efficiently; neither can it be pretended that no one equal to them in talents and acquirements can at this moment be found amongst the Native officers in the department. There is therefore no reason why a well-qualified Native gentleman should not be appointed to the post. In the second place, the Assistant Professorship of English literature in the Presidency College has always been looked upon as a prize appointment by all the Native officers in the department. As there are scarcely any graded appointments open to the Native officers, it would seem to be a piece of cruelty to deprive them of this particular one which they always thought had been reserved for them. In the third place, we think that a Native officer of the educational department who has made English literature his specialty is better fitted to be an Assistant Professor of English literature in a College in Bengal than a European officer. The reason of this is, that the Native Professor, owing to his thorough acquaintance with the mental habitudes of his pupils and with the idiomatic peculiarities of their mother tongue, is better able to explain the English poets and Essayists to young Hindus imperfectly acquainted with English than a European Professor. Some time ago a series of letters, signed by “A. Bengal Professor,” appeared in the now defunct periodical called the *Indian Observer*, in which the writer pathetically dwelt on the difficulty he felt in explaining passages in Milton and other English poets, in consequence of his ignorance of the mother-tongue of his pupils. That this is a real difficulty must be admitted by every English gentleman who ever has had

to instruct Native youth. All this difficulty vanishes into thin air when the Professor is a Native gentleman, who has made English literature his specialty.

But it may be said that, though the Native Professor is more advantageously placed as regards the knowledge of the mother tongue of his pupils than the European professor, he labours under the disadvantage of having less knowledge of English and of English literature than his European colleague. We beg to deny this. It is well known that in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge—the two Universities from which the higher officers of the educational department are for the most part recruited—scarcely any English is taught. The undergraduates are chiefly grounded in Latin and Greek, in Mathematics and Philosophy; and they have to pick up their English literature as best they may. The result is, that a young man fresh from Oxford or Cambridge—and such a person only can be appointed to the inferior post of the Assistant Professorship under consideration—is not well read in English literature; whereas the Native Professor has all his life been studying that subject. We venture to assert that there are Native officers in the educational department, and many more outside it, who have deeper and more extensive acquaintance with English literature than the young men who come out in the educational service from the English, Scotch and Irish Universities; and some of them, it is well known, write as pure and idiomatic English as those gentlemen from the Universities in Britain. We are aware that there are some old fogies who, in sovereign contempt of facts, maintain that Natives cannot teach English properly simply because they are Natives; but those fogies ought to be relegated to the palæontological section of the Indian Museum, duly labelled and ticketed, as interesting relics of an old-world and antediluvian state of things.

We have said enough, we think, to show that the Assistant Professorship of English literature in the Presidency College is a most important post; that the abolition of the chair would be prejudicial to the best interests of that College; that to entrust the work to two educational hucksters would be ridiculous and

absurd ; and that the vacant post should be filled by a competent Native officer in the department. We should be glad if the rumour about the contemplated arrangement turned out to be groundless ; but if there be any foundation for the rumour, we respectfully call upon the Principal of the Presidency College, upon the Director of Public Instruction, and upon His Honor the Lieutenant Governor, to avert from the first College in Bengal so terrible a catastrophe.

VIDYAPUR
December 15th, 1875. }

AN EDUCATIONAL OFFICER.

EVILS OF KOOLINISM.

It is a fact that no section of the Hindu community in Bengal is more seriously and perniciously affected by a blind adherence to antiquated custom than that portion of our society known by the name of *koolins*. It is an incontestible truth that the *koolins* in days long gone by denoted the real blood aristocracy of the country, and were conspicuous for all those social virtues which are esteemed by all the civilized nations, of the world. In the days of Adisoor and Bullal Sen they formed the ornament of our realm, and strove by their example for some generations to infuse a new spirit to the then existing stagnant society of Bengal. Every native of this province is fully aware of the circumstances which led Raja Adisoor to indent five Brahmans from Canouj. Bengal was found by him wholly devoid of Brahmans instructed in the *Vedas* and *shasters*. The aboriginals who pretended to belong to that class were illiterate in the extreme and highly debased in morals. Neither the Raja nor the people in general had any respect for them. The performance of religious ceremonies and the observance of rites in Lower Bengal had, to a great extent, fallen into disuse, owing chiefly to the utter want of proficient Brahmans. To remedy this state of things, the orthodox

Raja on the occasion of the celebration of an important rite, hit upon the expedient of inviting for settlement in his kingdom, five learned and exemplary Brahmans, from the upper provinces of India. The king of Canouj was requested to make the selection of the koolin *stallions*, if we may be allowed to use such an expression. The choice was heartily approved of by Adisoor when he found his five guests to be ministers of sterling worth, of unimpeachable character and withal so polished in manners as to induce him to bestow on them favors and attentions they richly deserved.

So much by way of preface. We come now to enquire how in the course of, say, thirty generations, embracing at a rough calculation a period of nearly eighteen centuries, things have assumed an almost diametrically opposite turn, into the causes that have contributed to bring about this unhappy change, and the many intolerable evils that have gradually sprung from the evolution of the *koolin* system, the inauguration of which was hailed by our ancestors with unmixed pleasure and commendation.

That the present class of koolins are quite unlike their revered progenitors, that in the majority of cases they are utterly destitute of those remarkable distinctions which had distinguished the *Bullali koolins*, are facts too familiar to our countrymen to require an elaborate explanation. It will be difficult, however, at this distance of time, to trace with tolerable accuracy the progress of the lamentable change which had its beginning in all probability at the latter end of the thirteenth century of the Christian era. The records available for the purpose contain a very vague recital of the events of the past, and the incidents of koolinism have in some cases been so overclouded with tropes and figures as to puzzle and confound the keenest and most stubborn searcher. The *Misra*, the best reliable authority on the subject, held in great repute by the Ghutacks of Bengal as a work of antiquity, is no better than a sort of *carte blanche*. Numerous annotations and interpolations have been introduced into the work at random by various commentators, and what strikes us most is that the sequel has been got up with an inexcusable

sable disregard to chronology. Irrespective of its shortcomings on other scores, its pretensions to precision as regards the tissue of facts touching koolinism, are not altogether unworthy of credit. Pundit Ram Koomar Nayapunchanun of Kallamerda, with whom I had much to do concerning the accumulation of authentic information on this subject, could not, though he was well versed in these matters, determine the successive transition periods of koolin defilement. Another Pundit of high estimation in heraldry, the late Rajmohun Ghuttak of Bikrampore, to whom I am also indebted for some interesting anecdotes regarding the koolin family, was candid enough to declare his inability to help me with a clue for tracing of the gradual declension of the Bullali heroes of the Netherlands of Ind. But be the task as difficult as it may, I venture to say that the decline in all probability must have commenced shortly after the conquest of Bengal by Buktyar

It is not my intention to trace the history of the koolins from the period of their advent to Bengal down to the present day. My object in this paper is simply to notice, in the first place, the stages of retrogression as far as my own researches enable me to do so. It must be remembered, however, that for more than a century the koolins maintained their dignity untarnished. It is well known throughout the length and breadth of those Lower Provinces, that the immortalized Bullal Sen was lavish in the bestowal of his favors on the descendants of *Sandylo*, *Doshko*, *Chhandur Ved Gurbho* and *Sreehursa*. It was Bullal Sen, who set his head and heart towards the organization of the koolins under a systematic and consistent form. It was he who devoted himself to the aggrandizement of his proteges. He it was who first gave the impulse and motive power, so to say, to this section of the Bengal community—contributed by his favors and kind attention to heighten its credit and glory—and spared no pains to make it the pattern and model of imitation among his degenerate subjects—the so-called *Saptasati* Brahmans of East Bengal.

I apprehend it may be asked whether the renowned Bullal

was right in inaugurating this system of Koolinism and in thus patronizing the scions of the new titled patrician family. To such a query I would emphatically answer in the affirmative. Any man with reason in him cannot for a moment hesitate to pour on his sacred memory expressions of strong commendation. The object of Bullal in the institution of the kooliny system was no other than to ward off the moral depravity and degradation of his Brahman subjects, to raise in his kingdom a blood aristocracy and by means of rewards to encourage intellectual and moral improvement. No one can deny for a moment the utility and paramount importance of such a measure, and consequently none can with justice refrain from honoring the memory of Rajah Bullal Sen for having attended to this important duty of a reigning sovereign.

We learn from authentic records as well as from tradition that the system as organized by Bullal was productive of much real good to the country, and was well calculated to promote intellectual culture and amelioration of manners. The introduction of the koolin system in his time afforded a stimulus to energy and created a spirit of emulation which contributed to a great extent to achieve at no distant time, a thorough improvement in the society of Bengal. It would be preposterous to suppose that the Bullali system tended to foster or encourage polygamy. If we regard with attention the constitution of koolins as it then existed, we should find that there was nothing in it to make us believe that polygamy was imperative or unavoidable. I deem it necessary to add this remark to prevent misapprehension which might otherwise possibly arise on this score.

But whatever might have been the beneficial influences of koolinism in the day of our remote ancestors, and however radical were the changes introduced in the patrician organization of our country under the auspices of the renowned Bullal, it is certain that the great fabric was not proof against corruption and decay. A slight divergence from the original standard of distinction was observable for the first time on the occasion of the notorious *Sami-korun*, which was a congregational meeting held by Raja Luksmun

Sen for the purpose of preparing an authentic statistical return of the whole family of koolins, and of widening the line of demarcation between the *Saptasalis* and the descendants of the famous five Canoojeahs. A further aberration more material than the preceding, manifested itself two centuries after, when the far-famed Devivara Ghuttaek felt the necessity of re-classifying the koolins of his time, with a view to arrest the progress of corruption amongst that distinguished class of people in Bengal. This classification, which was virtually based on negative principles, is ordinarily known by the term *Mels*, literally signifying unison. The division thus made by Debibur embraced within it thirty six distinct sets of koolins, of which Phoolch and Khurdah are universally-regarded as the best.

Now, as regards the causes that have operated to bring about deplorable changes in the institution of Bullal, I have in the first place to remark, that the most important is the subversion of the native rule. The seizure of this province by the Mahomedans served to introduce a thorough revolution in politics and to affect to a very great extent the social organization of the realm. The koolins who had hitherto been fostered and patronized by their Hindoo sovereigns with unprecedented kindness, became sorely depressed, and being destitute of that spirit of emulation which had signalized their forefathers and strengthened their efforts in the path of glory, they soon abandoned themselves to sloth and its concomitant vices.

Another circumstance to which the degradation of the later koolins may be ascribed, is the malicious rivalry that prevailed among them. Bereft of the many eminent qualifications of their distinguished ancestors in the flourishing days of koolinism, these gentlemen endeavoured to urge their pretensions to superiority and excellence by slandering their rivals. The spirit of emulation soon gave way to envy which, in conjunction with numerous other personal foibles, served to engender the abominable practices in matters of matrimony of which we have much reason to complain at present.

A third cause that has helped to do much mischief in this

department, is the utter ignorance of the recent koolins to the tenets of the *Dharmo Shasters* as promulgated by Manu, Parasara, Krishna Dwipayun and other sages of antiquity. It may easily be conceived how this ignorance served to lead these koolins astray from the right path—how, though not directly, it lent a sanction to their erudities and oddities, and how it served in the long run to enliven prejudices and to encourage eccentricities of all kinds.

Were the space allotted to me in the Magazine ampler, I could have possibly enumerated many other salient causes of comparatively minor importance, which have more or less been for some time at work for effecting by slow degrees the much to be regretted change for the worse, among the modern holders of the Bullali insignia. Suffice it to say, that koolinism has swerved greatly and radically from its original pattern, that it has altogether changed its ancient mould, and has worn of late years a fantastic and an outlandish garb calculated to prove obnoxious to society at large.

But to proceed. I have already observed that the Bullali organization of Bengal koolins, viewed in its integrity, was perfectly pure and chaste. It was too cautiously and considerably made to leave room for criticism and impeachment. The absurdities, such as polygamy of males, life-long celibacy of females and the like, were innovations subsequently dovetailed into the system by designing professors of heraldry. Bullal was too wise to be an encourager of those vile and loathsome practices. We cannot with justice blame the Raja on these accounts any more than we can tax the ancient sovereigns of Hustinapore for encouraging polyandry in their days.

Of the many evils which the lapse of ages has ingrafted on koolinism, there is perhaps none so prominent as polygamy. Pundit Eshwar Chunder Vidyasagar has in his two excellent treatises on *Bohu Bibaho* portrayed with a masterly hand, the distressing features of this diabolical custom in such vivid colors as to leave to us no occasion or necessity for further comment on the subject. I cannot, however, refrain from making one observation in connexion with this subject, to wit, that the immortal bard of Avon was right when he remarked

“What custom wills that should we do
 In all things, though mountainous error
 Be too highly heaped for truth to overpower.”

It is this miscalled sacred custom that has proved a stumbling-block to the present race of koolin Brahmans, and is daily evoking loud deprecations from all well meaning souls. The progress of civilization and the diffusion of English education have accomplished now a days a thorough revolution in the sentiments of the upper class of natives to such a degree, that there is to be hardly met one educated koolin in Lower Bengal who would be disposed to advocate the cause of this obnoxious polygamy still in vogue throughout the length and breadth of demoniac koolindom.

Degenerate as the generality of the Koolins are at present compared with their patriarchal standard, there is still among the untarnished Srotriya Brahmans a struggle for courting the alliance of the Bullali knights. This emulation, which was based on rational principles during the Augustan age of koolin glory, has subsequently become perverted and is subsisting on mistaken notions. A blind adherence to time-worn custom is propelling our hoodwinked countrymen to koolin matches against their will, even at an immense sacrifice of their wherewithal. This lust of blood distinctions has, to say the truth, turned the wrong side of koolinism outward. It has impoverished and ruined a good many families of the Srotriyas of our land—promoted to a great length the abominations of premature marriage and polygamy, and turned lamentably many of the comely daughters of respectable families either into miserable widows or worse.

Righteous honor, we cannot deny, is a great thing. It ought to be always alive in every polished society for intellectual, social and moral purposes. But it is a matter of pity, that such honor is not being aspired after by our benighted countrymen of high blood. The reputation they are seeking is one of high blood alliance. They are busy after a shadow and not the substance. The Koolins of the present day “woo and affect honor” which is “much talked of, but inwardly little admired,” and in so doing they “darken their virtue so as to be undervalued in opinion.”

In the pursuit of a worthless bubble, of a sonorous sound, so to speak, of a mere "guinea's stamp," as the poet has chosen to call it, our dignitaries are daily, nay, hourly we may say, staking their last farthing and by contracting unhappy matches involving their families in endless embarrassments and life-long misery. There is not a single soul even among the koolin tribe so dull and apathetic as to gainsay the truth of these observations. We all of us are perfectly sensible of these evils—we all with one voice admit the pernicious tendency of polygamy and early marriage—declaim the same to be downright sham and hoax subversive of all discipline moral, social and physical good, and yet we are obliged to tolerate the practice. Why? simply because we are shackled by time-honored custom, the barriers of which we are scrupulous enough to venture to overleap. We are sanguinely and devoutly wishing for the extinction of the objectionable custom, but alas! we have not. We want the pluck to stem the tide. We are heartily anxious to eradicate the evil, but we are precisely in the predicament of the famous cat on the Adige—too timid to wet our feet. We are waiting with impatience for the watch-word, but are entertaining apprehensions and misgivings to take the initiative.

I lack, I confess, adequate language and appropriate expression to depict in a proper manner the enormity of the vices that are prevailing in our society in consequence of the execrable usages noticed above. One who is not familiar with our domestic annals, will feel shocked to hear of these frightful incidents. The continuance of these vices reflect the greatest dishonor on humanity. They are looked upon with abhorrence even by the Chohars, Bheels, Dhangurs. One who is not bred in the Lyceum of koolinism, would start up sword-at-arms to strike the blow at the very fountain of these absurdities. What native is there in Bengal who is not disgusted with the wanton behaviour of the polygamists? Who is not aware that such persons regard marriage as a mere farce, a trick to beguile their fancy or at least a stratagem to screw out their personal comforts and luxuries? As a rule, these polygamists never think of main-

taining their wives and children. They are, generally speaking, apathetic, reckless and devoid of the "milk of human kindness." This class of people, as is well known to us, are in the habit of visiting on *circuit* the abodes of their fathers-in-law, not with the view of enjoying the comforts of conjugal life, but for the purpose of levying a sort of *visit tax* from their disconsolate and distressful consorts. There are numerous interesting and authentic anecdotes bearing upon this point, but for one or another reason I would omit to mention them here.

The pitiful beggarliness of most of the Srotriya and Koolin families of Brahmans in this province is mainly ascribable to their crochetty predilections in favor of koolin matches. The expense of such alliance, the payment of annuities to Ghuttacks, and the perpetual maintenance of daughters, serve to drain their resources to exhaustion, so much so, that instances are not wanting even of the total extinction of many a Srotriya family of Bengal owing to their absolute inability, as regards means, to afford to dispose of their sons in marriage, not to speak of the intolerable misery in which many of them have to pass their whole lives in consequence of the encumbrance entailed on them by the oddities of koolinism.

The mistaken emulation which propels the upper classes of Brahmans in this part of India to seek for Koolin honors by contracting marriage alliances for their children before their attainment of the age of puberty, is another fruitful source of the calamities which afflict our Hindu *Zenana*. Premature marriages are condemned by all the civilized nations of the world, and the distressing consequences of such a practice must have been very deeply felt by the philosophers of all ages and of all countries before the same was discontinued in the other parts of the globe. The ancient sages of Hindustan were unanimous in censuring the thing, and yet we see that, somehow or other, the practice had managed to creep into Bengal where it has become sanctified by long usage, to pester us during our lives and to occasion all sorts of uneasiness within our domestic circle.

The remarks which apply to early marriage without distinc-

tion of color or creed, would be doubly applicable to the peculiar features of the malady in our province. The deplorable and wretched state of Brahman widows would bring out tears even from stubborn eyes. It would, therefore, be highly inhuman on our part to tolerate the continuance of the practice of premature marriages which serve only to expedite and prolong the calamity. The evils of lifelong maidenhood are too patent to require any detailed or elaborate treatment. It would not, I think, be out of place to conclude this topic with one important suggestion for arresting the progress of these pernicious usages which are universally in vogue in the koolin families. The same spirit of philanthropy which animated Lord William Bentinck when he unhesitatingly crushed down through legislative interference, the abominable custom of *Suttee* immolation and infanticide, should, in my opinion, invigorate the energies of our present governors. It would be idle to trust to time alone for the abolition of the usage. Immediate measures should be adopted by the Legislature to put down these abominations. As matters stand at present, it would be an easy task for the government to effect the desired revolution. I can assure our Indian politicians that they need entertain no apprehension on the score of encountering even the feeblest opposition from the handful of koolin Brahmins who are, as far as I am aware, fully prepared for the desirable change. Besides, such a step would be perfectly consistent with the benignity of the British rule and the policy hitherto adopted by our Governors. It stands to reason that the Government which has done so much for our country by the recent suppression of the Meriah sacrifices in Orissa, and the extinction of the shocking and inhuman practice of female infanticide in Oudh, should interest itself in this matter. The proposal, I am told, was brought by the Rev. Dr. Duff to the notice of Lord Dalhousie during the first year of his administration. Lord Canning thought of taking action upon the minute recorded by his predecessor, but unhappily for our country, the troublesome days of the Cawnpore mutiny of 1857 engrossed the attention of that noble Lord and left to him no opportunity to look after the contemplated

reformation. It is our sincere and ardent hope that, after the busy days for the welcome reception of His Royal Highness, the illustrious Prince of Wales, the son and heir apparent of our much honoured and beloved Queen and Empress, His Excellency the Viceroy will kindly take up the subject into his indulgent and gracious consideration.

A KOOLIN BRAHMAN.

HOW THE HISTORY OF BRITISH INDIA HAS BEEN WRITTEN.

The history of British India has yet to be written. This may appear paradoxical when there are so many works of approved merit already in the field. There are Malcolm and Orme; Duff and Wilkes, Kaye and Cunningham, Marshman and Macfarlane, not to mention Beveridge and Lethbridge and the nameless illustrated histories. It will be seen that we have omitted the name of James Mill, though in the opinion of his son his work is, notwithstanding certain deficiencies as compared with a perfect standard, still "if not the most, one of the most instructive histories ever written, and one of the books from which most benefit may be derived by a mind in the course of making up its opinions." Our reason for such a procedure is nothing more nor less than this, that Mill having, as behoved a conscientious historian, given expression to some of those disagreeable truths with which the history of British India is rife, his work has earned an unpopularity which the posterity of the conqueror of Plassey, and the destroyer of the Puna and Seringapatam rules "will not willingly let die." When we add to this, the fact that Mill writes in a heavy, formal and laboured style, and not unfrequently runs over the "drum and trumpet" portion of history—"all quality, pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war," to enter into tedious disquisitions about the justice of deposing a "native" prince, or of annexing a

new province, our readers will at once see that his fate is very justly sealed. And yet it was not after a gallant effort had been made for his resuscitation, that he was doomed to oblivion. The late Professor Wilson came to the rescue, and with much learning and more ingenuity attempted to modify or reverse the most severe judgments which he had passed. But as this procedure left the text with all its "malignant" criticism untouched, and as the notes did not always—we might almost say even occasionally—triumphantly refute the aspersions Mill so lavishly scattered abroad, his work remained as dangerous as ever, especially if it were offered to an Indian mind in the course of forming its opinions.

Having said so much of the historian, who, like the images in the Roman procession, was conspicuous by his absence, we may proceed to say a few words of the others. All but the last few write only of short periods, or of particular transactions or parts of the country, and their works, though in many respects admirable, cannot in any sense be called histories of British India. We will of course refer to them in this and the following papers, but we can now dismiss them with the remark, that so long as a plastic mind does not appear who can incorporate or assimilate their detached narratives, their works in no way contribute to the production of a history of the country.

As Macfarlane is, for less obvious but better grounded reasons, quite as little known as Mill, and as we do not think it worthwhile to speak either of epitomes, abridgments summaries or whatever else is the dignified name for a "cub," or of padded popular histories, Marshman's work is the only one left us to speak of. Nor is it unbecoming that he should have some of our attention. The public—whatever, in literary matters, may be the meaning of that nondescript expression, in India—has smiled upon him, the Indian Government has rewarded him with the companionship of an exalted order, the Civil Service Commissioners and the Senates of the Indian Universities have combined to favour him, and his name like those of worthy Messrs. Lennie and Clift has become a household word. We do not, before producing our evidence, venture

to arraign so unanimous a verdict, but if our readers will take the trouble to follow us step by step, they would soon find us hazarding very unorthodox opinions on this subject.

So much for individual historians ; a few words now for the general form of all these histories. It would be strange indeed if this were impartial, or what would to the "misguided sciolists" otherwise known as educated Indians, appear as such. The writers were not unfrequently actors in the transactions which they related, and even when they were not, they could only enter into the feelings of their own race ; those of the others—comprising as these did varied races and nationalities—being a sealed book to them. They might indeed have learned in time ; but as their intercourse went on, the unchecked career of conquest which accompanied it, changed the astonishment, we might almost say, awe with which they had contemplated a type of civilization so very different from their own, into contempt ; a feeling which surpasses all others in its capacity to blunt the faculties of observation. It impelled them, without thinking twice of it, to accredit their opponent with the vilest motives. What among European belligerents was a perfectly fair manœuvre became duplicity and treachery, what among them was a justifiable act of warfare became cold-blooded assassination or savage carnage. We do not hazard these statements without possessing what we consider strong grounds for them ; and we will as we proceed be in a position to give numberless illustrations.

For the present, we will content ourselves with one example. And we will take an event in Indian history described by different historians, who vie with each other in using the most horrible words as "a tragedy" "ever since infamous," the horrors of which were approached by "nothing in history or fiction, not even the story which Ugolino told in the sea of everlasting ice, after he had wiped his bloody lips on the scalp of his murderer." We have no doubt that even our Indian readers will be surprised when we tell them that we intend to palliate though not to defend, what is known as the tragedy of the Black Hole, while our European fellow-subjects will in their mind's eye see us crowned with the red

cap of the Commune, and armed with the tomahawk of the savage. We would fain have taken these crowning examples of savagery from India, but the "mild Hindu" offers little material for the winding up of a period in this bristling style. We have said we will palliate, but not defend, the tragedy to the Black Hole. Let us see in the first place what the Black Hole was. Mill writing in 1818 and following Orme described it as "a small ill aired and unwholesome dungeon;" and Macaulay in 1840 added "that it was too narrow and close even for a single European malefactor;" though we find in the next sentence that the space was only twenty feet square. Four years later Wilson gave a rather different and more circumstantial account. "The Black Hole," he says, "was no dungeon at all; it was a chamber above ground. According to Holwell (Holwells India Tracts) it was a room eighteen feet square, with a door on one side and two windows on the other." After saying rather inconsequentially, that "it bore by no means the character of a prison" since it was pointed out to the Nawab's officers as such, the same writer goes on to say that "It was much more light, airy and spacious, than most of the rooms used formerly by the London watch, or at present by the police for purposes of temporary durance." Marshman follows Wilson and describes the room "as not twenty feet square and however suited for the confinement of a few turbulent soldiers was death to the hundred and forty six" thrust into it. This was bad enough but somewhat wanting in effect, and Mr. Lethbridge writing with all the evidence before him, reverts to Macaulay's theory and talks with dogmatic certainty of a "miserable dungeon," which "had been used as a place of punishment for single individuals."

Having said so much of the scene, let us now turn to the actor of this tragedy. We at once disclaim all sympathy with Sirajuddowla, but that is no reason why justice should not be dealt out to him. Let us see what the head and front of his offence was. Was he present at the massacre? Was he cognisant of it, till it had taken place? No one has yet answered these questions in the affirmative, though even that may be looked for

in time. At the worst, therefore, he was to use a legal expression only an accessory after the first; and he certainly showed great callousness when the news of the massacre reached him, if it did reach him; for even that is open to doubt. As to his army, it must be admitted that, great laxity of discipline existed, for as soon as the results of the incarceration became patent, information ought to have been carried if not to the Subadar, at least to his responsible officers; but better disciplined armies than it was ever Sirajuddowla's fortune to possess, have in the moment of victory done as inconsiderate acts, though they have not incurred the same odium. It was an English army commanded by English gentlemen that became so indignant at repeated repulses before the walls of Baroach in 1772 though they had no business to be there, and had been sent by the Bombay Government in the teeth of an express prohibition by the Directors, that they, as the historian of the Mahrattas ingenuously relates, put the whole of the garrison to the sword.

We have taken a long time in speaking of this event; but it is a crucial one. It has not only earned for Sirajuddowla the epithet of "the greatest monster that ever disgraced humanity," but it has also been extremely convenient to fling at the face of India and the East generally. "So little," says Marshman, "did it appear to be out of the ordinary course of events in the east, that it was scarcely marked by the native community, and was not considered of sufficient importance to demand even a passing notice from the Mahomedan historian of the time." Another explanation of this reticence is given by the translator of this historian (Khafi Khan) "The truth is," he says, "that the Hindustanees wanting only to secure prisoners for the night, shut them up in what they heard was the prison of the fort, without having any idea of the capacity of the room. . . . This event which cuts so capital a figure in Mr. Watts' performance, is not known in Bengal. . . . So careless and incurious are these people." This good word for the voiceless Hindu the unpatriotic writer we are quoting from follows up with "Were we therefore to accuse the Indians of cruelty for such a thoughtless action, we should of

course accuse the English, who intending to embark 400 Gentoo Sepoys destined for Madras, put them in boats without one single necessary, and at last left them to be overset by the bore, when they all perished after a three days fast." Considering who were in fault, it is not at all strange, as Wilson pertinently remarked, that the story is uncorroborated, but we have little doubt that, had the parties changed places, it would have been worth its weight in gold; and capitalised to its full value.

This and the awkward story about the seige of Baroach may be ascribed to the deleterious effects of the eastern atmosphere, and indeed historians have been fain to distinguish between an Anglo-Indian and English morality. We will therefore transport ourselves to Europe for a moment, try if we can lay our hands on malefactors of Sirajuddowla's type, and see whether their memories have been sanctified or execrated. We will take events that occurred in Protestant England, and will not go back to Bartholomew massacres and the like, as we do not mean to be summarily put down by an "Oh! that was religious bigotry." We will take the massacre of Glencol. The writer who can find nothing in history or fiction to compare with the horrors of the Black Hole, and who is driven in sheer desperation to talk of Ugolino extremely unintelligible feat, can speak of this crime, which has never been rivalled for the treachery, cowardice and truculence of its perpetrators and designers, with the most perfect composure. "It is said," says Lord Macaulay, "and may but too easily be believed, that the sufferings of the fugitives were terrible." Strange as it may appear also, in such a virtuous country as England, that "many years elapsed before the public indignation was thoroughly awakened" and when it did the tardy justice which followed was distributed in a most exemplary manner. The eagle-eyed business-like king who had signed a warrant for the "extirpation" of a clan at the top as well as the bottom to betoken the greatest deliberation, was declared to have been ignorant of its contents. Granting even an improbable hypothesis like this, William III can only stand on the same footing as Sirajuddowla; and his subsequent treatment of the offenders can alone

furnish any distinction. But what was this treatment? After stifling an enquiry to the last moment, he allowed a commission to sit who made a report to the estates of the kingdom, and this latter body declared the master of Stair "whose design was to butcher the whole race of thieves, the whole damnable race" and who carried it out but too literally, to be guilty of excessive zeal for—interpolates the historian—the interest of the state. He therefore escaped with the loss of his office, though the officers he employed were declared to be murderers. Such was the final decision of William, and he does not, we must say, contrast very strongly with Sirajuddowla. Yet he stands forth in the pages of Macaulay, and every succeeding historian, as a benefactor to England and the world. Of the England which acquiesced in his decision, it does not behove us to speak.

This took place nearly a century before the Black Hole, and as we intend to make our case as strong as possible, we will take an instance of our own times. We ourselves remember the gloom which seemed to brood over London, when the death of the late Emperor of the French took place. We do not grudge to his bereaved consort the solemn sorrow in which she indulged, nor to the royalist Frenchmen the pilgrimages they made to his mausoleum. We concern ourselves with the feeling which the English people entertained towards him; and this was manifested at the time of his death and more markedly still, when at the close of the Crimean war he paid a visit to Queen Victoria in London. On this latter occasion prince and people received him with equal favour. He was invested with the garter, and the huzzas of the free-born Englishmen rent the air whenever he made his appearance in public. And yet his ~~land~~ ^{land} was red with the blood of the men, women and children he had ruthlessly ordered to be shot down in the streets of Paris!

So much for the public morality of the nations of Europe. We do not take up the unpleasant instances with any offensive purpose. Our sole object is self-defence. And here, at the conclusion of our introductory paper, we will give a brief sketch of the way in which the following papers will be made to conduce to that

object. If we have succeeded in proving any thing, we have shewn that the history of British India is written in a most one-sided way. This is not strange; but the result is most deplorable. It has been said that nations may be divided into three categories with regard to their histories. There are those who have had a glorious past and who can recall "the stirring memory of a thousand years." Their lot is happy, and no less happy perhaps is the lot of those whose "history is yet to be written." A third category, and in this India is unfortunately to be placed, is that in which the history, if not a record of shame, as our opponents would fain make out, is at least one of defeat. The history of India is a history of the triumphs of foreigners, and of the utter prostration of the sons of the soil. Such a history, even if it were told in a plain unvarnished way, with nothing extenuated nor aught set down in malice, is enough to break down a stouter spirit than that which an enervating climate and a subjection of centuries has left to the Indian. We do not urge that the interests of truth are to be sacrificed to lighten the load which he is condemned to bear, but we maintain that the interests of truth and humanity will be alike served by his being made to fear no iota more than his first share. If there is any truth in what we have said, this is very far indeed from being the case.

We therefore purpose to ourselves the task of thoroughly scrutinising each succeeding event of British Indian history. The space at our command will prevent us from entering into details about the transactions which make up one event. We will not, for instance, narrate the different battles, sieges and expeditions of a campaign, but will satisfy ourselves with the beginning and the end. We will try our best to make our way through the tangled meshes of "English diplomacy" and "Eastern treachery," and see which of these was most instrumental in bringing about the frequent wars which devastated the country. We will, by this means, we believe, be able to prove that it was the aggressive and overbearing spirit of Anglo-Indian administrators and commanders that has built up the British empire in India, and not as it is the fashion to speak now-a-days, that it was thrust upon unwill-

ing recipients by a chain of circumstances woven by the duplicity, cunning and cowardice of Indian rulers.

It is worth while to say here that, in writing such a series of papers we have nothing to say against the existing Government of India. We deal with the events of the past. These we will speak of with rigorous exactitude whatever ill-feeling or odium we may excite. The benefit to be derived from such a course, which we have alluded to before, outweighs its evil consequences. It is different with the existing government. With many shortcomings, the present administrators of India, we believe, are trying their best to ameliorate the condition of the country; and so long as this is the case, we, for our part, will not advocate any radically revolutionary measures, though we will strongly and earnestly plead for the gradual introduction of the principle of representation.

BHARATI DEFENSOR.

(To be continued.)

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Rigveda Samhita, the First and Second Adhayas of the First Ashtaka. With Notes and Explanations, and an Introductory essay on the study of the Vedas. By the Rev. K. M. Banerjee, Member of the Board of Examiners (Late College of Fort William) Honorary Examining Chaplain of the Lord Bishop of Calcutta, Honorary Member of the Royal Asiatic Society, London. Calcutta: Thacker Spink & Co. 1875.

Mr. Banerjee has rendered most essential service to the youth of India by placing within their reach the first and second chapters of the first Ashtaka of the Rig Veda, which is probably the most ancient piece of human composition in the world. To every Hindu youth the Vedas are connected with the holiest associations; and to be able to read any portion of them with intelli-

gence is justly regarded as a most auspicious circumstance. Hitherto the Vedas were a sealed book, and Max Muller who has edited the original text of the Rig Veda, together with the commentary of Sayana, must be regarded as the second Founder or Deliverer of the Vedas,—the first Deliverer being that fishy incarnation of Vishnu who picked up the sacred volume from the bottom of the ocean. But the volumes of the German *Matsya Avatar* are accessible only to a few rich people on account of their prohibitory price. Mr. Banerjea, therefore, deserves the thanks of the public for making the opening pages of the Rig Veda accessible to all. This little book is especially valuable to those graduates of the Calcutta University who intend going up for honours in Sanskrit, as that learned body have judiciously ruled that for such persons some knowledge of the Rig Veda is necessary. The notes are all that can be desired. We wish, however, Mr. Banerjea had prefixed a short Vedic Grammar and appended a Glossary, similar to those attached to the editions of Piers Ploughman, Chaucer and Spenser, which are being now issued from the Clarendon Press, Oxford. Perhaps the learned Editor will do this when a second edition is issued. The introductory essay "On the Study of the Vedas" is of the deepest interest, some of the topics of which we understand have been discussed elaborately in the learned author's forth-coming work—"The Arian Witness."

Kalpataru. By Indra Nath Bandyopadhyaya, Calcutta : G. P. Roy & Co.'s Press. B. E. 1281.

This book relates the adventures of Narendra Nath, a member of the party usually called Young Bengal. Expressions and images, here and there, are rather broad and coarse; but on the whole the book is very cleverly written. The author has a keen sense of the ludicrous, and his powers of sarcasm are considerable. We hope he will soon favour us with another book.

Kshitisa—Bansabali—Charita. By Kartikeya Chandra Raya. Calcutta : New Sanskrit Press, Samvat 1932.

We have in this excellent book a series of the memoirs of of Rajas of Nadiya from Bhatta Nanyana, the founder of the family, to Raja Kshitisa Chandra, the present representative of that family, after whom the book is named. Some of the memoirs are of the liveliest interest, especially those of Bhabananda Majumdar and Raja Krishna Chandra, the latter of whom helped the British not a little in getting possession of Bengal. Most of the Rajas, it is interesting to remark, were celebrated for their benevolence and charity ; and almost all of them were promoters of learning and patrons of learned men. The book contains a vast deal of information, and is admirably written, the style being at once simple, elegant and perspicuous.

Palasir Yuddha. An Epic poem. By Nabin Chandra Sena. Calcutta : New Bharat Press. B. E. 1281.

Baboo Nabin Chandra Sena has been long known as one of the best Bengali poets of the day. His versification is always smooth and melodious ; and he has not a few of the qualities of a true poet. The performance before us is an epic poem on the Battle of Plassey which put an end to the sway of the followers of Muhammad and placed Bengal at the feet of the British. We are of opinion that the subject is unhappily chosen, as the celebrated battle which the poem describes reflects no lustre on the Bengali nation, and there can be no true epic except on a theme of national glory. But though the subject is ill-chosen, the poem has merits of a high order. The descriptions are always graphic and picturesque, and the simile apt and striking ; nor are the reflections with which the narrative is interspersed stale and jejune. We trust the writer will do justice to his powers, which are considerable, by trying his hand at another epic on a grander and more popular subject.

Kamala-Kalika. An Epic. By Dina Nath Gangopadhyaya. Calcutta : New Sanskrit Press, 1875.

Here is another epic poem, though of a far humbler type than the one just noticed. The author is not altogether unknown to fame, as he wrote some years since a poem entitled *Virida Darsana*, which we remember to have read. The present poem, which treat of the day, of the evening, and of the night, is a decided improvement on the first. There is considerable melody in versification and power in description. We trust the writer will persevere and give us something really good.

Manasa-Ranjini. Part I. Calcutta : Madhyastha Press. B. E. 1282.

Here comes a third aspirant to the poetic laurel. Our poet seems to be a young man and has the rare modesty—rare in a young person—to conceal his name from the public. But though young, he appears to have no mean powers of versification ; and we feel it to be our duty to encourage him to go on. He may in future produce something worthy of being read.

Satrusinha Natak. By Kunja Behari Basu. Calcutta : New Sanskrit Press. B. E. 1282.

This is another young author, whose first production, the *Varat Athin*, was favourably noticed by the press when it appeared. This has induced him to come before the public again in the capacity of a dramatist. As we have not seen his first work we cannot give our opinion of it. But the drama before us has hardly any merit. And no wonder, for dramatic composition is of difficult achievement. We advise the writer to leave off the stage, and take to something else.

Khandan Khandā-Khadya. Parts I. and II. Calcutta : Mitashi Press.

Leaving the dramatist we come to the critic, and certainly

the piece of criticism before us is of the most trenchant. There is here a vigorous onslaught on the vernacular monthly periodical *Banga Darsana* and its Editor Baboo Bankim Chandra Chatterjea. The critic is exceedingly clever, smart to a degree, and wonderfully vivacious. His criticism is often just, but the tone is hardly commendable. It reminds us of a Malayan running a-muck and stabbing every one he meets with. We doubt whether this sort of slashing criticism does any mortal any good. The author's powers of composition are unquestionably great; we advise him to turn them to good account by writing some useful book.

Ki Holo !!! By Chandra Sekhar Sena. Calcutta: People's Friend Press. B. E. 1282.

This is a satire, or rather a series of satires, in which the writer lashes what he conceives to be the vices of the times. There is no real power in these satires; they are too hollow and too sensational to do any good. Why does not our author take to serious composition?

Panini. By Rajani Kanto Gupta. Calcutta: G. P. Roy & Co.'s Press, Samvat 1933.

When in July, 1874, we noticed in these pages Baboo Rajani Kanta Gupta's first work, *Jayadeva-Charita*, we wished him "a long and useful literary career." We are glad to perceive in the performance before us a partial realization of that wish; and we have no doubt that this work will be followed by similar other works of a more elaborate character. The book before us is one of great merit. It shows in the author extensive research, considerable critical power, and sound judgment. Our author makes no pretensions to originality; his materials are drawn at second hand—the great mine being Goldstücker's *Panini: His Place in Sanskrit Literature*; but he has shown no mean power in not only arranging those materials in proper order, but also in critically discussing the opinions of learned orientalists on the age of the great-

est grammarian in the world. Whether Mr. Gupta's conclusion regarding the age of Panini be correct or not—and we are not about to discuss the subject here—we cannot but rejoice in the rise of the critical spirit amongst the vernacular authors of Bengal. Amongst English scholars in Bengal we have long had this critical spirit, especially in the English compositions of two of our best oriental scholars, the Rev. K. M. Banerjea and Baboo Rajendra Lal Mitra; but to Baboo Rajani Kanta Gupta belongs the high honor of transfusing that spirit into the Bengali language.

Baboo Rajani Kanta will pardon us for giving him a bit of advice. It is evident from the manner in which he transliterates German names in Bengali that he is unacquainted with the German language; and if we are not mistaken, he is also ignorant of Latin and French. And yet we find in the foot-notes references to Lassen's *Indische Alterthumskunde*, Pliny's *Historia Naturalis*, Schlegel's *De l'Origine des Hindous*; &c. &c., books which Mr. Gupta could not have read in the original. It is an established rule amongst scholars never to refer to an author whom one has not read, though there are many pretenders to scholarship who make a parade of authorities with whom they are utterly unacquainted except at second hand. But such pretenders are guilty of literary dishonesty; for they make the public believe that their scholarship is deep whereas it is ridiculously shallow. As we wish Mr. Gupta to be a sound and honest scholar, we advise him in his future works never to refer to authorities with whom he is unacquainted in the original. This might make his works look less learned; but they would be more true, more modest, more honest. We hope and trust Mr. Gupta will persevere in his learned labours, and write a work which posterity will not willingly let die.

We have to thank Dr. Forbes Watson, Reporter on the Products of India and Director of the India Museum, for sending us a copy of his able pamphlet advocating the establishment of an Indian Institute in connection with the India Museum in London. The object has our complete sympathy.

THE BENGAL MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1876.

LITERATURE OF BENGAL.

By Arcydae.

CHAPTER XVI. BHARAT CHANDRA RAI.

Contemporaneously with Ram Prasad Sen and equally favoured by Raja Krishna Chandra Rai lived a greater poet, the talented Bharat Chandra Rai,—a “mine of talent” (Gunákar) as the Raja called him. Fortunately the particulars regarding his life and actions have been preserved to us, and that chiefly through the labours and research of the late Babu Prasanna Chandra Ghose, a quiet worker who, unlike the workers of the present day, could do his duty without blowing his own trumpet, and who has left us a creditable account of the poet's life and a correct and tolerably complete edition of his works without so much as giving us his own name as the Editor of the work.

Bharat Chandra Rai was the fourth son of Raja Narendra Narain Rai, a wealthy Zemindar of Burdwan. The seat of his Zemindari was at Pandua in the Pargana of Bhursoot, and his kingly residence was surrounded on all sides by a moat, traces of which are visible to the present day. We have elsewhere seen that in those days Zemindars were all but feudatory princes, armed with complete civil and criminal powers over their subjects, and bound only to send their quota of revenue to the Subadar's treasury. So long as they paid their revenue regularly, and could maintain sufficient influence in the Subadar's court by means of representatives or vakeels and occasional rich presents, they were seldom interfered with by the Subadar, and were even allowed to carry on petty warfare among themselves. As all

rival Zemindars strove for power, influence and prestige, such warfare was by no means infrequent. Narendra Narain had such disputes with Kirti Chandra Rai Bahadur the lord of Burdwan, and made insulting allusions with reference to Kirti Chandra's mother. The queen mother was incensed and instantly sent an army which attacked and took the forts of Bhabánipur and Pandua, and desolated the states of Narendra Narain. Narendra Narain was all at once reduced to penury, and his young son Bharat Chandra fled for shelter to the house of his maternal uncle at Nawapara near Gazipur in the Pargana of Mandalghát. There he studied Grammar and Dictionary, and at the age of 14 returned to his native village, and married a girl of the village of Sarada. We do not know if it was a love-marriage; but certain it is that the match was considered dishonorable, and Bharat Chandra's elder brothers reproved him for it, on which the future poet left his home in disgust, and took shelter with one Ram Chandra Munshi a Kayest inhabitant of Debanandpur, near Bansbaria in the district of Hugli, and there commenced the study of Persian.*

The first poems that Bharat Chandra published to the world were composed under curious circumstances. Bharat Chandra was asked to read hymns to Satya Narain on a certain occasion by the people with whom he lived. The festive day came, and how great was the surprise of the people when, instead of reading the verses usually read on such occasions, he read out *tripadi* verses specially composed by him for the occasion! How much greater was their astonishment when on being asked to chant verses again a few days after on a similar occasion, he read out

* We should here mention that Pandit Ramgati Nyayaratna gives a different story. He says Bharat Chandra quarrelled with his brothers because he was resolved on learning Sanskrit, whereas his brothers considered the study of Persian, (then the court language,) more profitable for him. It is highly improbable that there should be any quarrel on such slight grounds. Besides if Bharat Chandra was so very averse to learn the Persian, why should he commence it as soon as he left home? We believe therefore the biographer of Bharat Chandra is right. At any rate Pandit Nyayaratna does not tell us on what authority he differs from the poet's biographer; and till he does that we must reject his version altogether.

a new set of *Chanpali* verses which he had composed afresh on the same subject. The poet was then only fifteen.

At the age of twenty Bharat returned home, and as he was well versed in the Persian language, he went over to the court of the Raja of Burdwan as a Muktear or agent for his brothers for their joint estate.

Bharat's brothers however failed to remit rent in due time, and the Raja, actuated probably by his old grudge for the family, confiscated the estate, and took it over as his *Khas* lands. Bharat was imprudent enough to object, on which he was imprisoned. Poor Bharat Chandra was now in utter misery ;—but he did not lose heart. He bribed the jailor and escaped and at once went over to Cuttack where he lived under the permission and patronage of Siba Bhutta the Mahratta Subadar of the place. Cuttack, as our readers know, has always been a great seat of the Vaishnavas ; and in their company Bharat turned a Vaishnava and assumed the dress and demeanour of the sect. Shortly after, while on his journey to Brindaban,—a place which all devout Vaishnavas usually visit,—he was surprised by some of his distant relatives at Khanakul Krishnagar. As rigid Hindus they were shocked at the conversion of the poet, they prevented him from going to Brindaban, they remonstrated with him, and after much persuasion made him forsake his Vaishnava dress, and Bharat was an orthodox Hindu once more. The readers of *Annada Mangal* know how in describing the double conversion of Vijata, who first became a Vaishnava and then a Sakta or Suiva, the poet has partly explained and partly apologized for his own conduct.

After a short residence at his father-in-law's house at Saradā, Bharat Chandra went over to Chandernagore, where Indra Narain Pal Chaudhuri, Dewan of the French Government, received him with honor. This Pal Chaudhuri was a friend of Raja Krishna Chandra of Nuddea, and used to lend him money. On one occasion when Raja Krishna Chandra came to Chandernagore, Indranarain introduced the poet to him. The Raja was pleased with the young poet, took him over to Krishnagar, and appointed him as a Pandit of his court on a pay of 40 Rs. per mensem. He

was pleased with the short pieces which the poet now and then composed, and asked him to compose a long poem, *Ananda Mangal*, after the style of Makunda Ram's *Chandi*. Bharat composed the poem, and a Brahman of the name of Nilmani Samadar set it to music, and sang it before the Raja, in parts as it was composed. At the request of the Raja the tale of Vidya Sundar was subsequently put into the body of the book. Krishna Chandra was so much pleased with the poet that he made him a grant of 100 Rs. to enable him to build a house in Mulajor (on the Hughli), which village he leased to the poet on a rent of 600 Rs. per annum.

Shortly afterwards an incursion of the Mahrattas compelled Raja Tilak Chandra Rai of Burdwan to flee with his mother to Kangachi near Mulajor; and they took Patni lease of the village from the Raja of Krishnagar in the name of a servant Ram Deb Nag. This Nag proved to be an oppressive Patnidar, and Bharat Chandra in a set of Sanskrit verses entitled the "Nagashtaka" or the eight couplets on Nag, described the oppression he and his co-villagers were subjected to. The Raja was so pleased with this performance that he made over to Bharat Chandra 16 Bighas at Mulajor and 150 Bighas at Ghusti *rent free*; intending thus Bharat should remove to the latter place if he chose. Bharat too intended to remove, but his co-villagers would not allow any such thing, and Bharat continued to live at Mulajor. It is stated that on receipt of the verses on Nag the Raja of Krishnagar gave a severe "wiggling" to Ram Deb Nag for his oppressive conduct, and so put an end to his tyranny.

Bharat died at the age of 48 in the year 1760 A. D.

Critics have formed very different estimates of Bharat Chandra's poetical powers. A considerable portion of our countrymen would place him in the highest rank of poets, and maintain that he has no rival among the poets of Bengal. We must emphatically differ from this opinion. Not to speak of the superior powers of the poets of the present century,—of Madhusudan Dutt for instance;—to entertain such an opinion of Bharat Chandra Rai's poetry is scarcely doing justice to the works of the great master from which

most of what Bharat Chandra has written are imitations,—we mean of course Makunda Ram Chakravarti. We confess,—though few perhaps will agree with us in this opinion, that Bharat Chandra's artificial and polished strains strike us as vapid when compared with the true pathos and simple and true pictures from nature with which Makunda Ram's works are replete. Makunda Ram draws from nature, Bharat Chandra tinges his pictures with his own gorgeous coloring. The former allows things to appear as they are and to speak for themselves ; the more polished Bharat Chandra can never reconcile himself to such inartistic proceeding, he would fain invest them with a beauty not their own, and instead of allowing them to speak for themselves, he would fain lend them the music of his own lyre. Bharat Chandra is therefore the more polished and skillful poet, Makunda Ram the truer painter, and there is a great deal in that. Open any page of Makunda Ram's works and mark the pictures he has drawn. Poor Fullorá, the hunter's wife, taking baskets of meat to the market to sell, cooking food for her husband and herself, content in poverty and in her husband's love ;—what a simple artless true picture ! What sweet pathos in the very simplicity of the picture ! Poor Khullouá oppressed by an intriguing fellow-wife ;—her lord an elderly, ease-loving, simple-minded husband ; the astute Bharu Dutt ;—every picture that you see is from life ; not a shade of coloring has been added from the poet's imagination to make them fascinating or romantic. Read Bharat Chandra from cover to cover, and what is there which you will compare to these simple truthful pictures ? The gorgeous coloring with which Vidya has been painted has well nigh hidden every feature of her countenance as of her mind. Two different monstrous metaphors about her hair, her nose, her eyes, her lips, leave you entirely in the dark as to the real expression of her face ; you do not know if she has a mild good-humoured countenance, or if she has a bright slender face with sparkling eyes ; if she is a wasp-waisted beauty or if she has fine rounded limbs and a well developed figure. Similarly with regard to her mind. That she is susceptible of love,—love, that is, of a very sensual character you know ;

but through pages of rank and offensive descriptions you fail to discover her real character, *i. e.*, if she is strong-minded and capable of forming high resolutions, or mild and submissive,—if she is revengeful or generous, kind hearted or cruel. Love is the one passion described in the much admired *Vidya Sundar*, and yet how has that noble feeling been painted? It is a sensual carnal passion of the most offensive description that the writer has painted. For this the heroine forgets her duty to her parents and family, forgets all regard for her own reputation, and in spite of her so-called learning and acquirements yields herself up to an unknown adventurer who, for aught she know to the contrary, might be the greatest villain on earth. He visits her nightly, and we are presented with descriptions such as have perhaps never disgraced the literature of any other age or country. At last the young offender is detected by the girl's father, Raja Bir Sinha Rai, who orders his execution, and Sundar the hero is saved from this but too well-merited punishment by divine interference. The goddess Kali saves her votary. Such is the sum and substance of the story of *Vidya Sundar*. That this work should generally,—we might almost say universally, be considered to be the best work in the language,—that the descriptions should be universally admired by our countrymen and learnt by rote, that Bharat Chandra should still be considered as the greatest poet of Bengal, and should be spoken of with rapture,—afford a curious index to the education and taste of our countrymen. It is because such is the general opinion that we have considered it our duty to remark somewhat strongly on the drawbacks of Bharat Chandra's poetry.

That Bharat Chandra has ¹⁰no beauties, however, none will deny, and we shall now turn to ¹⁰the palatable task of pointing them out. His three principal works *Annalā Mangal*, *Vidya Sundar* and *Mansinha* form one continued story, and are in reality but one work. Like Makunda Ram, Bharat Chandra intends to glorify the name and deeds of the goddess Umā, Kali or Sakti, and instead of celebrating the deeds of an imaginary hero he has taken up the story of the life of Bhabanand Mazumdar, the re-

nowned ancestor of his patron and benefactor, Raja Krishna Chandra Rai of Nuddea. The poet begins with an account of the birth of Uma, the great feast given by Daksha to which Siva was not invited, the self immolation of Umá in consequence ;— her second birth as daughter of the Himelayas, her marriage with Siva, and such like mythological stories with which every Hindu is familiar. The poet's rare power of a flowing graceful versification enables him to tell these stories with effect ; the reader goes on page after page with the same sense of pleasure ; while at times he is struck with passages in which the poet displays a keen sense of honour. Such for instance is the description of Siva's marriage, and such again is the account of his disputes with his young wife.

We shall not dwell in detail on these traditions and stories, nor narrate at length how the great prophet, poet and saint Vyasa quarrelled with Siva, and made an abortive attempt to build up a new Benares in rivalry to the town of Benares where Siva is worshipped by all. We pass over all these, and at last find Umá on her way to the house of Bhabanand Mazumdar. She has to cross a stream, and the account she gives of herself to the ferryman is justly regarded as a remarkable specimen of artistic poetry. The whole passage may be understood in two different ways,—and while the ferryman understood her to be the neglected wife of a Kulin Brahman who had many other wives,—she really gave a true account of herself. Our readers will perceive that this passage is only an imitation of a similar ingenious passage in Makundaram's work, but we confess the imitation is superior to the original both in grace and in art ; —for Bharat is infinitely superior to Makundaram in art and grace. Umá at last reaches the house of Bhabanand Mazumdar, and from that day the house rises in glory and importance. Pratáp Aditya Rai, a refractory Zemindar of Jessore Issuripur (now an obscure village in the confines of Sundarbunds) had defied the power of Aurungzebe, and the renowned Man Sing was sent to quell the chief. That warrior found some difficulty in carrying his forces over the swamps and marshes of southern Bengal, and

Bhabanand rendered him signal assistance. At last a battle was fought of which we have a spirited though somewhat grotesque description ; and Pratap Aditya was killed. It was when Bhabanand was accompanying Man Sing in his marches that he narrated to the Rajput chief the story of *Vidya Sundar* ; so that that story, though the most important portion of the work, is not connected with the main story in any way.

We have already indicated in brief the plot of *Vidya Sundar*, and have pointed out what we consider its chief blemishes. It must be admitted however that the form has beauties peculiarly its own. Bharat Chandra's style is always rich, graceful, flowing,—but nowhere in his works,—nowhere perhaps in the entire range of Bengali literature do we find the language of poetry so rich, so graceful, so overpowering in its sweetness as in *Vidya Sundar*. The Bengali language is soft, and Bengali poetry is always melodious, but Bharat Chandra has shewn to what extremes the melody and harmony of versification can be carried. He is a complete master of the art of versification, and his appropriate phrases and rich descriptions have passed into a proverb. It would be difficult to over-estimate the polish he has given to the Bengali language.

His power of character-painting too is by no means contemptible, though in his anxiety to make his descriptions rich and artificial he has nearly forgotten to give us any indications of this power. His principal characters are, as we have remarked before, rendered perfect by over coloring ; and there is not one single distinctive feature that we can discern in the character of the hero Sundar or the heroin Vidya, except that a carnal, sensual love,—love as an appetite and not as a feeling,—was the all-devouring passion of their lives. But the minor characters are traced with a few touches, and it is in these that we discover some power of character-painting. The Malini or flower-woman who brings about a meeting between Vidya and Sundar is powerfully drawn ; though even here there is a little too much of Art, and too little of Nature. The pride and haughtiness of the queen, —Vidya's brother, and the terror inspired by the Kotwal or Head Policeman are well described.

The last thing that we shall mention about Bharat Chandra's poetry is the vividness of his descriptions. As his descriptions are not always of a healthy character, we regret that they are so vivid,—but still we must confess that they are so. He has the power of raising in the reader's mind the very feeling he describes,—though the feeling is often of a reprehensible character. His poetry has the character of Satan,—but it has also the power of Satan.

Such are the chief merits of Bharat Chandra as a poet. In all the higher qualifications of a poet,—in simplicity and truth in descriptions, in imagination, in sublimity and grandeur of conception and thought,—nay, even in true tenderness and pathos, such as we meet with in almost every other Bengali poet, Bharat is singularly and sadly wanting. In spite therefore of the fascination of his descriptions and the richness of his language, we are tempted on reading his books,—to explain with Hamlet “Words, words, words.”

We have judged Bharat Chandra perhaps harshly because we have judged him by the standard of criticism of the nineteenth century. Much that we object to as puerile or unhealthy was perhaps the theme of never-failing admiration in the Court of Nuddea. The invocation of Kālī in the 50 letters of the Bengali alphabet, which we look upon as so much labor talent and ingenuity lost in torturing words into alliteration, was probably regarded as a gem of poetry by the Pandits of Krishna Chandra's court. The descriptions of the loves of Vidya and Sundar which we have so often condemned as noxious and unhealthy, were probably for that very reason learned by rote and admired beyond measure by the courtiers of a luxurious and immoral court. Poetry and literature reflect the times, and the poetry of the court of a luxurious and effete Zemindar during the last days of Mahomedan oppression could not be of a very healthy or a very sublime character. All this we can understand. What we do not and cannot understand is, that men in our days with English education and pretensions to powers of judgment should still repeat the obsolete criticism of an age of ignorance, or should still speak in raptures of the poetical powers of Bharat Chandra Rai.

THE GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANT.*

By the Editor.

WELL DONE, THOU GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANT: THOU HAST BEEN FAITHFUL OVER A FEW THINGS, I WILL MAKE THEE RULER OVER MANY THINGS: ENTER THOU INTO THE JOY OF THY LORD.

Mattheiv XXV. 21.

In the parable of which these words form a part, our blessed Lord teaches His disciples this important lesson, that it is the duty of all believers—for of such only does our Lord speak here,—diligently to cultivate those powers, whether natural or acquired, whether of the body or of the mind and soul, with which God has endowed them, for the promotion of His glory and for the good of their fellow-men. We all of us have received gifts, or in the language of the parable, talents from the bountiful Author of all good; and there is none of us who has not received some gift or other. We all of us have received from our Maker bodily faculties, namely, the physical strength to do and to suffer. We all of us have received intellectual gifts, the power to reason, to remember, to contrive, to will, to judge. We all of us have received certain affections, desires and feelings both of a social and a moral character. It is our bounden duty to cultivate these powers, corporeal, intellectual, social and moral, with a view to promote the glory of God and the good of our species.

It is evident, however, from the whole tenour of Holy Writ that by the word “talents,” in the parable before us, we are not merely to understand natural powers, whether bodily, intellectual, social or moral. It includes all ~~the~~ things which we can make good or bad use of. It includes ~~her~~ ^{her} ~~rich~~ ^{rich}, wealth, position in society, time, influence, and all acquired abilities; all which, agreeably to the teaching of the parable before us, we are to use, to the uttermost of our power, for God’s glory and man’s welfare.

* A Sermon preached in the Free Church, Wellesley Square, Calcutta, on Sunday, the 26th of December 1875, with reference to the death of the Revd. Dr. Wilson, of Bombay.

But the word "talent" is used in the parable before us in a far more extended sense. It includes not only natural powers, whether of the body, of the mind, or of the soul; it includes not only acquired abilities, but it includes all those spiritual gifts and graces with which all true Christians are, in a greater or lesser measure, endowed. All these powers, whether natural, or acquired, or spiritual, it is the bounded duty of believers to cultivate and to improve for the glory of the Triune Jehovah, for the good of the household of faith, and for the well-being of the world at large.

It is true all believers have not powers whether natural or acquired or spiritual in equal measures. In the language of the parable, some men are entrusted with five talents, others with two, and others still with one. Some men are endowed with high intellectual power, and others with ordinary abilities; some have the physical strength of a giant, and others have a weak constitution; some enjoy much of this world's good, and others have a bare competence; some have wide reputation, and others have been "never heard of half a mile from home;" some sit on the apex of the pyramid of society, and others occupy a low position, or rather no position; some are rich in faith, and others have only a small measure of it: still there is no man, however obscure and humble, who has not received some gift or other "from the Father of lights with whom is no variableness neither shadow of turning;" and there is therefore no man but is accountable for the use he makes of what he has received.

A slight reflection is sufficient to convince us of the obligatoriness of the duty of self-culture. Man is a progressive being. Unlike the brute creation who receive once for all at their birth all their faculties, whatever they are, in a state of maturity, not admitting of subsequent development, man receives at first only the germs of his faculties, and those faculties are susceptible of indefinite improvement. It appears plainly from this arrangement that it is the design of the beneficent Author of human nature that man should cultivate those powers with which he is endowed. This is true not only of physical, intellectual and moral powers,

but also of spiritual powers. There is a "rise and progress of religion" in the soul. A Christian is "born unto God." He is at first fed with the "sincere milk of the word," and then with the "strong meat" of the word. He grows in grace. He receives grace upon grace. He rises from one degree of perfection to another, till he becomes thoroughly perfect in Zion. He waits upon the Lord, and his strength is renewed, and he mounts up on eagle's wings. The Apostle Paul expresses the same idea in these beautiful words—"When I was a child, I spoke as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things. For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known." Self-culture is necessary to the perfection of our nature, and is therefore obligatory upon all rational beings. Further, the present life is a state of trial and of discipline. We are entrusted with certain powers and faculties; and we are responsible to the moral Governor of the universe for the use we make of them. It is worthy of notice that the servant, in the parable, who had been entrusted with one talent, was punished, not for wasting that talent, not for making a bad use of it, not for prostituting it to vile purposes,—true believers being incapable of doing such things, but simply for making no use of it. He had digged a hole in the earth and hidden the talent; or, as we have it in the account which Luke gives us, he had laid it up in a napkin. He had, to borrow the language of another of our Lord's illustrations, put the light which God had given him under a bushel, whereas it was his plain duty to have put it on a candlestick, in which case it would have given light to all that were in the house.

But the most powerful argument enforcing the duty of believers to cultivate all their powers for promoting God's glory is derived from the fact that believers have been ransomed from the captivity of sin and Satan by Christ. They are the Lord's freedmen. They have been purchased by the infinitely precious blood of Christ. They are not their own; they are the Lord's. Every thing they have,—their bodily faculties, their mental powers, their

desires, affections and feelings, should therefore all be dedicated to the service of that good and gracious Master who has delivered them from the bondage of sin and of everlasting death.

The grand motive, besides the love of God which is all in all, which our Lord in the parable places before his disciples to urge upon them the duty of making a proper use of their powers, is the approbation of their Lord and the hope of reward in the life to come. The unprofitable servant, the servant that had brought no gain to his Master, the servant that had buried in the earth the talent with which he had been entrusted, was cast into outer darkness where were weeping and gnashing of teeth; whereas those servants, entrusted whether with five or with two talents, who had made a diligent use of them, were accented with the grateful eulogy—"Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

I have selected these words for my text as it is my purpose this morning to draw your attention briefly to the character of one of the missionary fathers of our Church in India, who has recently been taken away from us; and certainly there is no missionary in India, of any Church or Society, who has more cultivated his talent and made a better use of them than did the late Dr. Wilson of Bombay; and there is therefore no missionary in the whole of the mission field in India to whom could be more appropriately applied the commendatory language of the Divine Master—"Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Dr. Wilson's natural talents were great. He had an uncommonly quick intellect, and a singularly retentive memory. With the help of these gifts, coupled with an industry that never flagged, he mastered so many languages, especially Asiatic, that he was justly regarded as amongst the foremost of oriental scholars. He told me himself exactly sixteen years ago, that he had just then finished reading in the original Sanskrit the whole of the four Vedas, the fountain-head of all Hindu literature, philosophy

and religion—a feat accomplished by few oriental scholars out of Germany, and certainly by no Indian missionary whether living or dead. It was in consequence of his attainments in oriental literature that he was so early as 1838, only six years after his arrival in the country, elected President of the Bombay Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, of which learned body he was afterwards in 1842 on the eve of his departure for England, elected Honorary President. What use from a missionary point of view, he made of his extraordinary knowledge of the religion of the Hindus, is known to those who have read his admirable “Exposures of the Hindu Religion”—an abridgement of which treatises has been translated into several of the Indian languages and largely circulated by missionaries in many parts of the country.

But Dr. Wilson's labours were not confined to the field of Sanskrit literature. He was one of that noble band of pioneers who explored the wilds of Zend literature, and made known to the general public the contents of the sacred books of the Parsis. Having come in contact in Bombay with the Parsi race, he thought it his duty as a missionary to master the religion of that people in the original Zend as it is contained in the Zendavesta. In his missionary labours amongst the Zoroastrians, he was with the blessing of God, so far successful that in 1839 two Parsi youngmen, both of whom are now labouring as missionaries, *viz.* the Rev. Dhanjibhai Nowroji and the Rev. Hormazdji Pestonji, went to him for admission into the Church of Christ by the holy rite of baptism. The Sermon which he preached on the occasion of their baptism and which he afterwards published under the title of “The Doctrine of Jehovah, addressed to the Parsis,” contained such a systematic and clear statement of the religion of the Parsis, that it attracted the notice of Zend scholars in Germany. Four years afterwards he published his larger work—“The Parsi Religion,”—a work which arrested the attention of the Institute of France, and procured for its author the fellowship of the Royal Society of London.

Nor was Dr. Wilson unmindful of the spiritual interests of the large-Muhammādan population by whom he was surrounded.

He studied the Koran in the original Arabic, and wrote a treatise, in Urdu and in Persian, entitled "Refutation of Muhammadism." But Dr. Wilson was not a mere oriental scholar; he studied not only the classical languages and the vernacular dialects of India, but with that versatility which characterized his genius, he studied also its natural history, its zoology, its botany, its mineralogy and its geology, —on all which subjects he displayed information so extensive as astonished men who had made those sciences their specialty.

The love of knowledge for its own sake has in all ages and in all countries been highly eulogized. But however commendable this abstract love of knowledge may be, Dr. Wilson, in his pursuit after knowledge, was animated by a higher and nobler motive, *viz.*, the desire of promoting the glory of God and of winning souls to Christ. It was not as an *amateur*, but as a missionary that he cultivated oriental literature. He cultivated it, believing that his proficiency in it would greatly enhance his usefulness as a missionary, would make him thoroughly acquainted with the people among whom he was labouring, and would thus enable him effectually to reach their hearts for the presentation of divine truth. Dr. Wilson himself made a statement somewhat similar to this when replying to an address given him by the European and Native inhabitants of Bombay. "It never was," said he, "a primary object with me in this country to hunt for antiquities or curious objects in nature, but I never avoided turning aside to look at them when they came near my path, nor failed to attempt to find out their bearing on the obscure history of India or its natural productions." Yes, this was the secret of Dr. Wilson's literary activity. The study of Indian philology, of Indian antiquities, of Indian botany and geology, was not with him a primary but a secondary object—his primary object having been to preach to the people of India the unsearchable riches of Christ and to win souls to Him. But if in the course of his preaching tours "curious natural objects" or antiquities in the shape of caves and temples came across his path, he did not disdain to look at and investigate them, especially as

such investigations made him only the better fitted to accomplish that glorious work for which he had left his fatherland, and made India the land of his adoption. While speaking of Dr. Wilson, as a scholar and as an author, I may state that he wrote 25 distinctive works, one of which, the "*Lands of the Bible*" is in two volumes. He also largely contributed to the *Oriental Christian Spectator*, a monthly periodical edited by him for a great many years, which contributions have never been published separately. When we remember that his literary activity was only a secondary object with him, we must feel that, like the good and faithful servant in the parable, Dr. Wilson, had diligently cultivated those talents with which his divine Master had entrusted him.

In the education of Indian youth, Dr. Wilson took a prominent part. He established in Bombay an Institution similar, though on a somewhat smaller scale, to the noble College founded in this city by Dr. Duff, which continues to this day to impart to native youth a sound, healthy and Christian education. His labours in connection with the Bombay University were of the highest value. He had a considerable share in the work of organizing it, framing its rules and regulations, of fixing the standards of examinations, and of examining candidates for degrees; and of that university he was elected Vice-Chancellor, an honour which has not been conferred on any other Missionary in India.

Let no one suppose that, because Dr. Wilson was so great a scholar and author, he was at all remiss in the discharge of the duties peculiar to his high and holy office. He was as laborious in mission work as those who never investigate either antiquities or "curious objects of nature" that come near their path. Almost at the beginning of his missionary career he held long and protracted religious discussions with the hierophants of the Hindu religion in the Island of Bombay, discussions which roused the Hindu population from their lethargy, and the substance of which is embodied in his two "*Exposures of the Hindu Religion*." At a later period he held similar discussions with the Parsi Dasturs and Mobeds

which created a similar sensation in the whole of the Parsi community, and the substance of which is found in his work on the "Parsi Religion." In missionary itineracy no one could have been more diligent. He several times traversed the whole of the Bombay Presidency, and some times went beyond its limits, and delivered the gospel message in the stately palace of the prince as well as in the lowly cottage of the peasant; and such was the urbanity of his disposition and the gentleness of his nature that he invariably met, alike in the hall of the rich and the hut of the poor, with a reception seldom accorded by a heathen population, to a herald of the Cross. On this subject let me quote a passage from his reply to the address to which I have already alluded. "My observations in India I always found extremely interesting. During the course of them I had rare opportunities afforded me of insight into human nature placed in most diversified circumstances, and in every stage of oriental civilization and barbarism. Frequently, on the same day, I would find myself conversing with the prince on the throne or royal cushion, with the priest at his temple, with the peasant in his field, and with the religious mendicant sitting on his bed of ashes. From the savage (as by some he is esteemed) in the forests of the Konkan, the Barya, the Narbada, the Tapti, and the mountain ranges of Maharashtra, Gujarat and Rajpootana, I have met with the greatest kindness, as well as from the sage and disputant of the great shrines of Indian pilgrimage. Seldom, from any desire to find access to the people and to gain their confidence, have I troubled myself to carry with me a tent when in daily stage, performing journeys even of many hundred miles in extent, but except on the rarest occasion I have never been at a loss for accommodation either by day or by night." As a minister and missionary Dr. Wilson obtained the highest honour which his Church could confer on him, namely, the chair of the Moderator of the General Assembly. That chair he occupied with much dignity in the year 1870.

In his relations with the converts, Dr. Wilson was most happy. He loved the Native Church which he himself had founded, and

continued to be its Pastor till the day of his death. The Native Christians looked upon him as their father,—telling him all their griefs and sorrows, and asking for sympathy which he most heartily gave, and if in his intercourse with them he had any failings, those failings leaned on virtue's side.

The same gentleness and charitableness of disposition characterized his intercourse with educated Natives and the whole of the Hindu, Muhammadan and Parsi population. The Hindu Editor of an Anglo-Mahrathi newspaper speaks thus of Dr. Wilson,—“The apostle of one of the most aggressive religions, he was patient and calm in his appreciation of the merits of the followers of other faiths. It was not in his nature to suspect evil. And this gave a peculiar charm to his universally benevolent character. “Dr. Wilson,” continues the Hindu Editor, “knew when to say no. But that was only when a question of principle arose.” So highly respected and so greatly beloved was Dr. Wilson by the native population of Bombay, that he had no hesitation in declaring at a public meeting held in the Town Hall immediately after the close of the Mutiny of 1857, that “he was prepared to go at dead of night into any gully or street in Bombay, even in most troubled times, without the least fear of being hurt or injured.” And as to the respect in which he was held by his own countrymen, it is sufficient to say that, when he was living he was often consulted by the local Government in times of trouble and difficulty; that, during his last illness, His Excellency the Viceroy paid him a visit in his own house enquiring after his health; that His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales sent him a message to the same effect through Sir B. Frere; and that after his death his bier was followed to the grave by His Excellency the Governor of Bombay walking on, followed from the Free Church to the cemetery, accompanied by the Chief Justice and Judges of the High Court, Secretaries to Government and the leading non-official European gentlemen of the city.

Many are the lessons which we might derive from a study of the life and character of the Rev. Dr. Wilson; I have time to advert briefly to only a few of them.

One lesson we may learn is, that we should endeavour to the best of our ability and opportunity to cultivate those talents with which God has entrusted us, with a view to promote God's glory. Dr. Wilson did this in a pre-eminent degree. We have not Dr. Wilson's talents. He was entrusted with five; but some of us doubtless have two; and there is none of us who has not at least one. In whatever measure we have been endowed, in the same measure we should endeavour, with the blessing of God, to be profitable to our divine Master; and if we do so, we shall obtain full reward. It is worthy of notice that, in the parable before us, the servant that had two talents and traded with them and gained two more talents obtained equal commendation and reward with the servant that had five talents and that gained five more by trading with them. To both were addressed the commendatory words—"Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful in a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Here, surely, is encouragement for the Christian who is endowed with the humblest capacity. If we honestly and perseveringly make use of our faculties, such as they are, in the service of God, we shall be accosted with our divine Master's "Well done!" and we shall not lose our reward. "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye stedfast, immoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord."

Another lesson we may learn from the life and character of Dr. Wilson is, that it is not inconsistent with the character of a Christian, or of a missionary either, to take interest in nature and in "curious natural productions." Dr. Wilson took interest in these things, and studied Zoology, Botany, Mineralogy and Geology; and no one can say that his influence as a missionary was in any degree marred on that account. I was lately reading a well-written article in a first-class London Magazine, in which the writer institutes a comparison between the Christian poet Cowper and a celebrated French philosopher who was an unbeliever. In that article the writer expresses his wonder that so devout a Christian and so grim a Calvinist, as Cowper was, should

love nature so deeply and paint its scenes so truthfully. I think the able writer of that article was labouring under a great mistake. I humbly think that the devouter a Christian is, the deeper is his love of nature, for nature is but the workmanship of his heavenly Father. Cowper himself has expressed that idea in these beautiful lines :—

“ He looks abroad into the varied field
Of nature, and though poor perhaps, compared
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers, his t’ enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to Heaven our unassuming eye,
And smiling say—“ My Father made them all.” ”

Yes, brethren, I love nature and every object of nature, and I love it because my Father in heaven has made it. And I have a better right to love and admire it than an unbeliever ; for I, as a Christian, am born of a nobler generation than that of which other men are partakers. I admire this beautiful earth, for it is God’s earth ; it is my Father’s earth ; it is my heritage ; it is my patrimony.

A third lesson we may learn from the study of the life and character of the late Dr. Wilson, is, that we should take interest in every thing human. Dr. Wilson took delight in the study of antiquities, of philology, of ethnology ; and his influence as a missionary, so far from being injured on that account, was greatly enhanced. A heathen poet has said—“ I am a man, and nothing that is human is estranged from me.” In the mouth of a Christian that sentiment has a significance far deeper than the philosophy of the heathen poet that uttered it ever dreamt of. We as Christians are to take interest in every thing human, because God “ hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth,” and because Christ has died for the human race in order to redeem them from the captivity

of sin and Satan, and translate them into the kingdom of glory above.

The last lesson which I shall mention as derivable from the study of the life and character of Dr. Wilson is, that we should diligently cultivate the graces of Christian meekness and Christian charity. Dr. Wilson was a pattern of Christian meekness. It may be said of him as it was said of his divine Master—"He did not strive nor cry; neither did any man hear his voice in the streets. A bruised reed he did not break, and smoking flax he did not quench." And he was a model too of that Christian charity which is the flower of all the graces, the mellow fruit of the divine Spirit—that charity which "doth not behave itself unseemly," which "seeketh not her own," which "is not easily provoked," which "thinketh no evil," which "rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth," which "heareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." It was the beautiful manifestation in his daily life and conversation of these two graces, evangelical meekness and evangelical charity, that won the admiration and regard of even the Hindu, the Muhammadan and the Parsi population of Bombay; and it was this, too, that led many a Hindu and many a Parsi to follow his bier to the grave with tears in their eyes. Incumbent as is the cultivation of the graces of meekness and charity on Christians in all ages and in all countries, it is especially incumbent—I venture to say without giving offence to any one—upon European Christians in India, as they belong to a conquering race; and more especially incumbent upon missionaries in India, as they are looked upon by the Native population as the apostles of the most aggressive of religions.

In conclusion, brethren, let us lay to heart these important lessons, and endeavour with the help of the Holy Spirit to reduce them to practice. Let us, "giving all diligence, add to our faith, virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience, and to patience godliness, and to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness charity." And now "The God of peace, that brought again from the

dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do His will, working in you that which is well pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ ; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen."

ANNALS OF KASHMIR.

BY

J. C. DUTT.

(*Continued from page 250.*)

Lalitaditya was succeeded by Kuvalayapira born of queen Kamaladevi. His reign was for a short time darkened by his quarrel with his valiant brother. The quarrel for some time remained undecided owing to their dependants very often changing sides for money. At last the king overcame his younger brother and also the dependants who took money from both sides. Now, having maintained peace in the kingdom, and gaining strength, he was ambitious of making foreign conquests. But his ambition and his reign were soon put a stop to. It is said that at this time one of his ministers, either remembering the instructions of the late king, or through pride, disobeyed Kuvalayapira ; at which he was so angry that he could not at night sleep even for a moment, and thought not only of killing him but several of his partisans. But afterwards when his anger was assuaged, he wondered how it ever appeared to him fit to take so many lives. And he thus questioned to himself—"Who ever lives in peace after committing crimes for the sake of self? What reasonable man wants to violate the path of duty for his ungrateful person? None takes notice of the change time brings on one. The immortal beings laugh at us, for they found us yesterday laughing in childhood ; to-day they see our beards grown up, and our faces looking red like copper in anger ; and to-morrow they behold our countenance and hair disfigured like the head of an old goat." Thus thinking on the mutability of man,

and valuing peace, he left his kingdom, and went into the woods of Plakshaprasavana. At the time of his departure he wrote on his seat the following line—"Go to the woods, fix your mind in devotion, for the riches you see are perishable, and of short duration." This seer-king, it is said, could be seen by the good even in the days of the historian at Srihill and other places. When the son of his master thus left the kingdom, the minister Mitra-sharma with his wife drowned himself for grief in the waters of Vitasta. He reigned for one year and fifteen days.

His son succeeded his brother Vajraditya also called Vappiyaka or Lalitaditya, born of queen Chakramardika. The cruel temper of this king contrasted strangely with the gentle character of his brother. He robbed Parihasapura of many gifts with which his father had adorned it. This luxurious king had many females in his zenana. He sold many people to the Mlechhas, and introduced their evil habits. After reigning seven years this vicious king died of consumption.

His son Prithibyapira by queen Manjarika then came to the throne. He was a great persecutor of his subjects, reigned for four years and one month, and was dethroned by his step brother Sangramapira. These two kings, it is remarked, did not benefit the kingdom.

After the death of Sangramapira, Jayapira the youngest son of Vappiya or Lalitaditya, ascended the throne. This prince remembered the words, "Be like your grandfather," which the minister used to repeat to him according to the direction of king Lalitaditya I, and being ambitious of conquest, he collected an army and set out of his country. Arriving at the gate of Kashmir with his feudatory chiefs, he asked the old men there as to the numerical strength of the army with which his grandfather had set out. The old men smiled and said, "What is the use of asking that question? For that which was then accomplished cannot be repeated again. He had one lac and twenty five thousand litters of war with him, while you have only eighty thousand." But the king did not think the conquest difficult with the army he had collected, as he thought times had much changed since

the days of his grandfather. The old men recognized in him the spirit of his grandsire. When the king had gone far out of his country, his wife's brother rebelled, and ascended the throne of Kashmir. On the other hand, many soldiers not having much loyalty and longing for home, daily deserted his army and returned to their country. His pride was yet not humbled. Sending his feudatory kings who followed him, to their respective countries, he with a few followers went to Prayaga. There having ascertained the number of his horses, he presented one lac minus one to Brahmans with rich offerings. And there on the bank of the Ganges he erected a monument marked with his name, and an inscription to the effect that he who should be able to present full one lac of horses might pull down Jayapira's monument, and erect his own. The Ganges, says the historian, still laves with its waters the monument marked with the name of Jayapira. He then ordered his soldiers to return home, and separating himself from them, went out alone one night, and entered the city of Poundravardhana, the possession of Jayanta, the king of Gour.

One day the king went out in the evening to worship a river, and it was late when he returned, and found the whole household extremely anxious on his account. When he asked the cause of their anxiety, Kamala, a dancing girl, smiled and said,—“At night there comes a great lion which kills many lives; day by day it destroys man, elephant, horse; and you being late we were apprehensive of your safety.” The king smiled at her tale. That night passed, the king went out of the city next evening, and waited beneath a large banyan tree for the lion. From a distance he spied the animal as if it were the very smile of Yama moving about. He shouted in order to draw the attention of the beast, and at that point the lion yelled and approached—his mane shaking, his eyes bulging, ears erected, and mouth open. The active king thrust his hand up to the elbow into the mouth of the lion, and cut inside his chest. The lion vomited blood and died. The king having washed his blood, slept as before in the house of Kamala. In the morning king Jayanta heard that the lion had been killed, and urged by curiosity, went out to

see it. There he beheld the huge carcase of the animal killed with one blow, and felt sure that he who had destroyed it was more than man. He was however surprised when a follower gave him a Keyura, an ornament worn on the upper arm, marked with the name of Sri Jayapira. The city became alarmed at the information. After assuaging the fears of the citizens, king Jayanta thus addressed them—"Why are you afraid o ye of little sense? It is rumoured that for certain reasons the powerful king Jayapira is travelling in the world alone under the false name of Kallata. I have no son," continued the king of Gour, "and am resolved to marry my daughter Kalyanadevi to him. He ought to be sought after, and if he be found without seeking, it will be as one who seeks for jewels and finds the island where are all precious stones. He must be in this city, and he who will be able to give any information about him, will be rewarded." The citizens, trusting in the word of their truthful king, made search after Jayapira, and at last informed Jayanta that the king of Kashmir was stopping in the house of Kamala. The king with his ministers and his ladies came to the place, and with due attention conveyed him to his palace. And then he married him to Kulyanadevi. The story smells so strongly of fiction, that it can hardly be credited. The kingdom of Gour, it appears, was then divided into five or six separate kingdoms; for it is said that Jayapira subdued the five kings of Gour, and made his father-in-law paramount over them. The army which he had left behind, under the command of Deva Sharmma, the son of Mittra Sharmma, the minister of his grand father, joined him: and at the request of his general he returned to his country with his wife and in Kamala. On his way he defeated the king of Konouj and took the city.

When he entered Kashmir, his brother-in-law who had usurped his throne, came out against him. An obstinate battle was fought for several days at the village of Pushkalettra. During those days the dwellers of the villages and forests who could not brook Jajja the usurper, flocked to Jayapira who was beloved by his subjects. In the course of the battle, one Srideva, a villager and a Chandala by caste, sought for Jajja. They pointed

out to him Jajja riding on horseback in the thick of the battle but being extremely thirsty he was drinking water from a golden vessel. "Now Jajja is killed by me," cried out Srideva as he struck him with a stone tied to a string. It is said that when he set out for battle, he said to his mother that he was going to help the king, and asked for food. At which his mother laughed, but he resolved to kill Jajja. Jajja's army seeing him struck down to the ground with stone, and motionless, left him dying. Thus he reigned for three years in the kingdom which he gained by rebellion. He lived in anxiety, dreading the arrival of his powerful foe. The author takes this opportunity to moralize thus—"The riches of merchants last not if they appropriate what is entrusted to them, of prostitutes if they deceive their paramours, of kings if they get the kingdom by rebellion." After the death of Jajja, Jayapira reigned, and by his good works he delighted his subjects. His queen Kalyanadevi founded a town named Kalyanapura on the field of her husband's victory. The king founded a city named Mahlanapura, and set up an image of Keshava or Vishnu; and Kamala also raised a city named Kamala after her name.

The king made several improvements in the kingdom. He introduced such arts as were long forgotten in the country. He encouraged his subjects to cultivate learning, and inviting learned men from other countries, engaged them in collecting the fragments of Patanjali's commentary on the annotations of Katyayana on Panini's aphorisms. The king himself used to take lessons from Kshrera, a Professor of Grammar. He never excused pride but valued the praise of the learned. The title of *pandita* was more valued in his reign than that of the king. He listened to whatever learned men said. Such was his assiduity to get together learned men, that it is said learned men became scarce in the courts of other kings. In Shukradanta's house of charity where boiled rice was distributed, one learned man named Thakriya was made the head. Another learned man named Udbhatabhatta was made the president of his court on a daily pay of one lac of dinara. The poets of his court were Manoratha, Shankadatta, Chataka,

and Sandhimana ; and his ministers were Vamana and others. He, it is said, once ordered one of his messengers to get five Rakshasas from Ceylon. The messenger, who was none other than his minister for war and peace, in his way fell overboard and was swallowed by a Timi fish, but he is said to have torn the bowels of the fish, and to have reached the shore. Vibhishana, King of Ceylon, gave him five Rakshasas and sent him back to his country. The king bestowed much wealth on the messenger, and caused the Rakshasas to fill a deep tank and build a fort named Jayapura which, it is said, equalled heaven in beauty. He set up three large images of Buddha, a monastery, and an image of a goddess named Jayadevi in that town. He also set up images of Rama and his brothers, and of Vishnu reposing on a snake. Once the king dreamt that Vishnu asked him to cause a city like a Dwarka to be built surrounded by water, and he built a town surrounded by water, which the people even in the days of the historian called Abhantarajayapura. In this city, Jayadeva, who was at the head of the five departments mentioned before, built a monastery ; and Acha, the son-in-law of Pramada, the king of Mathura and subject of the king of Kashmir, set up an image of Mahadeva named Acheshvra.

The king again set out for conquest. He had a large army with him, and if we are to believe the historian, his elephants appeared as a continuation of hills as far as the sea, and his army stretched from the Himalaya to the Eastern Hills. At night Summuniraja and others with the Chandalas kept watch over the army. The king adopted the name of Vinayaditya and founded a city in the east named Vinayapura.

Though kings are great and brave, and persevering, yet sudden dangers render their fortunes doubtful,—with this remark the author goes on to narrate a series of wild adventures and hair-breadth escapes. Once in the disguise of a hermit the king entered the fort of Bhimsena, king of the east. He was however recognized by Sidha, brother of Tajja, and understanding that the king had come as a spy, he gave information to Bhimsena who captured and confined him. Here fate, says the author, overcame

the efforts of man. Jayapira however did not lose presence of mind in this great danger, and began to plan his escape. It so happened that, at this juncture, a disease caused by spiders, broke out among the people of Bhimsena. The disease was contagious, and fatal in its effect, and persons attacked with it were deserted by their fellows. Jayapira heard of this, and caused his men secretly to bring something that increased bile, he ate it and had an attack of fever ; and applying the juice of Vajra (a species of Euphorbia) he produced eruptions on his body. Now the guards reported to Bhimsena that the king of Kashmir had an attack of what they thought to be the prevailing disease ; and Bhimsena apprehending danger therefrom sent out Jayapira. Thus effecting his escape, he captured the fort.

Now Aramuri, the learned and wily king of Nepala, wished to engage himself in war with Jayapira. When the king of Kashmir went to Nepala, Aramuri collected an army, and without submitting retired to a great distance before the army of Kashmir. Jayapira not caring to fight with other kings pursued Aramuri through various countries like a falcon that follows a pigeon, sometimes gaining and sometimes losing sight of his enemy's army. Having conquered the countries around, he encamped with his soldiers by the side of a river that flows into the sea within a short distance. Thence he continued his march towards the eastern sea (Bay of Bengal) for two or three days, his banners flying in the breeze which came from the sea. After which he got sight of the Nepalese army encamped on the southern bank of the river. The anger of Jaypira was roused to see the army of the enemy, and to hear their notes of war. And finding that the water in the river was only knee deep, and not knowing the nature of the place, he descended into the river ; when he had gone half the way, the ebb tide came in, and immensely increased the bulk of the water, the place being near the sea. His army consisting of men, horses, elephants, were borne down by the current. The king's ornaments and clothes were swept away, and he was carried away by the stream a great distance ; but he kept himself above water by swimming. The cries and

shrieks of the army, mixed with the roar of the waters, went up to heaven. The king was picked up by the enemies by means of a leathern bag, and thus to their great joy he was captured. The king of Nepala confined him in a high stone-built house on the banks of the Kala Gandika (Gunduck), and appointed guards to watch over him. The king of Kashmir was at another time in danger, and not knowing what to do, was filled with grief. The confinement was so strict that neither the moon nor the sun could see him. But he somehow saw that the river was nigh, and he planned his escape. Even in the days of the historian, the kind-hearted panditas remembered the lines which the king then composed regarding his condition. Devasharma, the proud minister of Kashmir, was grieved to think of the humiliation of the king, and determining to rescue his master at the sacrifice of his life, he sent a sweet-tongued messenger to Aramuri, and tempted him by promising through his messenger to give up to the king of Nepala the wealth together with the kingdom of Jayapira. And when messengers from Nepala came to him, and arrangements were made, he with the Kashmirian army entered Nepala. Having reached the Kalagandika, he left his army on its banks, and crossed the river with but few followers. He was introduced into the Nepala court by the feudatory kings, and was well received by the king who caused him to sit down in his presence. But as he was weary, the king soon dismissed him that day. Devasharma came to his lodgings and there he passed the remainder of the time. On the next day, he and the king after drinking retired to privacy to settle their affairs. The minister told the king of Nepala that the accumulated wealth of Jayapira was ⁱⁿ the army, the fact being known to the king of Kashmir alone, ^{and} to some of his faithful officers. "I wish to hear from the king ^{of} Kashmir," continued the minister, "where he has kept these treasures, by holding out to him the hope of his being set free if he would give them up. I have not therefore brought the army here, for if they to whom the riches are entrusted be with the army, then it will be impossible to get the treasures. But if the soldiers be brought here one by one

and seized, they may give out the secret." Thus deceiving the king of Nepala, he with the king's permission went to Jayapira. He was grieved to see the king, and clearing the room of all others, asked his master if he still keeps up his spirit. "You may succeed," said he, "if you but take courage." "When I am thus unarmed," replied his master, "what can I do though I possess spirit." "If your spirit has not been lost," rejoined the minister, "the danger can be overstepped. You can leap from this window, and cross over to the other side; the army that is there is yours." "Without a leather bag," said the king, "the river cannot be crossed by jumping from this place, and if a leather bag be thrown from this height, it will burst, so your plan is useless; and after being thus humiliated I do not wish to die without first chastising the foe." "Wait for two dandas" (a danda is equal to 24 minutes,) said the minister, "and you will see the plan I propose, depend on it, I will again return alone." And when the time fixed was over he found his minister lying dead on the ground, with a piece of cloth tied round his neck; and in it were written the following sentence—"I am but dead to-day, my body is stuffed with air, and will be your leather bag which will not break, ride on me and cross the river. I have tied a cloth round my thighs within which thrust your legs up to your thighs." The sentence was written in the blood of his body, which he had taken out with his nails. At first the king wondered and was grieved at the sight, but then he availed himself of the opportunity, and plunging into the stream, reached the opposite bank. There being master of his army, he within a short time destroyed the king of Nepala, and overran his country; it is said, before his guards knew of his escape. The king in spite of his victories thought every thing lost because of the death of his minister who was his protector. In his conquests he forgot his humiliation, but he could not forget his minister.

Unfortunately for his subjects, the king left the path of his grandsire, and walked in that of his father. The Kayasthas advised him that it was useless to undergo the fatigues of foreign conquest when he could accumulate wealth in his own country.

The king took their advice, and began to oppress his subjects. Thenceforth he spent the revenues of Kashmir according to his pleasure, and as advised by the Kayasthas. The devices with which he conquered other kings, he now employed to enslave his own. The councils which were formerly employed for the comfort of the good, he now employed in the oppression of the people. He murdered many persons; and except those who flattered him no one spoke well of him even in dream. In this way the king reigned for three years with such cruelty that he plundered even the cultivator's share of the harvest. His gain overturned his senses, he considered the Kayastas his friends, though they gave him but a small share of the plunder, appropriating to themselves the rest. Even the Brahmans, who always have great patience, began to oppose the king. Some of them fled from the country as the king began to kill many of them, but at last they combined together, and the king could not destroy them, though he continued to plunder them. The king's character was greatly changed, and he was ill spoken of in poetry by the panditas. It is said that the cruel king once ordered that he should be informed that ninety nine Brahmans were killed in one day. And when he was sitting on the bank of the Chandrabhaga after having forcibly taken possession of Tulamula, he was informed that ninety-nine Brahmans perished in the waters of Chandrabhaga. From that time he ceased to take possession of the lands granted to Brahmans, but he continued to take possession of those inhabited by men of other castes.

He was succeeded by his son Lalitapira. This was a very sensual king, and did not attend ⁱⁿ to royal duties. The ill-gotten wealth of his father he ^{he} spent on dancers, stage-actors &c. Bad men gained access to the ^{to} palace and taught him evil. The king cast aside his crown and ^{the} royal ornaments, and lived in the zenana.

After him Chippatajayapira, otherwise called Vrihaspati, the infant son of Lalitapira, was made king. He was born of Lalitapira's concubine named Jayadevi, the daughter of Kalpapala an inhabitant of Akuva. This daughter of Kalpapala was taken

by Lalitapira on account of her beauty. The maternal uncles of the present king named Padma, Utpalaka, Kalyana, Mamma and Dharma, now ruled the kingdom during the king's infancy. They were all young. The eldest held the five principal posts, and the others held other posts. The orders of Jayadevi, mother of the king, were obeyed by her brothers. She set up a god named Jayeshvra. The king spent but a small sum, but his uncles appropriated the whole. The wealth which their sister gained by her beauty, her fortunate brothers now spent. But as their nephew grew up, they apprehended their destruction. And these wicked men after consulting together killed their nephew by magic, in order that they might rule the kingdom. The king died after reigning twelve years. After his death his uncles, puffed up with pride, could not brook that any one of them would reign. They wished to set up a puppet king, but they could not agree in their choice, and so they quarrelled. Tribhuvanapira, son of king Vappia, though the eldest, was not crowned, because all did not agree. And this Tribhubanapira's son named Ajitapira was now raised to the throne by Utpala in opposition to others of his colleagues. But the king could not please all the five brothers equally, for when he spoke to one of them others would be displeased. The five brothers who appropriated the revenues of the realm, set up many houses of gods in the city. They with their sons ruled the kingdom. Utpala set up a god named Utpalasvami and built a city named Utpalapura. Padma set up a god named Padmasvami and a city named Padmapura. The wife of Padma named Gunadevi built two temples, one within the city, and the other at Vijayeshvra. Dharma set up a god named Dharmasvami, and Kalyanavarma set up Kalyanaśvami, an image of Vishnu, Mamma set up a god Mammasvami, on which occasion he gave away as gifts eighty-five thousand cows with calves, and five thousand dinaras with each cow and calf. Who can estimate his wealth, much less the accumulated wealth of all the brothers? The houses of the gods built by them were far larger than other temples which stood beside them. From the Kashmirian era 89, when their nephew died, till now they reigned during a period of thirty-six

years without opposition. After this a battle was fought between Mamma and Utpalaka, and it was so obstinately fought that the Vitasta, it is said, was choked with dead bodies. The poet Chanukya described this battle in his work named Bhuvanabhyudaya. Yashovarmma the son of Mamma defeated his opponents. The victorious party then dethroned Ajitapira and crowned Anangapira son of Sangrammapira. Unable to bear the ascendancy of Mamma, Sukhavarmma, son of Utpala, began to aspire to the kingdom. After three years Utpala died, and Sukhavarmma raised Utpalapira, son of Ajitapira, to the throne.

Ratna the minister for peace and war, who amassed much wealth, set up a temple for the god Ratnasvami. Nara and other proprietors of the village Vimalashva lived at the latter place as princes. The line of Karkota became almost extinct, and the family of Utpala began to thrive. When Sukhavarmma, through his prowess, was on the point of becoming king, he was murdered by his envious friend Shashkasura, and the minister then thought Avantivarmma son of Sukhavarmma to be fit for the throne; and in order to prevent any disturbances, he in the Kashmirian era 31 deposed the reigning king Utpalapira and raised Avantivarmma to the throne. This man obtained the kingdom with ease, for which his father and grandfather had tried so hard.

SENSATIONALISM.

The Newtonian axiom that "action is equal and contrary to re-action" is no less true in the mental constitution of man; than in the physical world. The tenacity with which a certain system of philosophy is held in one age, seems to be in direct proportion to that with which the opposite system was maintained in a former age. There is in the human mind a strange tendency to run into extremes. The universal prevalence, during the middle ages of Europe, of a false system of philosophy, generally called the doctrine of the *universals*, prevented the thick mental gloom which

overshadowed the nations from being broken in upon by the genial rays of discovery and invention. This doctrine taught men to neglect altogether the observation of the phenomena of the external world, and to excogitate all knowledge out of their intellect. Disregarding all kinds of observation, the philosophers of the dark ages, like so many spiders, spun ingenious systems of philosophy out of the substance of their own brains.

To rid Europe of so great an evil did the immortal Bacon sound the trumpet of philosophic reform. In the opening sentence of his great work—the *Novum Organum Scientiarum*, he taught that “man, the servant (minister) and interpreter of nature does and understands just as much as he has observed practically or intellectually of the course of nature: beyond this neither his knowledge nor his power extends.” All Europe heard with mute attention this magic voice. Numbers rallied round his standard, animated with the noble ambition of making extensive conquests in the dark domains of nature and philosophy.

Locke fought under the banner of Bacon, but in his enthusiasm overstepped the limits which his sagacious commander would have dictated to him. Far from the lofty and airy summits of idealism he, by forced marches, descended into the depths of *empiricism* or philosophical *sensualism*, whence he never came up. Or leaving all figure, the tendency of philosophy from the days of Bacon has been *sensuous*. In the spirit of the sensuous system, Locke discarded the theory of all innate ideas in every sense of the phrase, and with it in a great measure, all inherent capacities and susceptibilities, and as the question, “how came the human mind to be furnished with ideas” began then to be asked, he broached a theory in which he attempted to prove that all our ideas have a two-fold source, *viz.*, *sensation* and *reflection*. The examination of this theory is the subject of this Essay.

At the outset we will allow Mr. Locke, to state his theory of the origin of our ideas, in his own words.—

“Let us then suppose the human mind to be, as we say, white paper, void of all characters, without any ideas; how comes it to be furnished? Whence comes it by that vast store which the

busy and boundless fancy of man has painted on it, with an almost endless variety? Whence has it all the materials of reason and knowledge? To this I answer in one word, *experience*; in that all our knowledge is *founded*; and from that it ultimately *derives* itself. Our observation employed either about external, sensible objects, or about the internal operations of our minds, perceived and reflected on by ourselves, is that which supplies our understandings with all the materials of thinking. These two are the *fountains* of knowledge, from whence all the ideas we have, or *can* naturally have, do spring." Of the nature of these two "fountains of knowledge," as he calls them, Locke speaks in the following terms:—"Our senses, conversant about particular sensible objects, do convey into the mind several distinct perceptions of things according to those various ways wherein those objects do affect them; and thus we come by those ideas we have, of yellow, white, cold, soft, hard, bitter, sweet, and all those which we call sensible qualities &c. This great source of most of the ideas we have, I call *sensation*." "The other fountain," proceeds Locke, "from which experience furnisheth the understanding with ideas, is the perception of the operations of our own mind within us, as it is employed about the ideas it has got; which operations, when the soul comes to reflect on, and consider, do furnish the understanding with another set of ideas; which could not be had from things without; and such are perception, thinking, doubting, believing, reasoning, knowing, willing, and all the different actings of our minds. I call this *reflection*." It is evident then that, according to Locke, *sensation* and *reflection* are the *only* two fountains of knowledge.

"The understanding *sees* to me," says he, "not to have the least glimmering of *any* ideas which it doth not receive from one of these two." And not only so, but "even the most abstruse ideas, how remote soever they may seem to be from sense or from any operations of our own minds are yet only such as the understanding frames to itself, by repeating and joining together ideas, that it had, either from objects of sense, or from its own operations about them; so that even those large

and abstract ideas are derived from sensation and reflection, being no other than what the mind, by the ordinary use of its own faculties, employed about ideas, received from objects of sense or from the operations it observes itself about them, may, and does, attain unto. This I shall endeavour to show in the ideas we have, of space, time, and infinity, and some few others that seem the most remote from those originals."

Having stated Locke's theory of the origin of ideas in his own words, we proceed to make a few observations before considering his analyses of the abstract ideas of space, time, infinity &c. which he himself proposes.

In the *first* place, we question the truth of the assumption that the human mind is like "white paper, void of all characters, without any ideas." We think that in exploding the doctrine of innate ideas, Locke has destroyed along with it the doctrine of innate capacities, powers and susceptibilities. His language is too general, vague, and inaccurate. The mind is not a white paper. It is white paper saturated with invisible inks, and ready to receive characters of all sorts. Were the mind a perfect blank, void of all characters and capacities to receive them, without any ideas, it would have been physically impossible for it to have gained any knowledge. The acquisition of knowledge is not of the nature of a *creation*; it is merely giving opportunity to the innate capacities and principles to develop themselves.

In the *second* place, we utterly deny that "in *Experience* all our knowledge is founded;" and that "from experience all our knowledge derives itself." This is the motto of Locke's School. In the school of Locke, this is the point of departure. Believing in this as in an unquestioned and unquestionable truth, the empirical philosophers of the Lockian school lay out vast ingenuity, immense subtilty and much acuteness to bend every thing to it. All the ideas in the human mind are made, willingly or unwillingly, to render homage to this assumption. "In *experience* all our knowledge is founded; and from that it ultimately derives itself." Who is this Experience that so proudly arrogates to herself the origin of all human knowledge?

She is the mistress of Locke's school. Are her pretensions well founded? We shall see.

Not only are there inherent and innate capacities and susceptibilities in the human mind, but there are convictions, notions, which arise from the necessity of the human constitution. These are called *first truths, necessary truths, a priori judgments, pure intellects*, products of the pure Reason.

They are prior to all experience. All mathematical axioms are of this nature. "Things that are equal to the same thing are equal to one another," "the whole is greater than its part," "whatever is, is, and it is impossible for the same thing to be and not to be at the same time;"—all these are emanations of the pure reason. They precede all reasoning.

We are aware that Mr. Locke, when combatting the theory of innate ideas, attempts to show that all such axioms are not intuitive in the highest sense of the term. But we set nothing by his arguments on this point; they do not appear satisfactory to us. Do we need the assistance of experience to make us sure of the truth contained in the propositions, "whatever is, is, and that it is impossible for the same thing to be and not to be at the same time?" No. The consciousness of all men establishes beyond the possibility of a doubt that such truths are anterior to all experience, and are therefore fitly termed *a priori* judgments.

In the next place, not only are these intuitions or pure intellects *or poeuita* prior to all experience, but it is impossible—*metaphysically* and from the nature and necessity of things impossible, that they could have derived themselves from experience.

Let us take any of these truths, e. g. "Whatever is, is, and it is impossible for the same thing to be and not to be at the same time." What are the properties—the characteristics of this truth? It is *universal, immediate, irresistible, primary, eternal, and necessary*. Can any one deny all these properties to the above axiom? If not, can *all* these properties be deduced from experience? Take the attribute of necessity. Does experience impart this notion of necessity to the mind? Experience from the very nature of the thing is not necessary. It is *conditionate*, and therefore cannot

possibly give birth to an *unconditionate* element, *viz.*, *necessity*. But in the third place, not only is experience not the fountain of all knowledge, but it is the *occasion*—the *condition* of all our knowledge.

Here lies after all the vice of Locke's system. The fundamental fallacy of confounding the condition of a thing with its essence or cause, pervades a large portion of the invaluable work of Mr Locke. The schoolmen used to express this fallacy by an elegant Latin phrase, *viz.*, "*cum hoc ergo propter hoc*," with this, therefore *on account* of this.

This is the rock—the conspicuous but dangerous rock, on which Locke has shattered his noble vessel of metaphysics into ten thousand pieces. We shall soon see that he repeatedly falls upon it.

In his theories of the origination of the ideas of space, time, infinity &c, he is repeatedly guilty of the sophism of taking the *condition*—the *occasion* of a thing, for the *thing itself*. The fallacy is too common to require much to be said upon it. To make water rise into a tube a certain height, it is necessary that the tube should be exhausted of all air; this is the *condition* but not the *cause* of the rise of the water; the proper cause being the repulsive force of the watery particles themselves. In order to make a guinea and a feather descend the same distance at the same time, it is necessary to place them under the receiver of an air-pump. The exhaustion of atmospheric air is the *condition*, but gravitation is the real *cause* of the above phenomena. To illustrate the subject by an instance from a higher department; that a man be saved it is necessary that he should have faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; this is ~~the~~ *condition* of salvation. But is this the cause? Nay. The all-sufficient atonement of our blessed Lord is the only *procuring cause* of our salvation. It would be easy to multiply instances showing the difference of cause and condition; but these few that we have given, will suffice to exhibit its nature.

Now, it seems Mr. Locke did not clearly understand this distinction, or if he did, he remembered that he has a system to

uphold. For in advocating that experience is the source of all knowledge he has frequently reasoned "*cum hoc ergo propter hoc.*"

Experience is not the *cause* but the *condition*, the *occasion* of the origin of human knowledge. The *necessary* truths—the *a priori* judgments—the *constituent forms of the understanding*, must ever be ranked as the *substrata* of experience. Without these experience is impossible. Hence the truth of the proposition with which Kant opens his immortal work on the Critique of Pure Reason, *viz.*, "that although knowledge *begins* with experience, it does not derive itself *from* experience."

Further, the objects of experience must be conceived to obtain either in space or in time; hence the truth of the Kantian formula that space and time are the *necessary conditions*—the *primary constituent forms of the understanding* or rather of the sensitive faculty. Or adopting the improvement of M. Cousin on the Kantian formula, space and time are the *logical* conditions of all experience, and experience the *chronological* condition of all knowledge.

From the few remarks we have made, it is abundantly manifest, that Locke's theory respecting the origin of human knowledge is essentially *defective* and *vicious*. It is not only *defective* in that it does not account for all the ideas in the human mind, but it is essentially *absurd*, inasmuch as it confounds the condition of a thing with its cause. And therefore, so far as the exposure of the theory is concerned we could altogether stop at this stage of our enquiry. But since Mr. Locke undertakes to prove that the abstract conceptions of time, space, infinity, cause &c., can be resolved into either of the fountains of knowledge, *sensation* or *reflection*, we stop to examine the validity of the resolution. We will not exactly follow the order Mr. Locke has adopted in his valuable work on the "Human Understanding."

Space and cause being the most important, we will begin with the former and end with the latter.

SPACE.

Space, viewed ontologically has been the occasion of the origination of a thousand conflicting theories in the science of

Metaphysics. Whether it is a merely *subjective* notion—an abstraction of the mind, having nothing corresponding to it in the universe, or whether it has an *objective*, an *extrinsic* reality; whether in its nature and essence it is *spiritual* or *material*; and whether it is a *substance* or an *attribute*, are questions with which philosophers have puzzled themselves, and which probably will remain undecided to the end of time.

These questions lie in the very innermost recesses of the sanctuary of philosophy. But whatever answers may be given to these ontological questions, it is plain, that the discussion on hand has nothing to do with them. We are viewing at present space *psychologically*.

Waiving the question concerning its constituting nature and essence, we trace its origination in the human mind. Here the problem is—Given the idea of space, to account for its origin in the human mind. There are two and *only* two sources of all our ideas, sensation and reflection. Into which of them is the idea of space to be reduced? Into reflection? No. Into sensation? Mr. Locke answers, “Those hast said.” There are but *five* senses, *viz.*, sight, touch, hearing, tasting, and smelling. Into which one of them, or two of them, or any number of them, is it then to be reduced?

Mr. Locke answers in B. II. Chap. XIII. Sec. 2; “*We get the idea of space both by our sight and touch.*” But what, according to Mr. Locke, is the object of sight and touch? What knowledge do we get from touch according to him? “The idea of solidity,” says he, “we receive by our *touch*; and it arises from the resistance, which we find in body, to the entrance of any other body into the place it possesses, till it has left it.”

By touch then we acquire the knowledge of a solid—a body; and by the same touch also we acquire the knowledge of space; therefore it is manifest that *space is of the nature of body*; for two ideas coming from the same source must, we suppose, of necessity, be of the *same nature*. This is the legitimate conclusion of Mr. Locke’s theory of the origin of the idea of space. And indeed he evidently confounded space with body, when he thought that, to ask whether the world existed in space, was the same

thing as to ask whether the world existed at all. But is this account of the matter correct? Is Mr. Locke's notion of space the same with the notion of it entertained by all men? Is space the same as body? We shall see. Here is a book. Where does it exist? on the table. Where is the table? In the room. Where is the room? In the house. Where is the house? In the city of Calcutta. Where is the city of Calcutta? In the country of Hindustan. Where is the country of Hindustan? In Asia. Where is Asia? In the world. Where is the world? It must be situated somewhere. It is in *space*. Where is space? In itself, for itself is the seat of bodies. It is impossible to go any further. Space is, therefore, the *locus* of bodies. Destroy space and you destroy the potentiality, that is, the possibility of the existence of body. Space is the *container*, and body the *contained*.

Wherefore to confound space with body is virtually to confound the container with the thing contained, the tube with the matter contained in it, the body with the soul, the shelf with the books on it, the atmosphere with its clouds, the earth with all things contained in it.

In order more clearly to shew the difference between space and body, we shall ascertain some of their characteristic qualities.

In the first place, space is infinite, body is limited. Go wherever we might, it would be impossible to conceive the non-existence of space. But every nature has limits. But it is impossible to conceive space to have limits. We may traverse this world,—traverse the solar system and ten thousand other systems with their revolving planets, we might thus in imagination exhaust the created universe and walk on the very outskirts of creation; yet beyond this space must be supposed to extend. We might people space with millions of millions of possible worlds and systems, yet there would be space beyond all this. Space is thus boundless, illimitable, and infinite. In the second place, the idea of space is necessary, the idea of body is relative and contingent. Space is absolute and necessary, for you cannot yet quit of the idea of it. We can suppose the destruction of a body, of a system, of millions of possible systems. But it is

impossible to suppose the non-existence of space. It clings to us and will not leave us. We might try all our might to get quit of this idea, but it is impossible to do so. When you have supposed this world destroyed, a system destroyed, millions of possible systems destroyed, you have not destroyed space. The idea of space absolutely adheres to you wherever you are and whithersoever you go. Suppose for a moment that a body exists, and you suppose the existence of space also.

In the next place, space is immaterial, invisible, and incorporeal, body is material, visible, and corporeal. Every body has extension, figure, &c.; it has a sensible or corporeal representation; which space has not. In this sense may space be called subjective and body objective. Further, the idea of space is immediate and irresistible, the idea of body not so.

Thus ideas possessing such contrary and opposite qualities or characteristic properties cannot be the same idea. And, indeed Locke himself, when not under the influence of his system does acknowledge in many passages that an essential difference exists between space and body. But the confounding of space with body is, as we have seen, a legitimate consequence of his theory. It is not wonderful, that this part of his invaluable essay should abound in contradictions. Favourite theories so warp and bias the judgments of the subtlest and acutest of men, that it is impossible for them to weigh deliberately the force of arguments.

But granting for the sake of argument that he did not confound space with body (although we proved that in the spirit of his system he ought to have done, and indeed in point of fact has done so) yet how can it be made to appear, that the idea of space is derived from sensation. We have seen that necessity, absoluteness, &c. are predicated of space. Now, it is impossible that all those ideas are derived from sensation or reflection. Could the idea of "necessity," for instance, be derived from sensation and reflection? Every one knows that the celebrated Mr. Hume came logically from the theory of Locke to conclude that there is no such thing as necessity.

Locke derives the idea of space from that of body. Locke was a great Metaphysician,—he had an intellect of the very first order. There must therefore be some plausibility in the theory; or else he would not advocate it. Is there a sense then in which it may be said that the idea of body precedes that of space? There is, and let us see what it is.

There are two grand classes of relations. The first class of relations are those which one idea bears to another in the *order of nature*. These relations are absolute and abstract. They can never be altered. From their very nature they are eternal, immutable, necessary. These relations may be called ontological, metaphysical, or logical relations. But there is another class of relations quite different from these;—the relations which one idea bears to another in the order of *our knowledge of them*.

All our knowledge is relative; the knowledge of the highest archangel is relative; the knowledge or rather the *science** of God above is absolute. The process of human or rather created knowledge must be synthetic. The science of God is alone analytic in the truest sense of the term. The omniscient One knows relations in the order of nature. We know in a different manner.

There are then relations in the order of nature, and relations in the order of acquisition; these M. Cousin elegantly terms *logical* and *chronological*. What is then the logical relation between space and body; and what the chronological?

First then, given space and body, query, rationally, logically in the order of nature which presupposes the other? Does space presuppose body? Can we not suppose the existence of space without the previous supposition of the existence of body? Unquestionably we can. But it is not possible to conceive body without presupposing space. The moment a body is conceived, that moment space must be supposed to exist before. We may as well conceive an event not to take place in time or duration, as conceive a body

* We are aware that we are using the word "science" in a subjective sense, in which sense we have never seen it used except in the compound words "omniscience, and prescience." But we see no reason why such an elegant turn may not be given to the simple word "science" itself.

not to exist in space. Hence it appears that, rationally, in the order of nature, space is the logical condition, the metaphysical antecedent of body.

But in the next place, given space and body, query, historically, chronologically in the order of acquisition of the knowledge of the ideas of space and body, which presupposes the other? Unquestionably space presupposes body. As far as our knowledge of the idea is conceived, it is impossible to have the idea of space without having previously the idea of body. Were body non-existent, space *to us* would also be non-existent. If no body existed in the universe of God, we hesitate not to say, it would have been impossible to get the idea of space. Thus again it is manifest that, historically, in the order of acquisition, body is the chronological condition of space. Taking the two views at once it appears, that space is the logical condition of body, and body the chronological condition of space. Now, Mr. Locke by not distinguishing these two sorts of origin, has fallen into a grievous mistake in his theory of the origin of human knowledge. Thus he, in deducing the idea of space from the idea of body, is both right and wrong—logically Locke is wrong; chronologically he is right.

M. Cousin in his admirable lectures on the sensualism of Locke has illustrated this distinction with his peculiar clearness and animated eloquence. But this distinction, we believe, has not originated with that distinguished philosopher. It was obscurely hinted at by Leibnitz, distinctly pointed out by Cudworth in his immortal work on the "Intellectual System," caught hold of and applied to Locke's system by Reid and Stewart, and elaborated upon by Kant. From the preceding criticisms, we think, it is abundantly manifest, as it is finely expressed in the beginning of the Critique of Pure Reason, "that although space *begins with* body, yet it does not *derive itself from* body." We now proceed to discuss on

TIME.

St. Augustine, when questioned, what is time, replied, "the more I enquire into it, the less do I understand it." This,

we presume, is the proper answer, when time is viewed ontologically, that is, with a view to its nature and constituting essence. But ours is a psychological concern. In the present discussion we have nothing to do with the abstract question, what is time, in its nature, being, and essence; but we have to do with the question, how is the idea of time originated in the human mind. Before we answer this question, we shall see how Locke answers it.

"It is evident," says he, "to any one who will but observe what passes in his own mind that there is a train of ideas which constantly succeed one another in his mind, as long as he is awake. Reflection on these appearances of several ideas, one after another, in our minds, is that which furnisheth us with the idea of succession; and the distance between any parts of that succession, or between the appearance of any two ideas in our minds, is that which we call duration" or time. Thus Mr. Locke derives the idea of time from the idea of succession, which is derived from "reflection on the train of ideas which we find to appear, one after another, in our own minds." Previously to showing the fallacy involved in the above passage, we would turn our attention for a moment to the attributes of time, and ascertain whether the idea of it could derive itself from experience as Mr. Locke makes it.

What then are the attributes of time? Can we suppose the non-existence of time? Can we destroy it in thought? can we conceive a time (or what shall we call it?) when time did not exist? Impossible. The very question is itself self-contradictory. Time then is necessary, so necessary that to question its existence involves a contradiction.

It is illimitable or infinite. It is purely rational, abstract, and opposed to sensible, it is absolute. It possesses all the attributes of space. Can these qualities be the product of experience? Can experience, can sensation or reflection, impart to us a necessary idea, an absolute, abstract, and purely rational idea? We throw not. Hence the impossibility of deriving the idea of time from the idea of succession which, last is the product of experience, is clearly manifest.

Let us more particularly examine Locke's theory of the origin of the idea of time. He derives it, as we have seen, from reflection on the train of ideas in the mind, that is, from succession. The remarks we have already made when considering space and body, are in substance applicable to time and succession. Time is to succession what space is to body. We can conceive time to exist without any event taking place in it. For undoubtedly there was a time when there existed nothing but God, unless we say, that a creature can be eternal, which is self-contradictory. And in the mind of God, with reverence be it spoken, there can possibly be no succession in the strictest sense of the term ; for the past, the present, and the future, are all present before the eyes of Him with whom we have to do. Hence the significance of the peculiar designation which the Schoolmen gave to God,—the “*Eternal Now*.” But on the other hand, we cannot conceive succession without time. Time is necessarily and essentially involved in succession, succession must take place in time, for an event can only take place in time. Time is, therefore, so to speak, the *locus* of succession. Destroy time, and you annihilate the possibility of succession. Metaphysically, rationally, analytically, in the order of nature, time is the *logical condition* of succession.

SUN-RISE IN A VILLAGE.

Immured in city, how with raptures now
 'Midst village scenes I hail thee, rising sun !
 I see from up the plains thy crimson brow.
 Thy race of glory now but just has run,
 Through th' ethereal realms of heavens to run.
 Of what jewels rare, or of what coral made
 Thy blushing face ? With what perfection done !
 And now there behold thy bright beams pervade
 The waking world, and sky, with streaks of light and shade.
 The pensive world that weeps the morning dew,
 Now brightens at thy lovely dawning light.

The sable clouds assume the blushing hue—
 And sweet flowerets open at thy sight.
 The merry birds with rapture and delight
 Now hail thee with their simple tuneful lay ;
 And madly mingle with thy rays so bright,
 Glad at the sight of the approaching day,
 And fly to thee, nor aught of earth their course can stay.
 With wonder here on thee, O Sun ! I gaze
 Now just above the level of the plain ;
 And now o'er huts I see thy glory blaze ;
 And next suspending on the trees remain.
 And further still thy ear doth rise, in vain,
 The row of lofty palm trees now doth rear
 Their giant arms thy glit'ring orb to gain.
 And now thou risest still, no more the glare
 Of thy strong light my weak and mortal eyes can bear.
 What wonder then our simple sires of old,
 Beholding such a grand majestic scene,
 The glorious clouds of light that thee enfold,
 Would feel their little hearts subdued within,
 And bow to thee upon the village green.
 Poor guileless men ! 'Midst nature's beauties born,
 To worship nature's beauties e'er had been
 The very early lessons they did learn
 When scarce the just and right from wrong they could discern,

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

A Course of English Reading consisting of Selections from Modern English Authors for the use of Candidates for the Entrance Examinations of the Indian Universities, illustrated and annotated by the Rev. K. S. Macdonald, M. A., Free Church College. Calcutta Tract and School Book Society, 23, Chowringhee Road, Calcutta. 1876. Part I. Price 12 annas.

The Rev. K. S. Macdonald deserves the thanks of the youth of India for the admirable Course of English reading which he has compiled for them. In the selection of the pieces the Editor

has shown excellent judgment; the pieces are neither too difficult nor too easy for those for whom the compilation is designed. The notes and comments are as they ought to be; while they will help the student materially, they will not supersede personal effort and thinking. The pictorial illustrations are a great attraction to the book. And last not least, the book is wonderfully cheap. We recommend the adoption of this useful compilation in all the schools of the country, both private and Government.

The Arian Witness: Or the Testimony of Arian Scriptures in corroboration of Biblical History and the Rudiments of Christian Doctrine; including Dissertations on the Original Home and early adventures of Indo-Arians. By the Rev. K. M. Banerjee, Member of the Board of Examiners (late College of Fort William,) Honorary Examining Chaplain of the Lord Bishop of Calcutta, Honorary Member of the Royal Asiatic Society of London. Calcutta: Thacker and Spink. 1875.

The nature of this valuable book is sufficiently indicated by its title. Differing from all other oriental scholars, Mr. Banerjee maintains that "the original home of the Ariyan family was in Media, the chief city having been Harā." In support of this opinion the learned author brings forward the testimonies of the Rig Veda, the Zendavesta and the Assyrian Inscriptions. In some future number of the Magazine we hope to examine whether this opinion is well-grounded or not. The theological portion of the book is to us the most interesting. The testimonies of the old Hindu books in confirmation of Biblical history and doctrines, which the author produces, are very striking. We hope in future numbers to notice these confirmations at some length. At present we merely recommend to our readers a thoughtful study of this remarkable work.

Sambandha Nirṇaya, Or Social History of the Principal Hindu castes in Bengal. By Lal Mohan Vidyanidhi, Head Master of Normal School, Kishnaghur. Calcutta: New School Book Press.

This is a very interesting book. It contains a great deal of information regarding Hindu society and the castes which compose it. So far as we are able to judge, the information is correct.

THE BENGAL MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1876

THE REV. JOHN WILSON, D. D., F. R. S.*

By the Editor.

I purpose to recount to you this night the story of the life of a wise and good man, of one who was an earnest worker, and who "made his life sublime" by spending it in the service of his God and of his fellow-men; and if every life, however obscure, has its lesson, the story of the life of so great a scholar and so disinterested a philanthropist, as the late Dr. Wilson of Bombay, must be fraught with instruction.

John Wilson was born at Lauder, in Berwickshire in Scotland, on the 11th of December 1804. Like most of the Scottish clergy, he sprung from the people. He received his early education in his native town, under the superintendence of one of the most successful schoolmasters in the south of Scotland, Mr. Patterson, who had charge of the education of the children of that Burgh for more than half a century, and who had the singular felicity of sending into the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, in all its branches, no less than thirteen ministers from among his pupils. That John Wilson owed a great deal to Patterson there can be no doubt. He obtained from him not only his elementary education and an insight into the Latin and Greek languages, but he caught from him that ardent and enthusiastic love of knowledge which animated John Wilson throughout his long life.

* A Discourse read at the Bethune Society on Thursday the 24th of February, 1876.

From the school of his native town John Wilson went to the University of Edinburgh. Professor Playfair, the celebrated mathematician and physicist, who had adorned the mathematical chair of the University for twenty years, and the chair of Natural Philosophy for fourteen years, had recently died; but the latter chair had been just filled by perhaps a still more eminent man, Sir John Leslie, the author of several works on Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, and the inventor of the differential thermometer. Possessed of a quick and active intellect, of a powerful memory, and of unflinching perseverance, and stimulated by a quenchless thirst after knowledge, John Wilson greatly distinguished himself in the University; and as he had taste for Natural Philosophy, he stood amongst the first in Sir John Leslie's class. That taste for physical investigations, which he imbibed from Sir John Leslie, he retained during the whole of his life; so that in after years, when he undertook preaching tours in the Bombay Presidency, he went not only to evangelize, but also to botanize, to mineralize and to geologize; and on one occasion, when he returned from a preaching tour in Gujarat, he brought with him, to the astonishment of his friends, several huge boxes containing stones and pebbles which he had gathered on the shores of the Gulf of Cambay.

As John Wilson was designed for the ministry of the Church of Scotland—and the dearest wish of every Scotch peasant like that of Dominie Sampson's mother, is "to see his bairn wag his head in a pulpit"—he, after passing through the usual curriculum in the Art's classes entered the Divinity Hall of the University, where he went through a four years' course in theology. John Wilson's parents were poor; he had therefore to encounter no little difficulty, of a pecuniary nature, in prosecuting his studies in the University. But the Scotch are a hardy and noble race, and the youth of Scotland are so animated with the love of knowledge that they undergo great hardship for the sake of receiving a University education; and the result is, that you cannot "go into any Scottish family in the country, a shepherd's, or a gardener's, or a village shoe-maker's, but the chances are that some member of the family

has had a University education." Lockhart, the biographer of Sir Walter Scott, tells us that while Sir Walter as a student attended Dugald Stewart's Lectures on Moral Philosophy, he often sat beside "a modest and diligent youth." That "modest and diligent youth's" father was "a venerable *Bluegown*, a beggar of Edie Ochiltree order, who used to stand, propped on his stick, with his hat in his hand, at one of the out-skirts of the city," or in other words, the father of Sir Walter Scott's fellow-student in the University actually begged in the streets that he might give his son the benefit of a University education. Similar facts are mentioned by the late Dr. Guthrie in his *Autobiography*; and even at this moment the spectacle is not rare of a Scottish youth coming down from the country parts to Edinburgh or Glasgow or St. Andrews or Aberdeen, with a sack of oatmeal on his back, hiring cheap quarters in the town, attending Lectures at the University, and returning home for a fresh sack of oatmeal when the contents of the first one have gone down the throat, accompanied with nothing stronger than water, unless it be with an occasional dash of whiskey. Many Scottish noble youths live on oatmeal and water, and attend Professor Fraser's Lectures on Logic and Metaphysics or Professor Jobb's Lectures on the Irregular Greek Verbs; they act on the Miltonian principle of "spero diet and hard study." Whether John Wilson carried on his back a sack of oatmeal from Lauder to Edinburgh I have not heard; but this I have heard that in order to maintain himself at the University he had recourse to private teaching.

It was while John Wilson was carrying on his studies at the Edinburgh University that he came in contact with a remarkable man who exerted a great influence on him. That man was the Rev. Dr. Andrew Thomson, the minister of St. George's, one of the greatest preachers of the day, the leader of the Evangelical party in the Church of Scotland, a man of sincere and deep piety, of popular manners, and of commanding eloquence. Whatever might have been the causes which led John Wilson to take interest in foreign missions—and he showed that interest while he was a theological student—there can be no doubt that his inter-

course with Dr. Andrew Thomson was the chief cause. Dr. Andrew Thomson and Dr. Thomas Chalmers represented in those days the piety and missionary zeal of the Church of Scotland, and it is interesting to observe that, while Andrew Thomson gave to Western India a John Wilson, Thomas Chalmers gave to Eastern India an Alexander Duff. John Wilson, along with others, established a Missionary Society in connection with the Divinity Hall of the University, at one of the meetings of which he delivered an address which was published, and his interest in missions becoming more and more lively, he gave to the world, before he left the Divinity Hall, a life of John Eliot, the celebrated "Apostle of the Indians" of North America, of whom Richard Baxter said—"There was no man on earth whom I honoured above him."

It would appear that John Wilson's mind was of an essentially literary cast. Before leaving the Divinity Hall of the University, he had published a pamphlet and a book; shortly after he left the University he engaged in a warm newspaper discussion in connection with what was called the "Apocryphal Controversy," a controversy which arose from the British and Foreign Bible Society publishing along with the Bible those writings which are called the Apocrypha or the uncanonical Scriptures. In after-life he always wrote books which are about twenty-six in number, and a few hours before his death he expressed a desire to live that he might finish some works which he had begun. His was an intensely active and eminently productive mind.

But Mr. Wilson did not merely write on missions; he devoted his life to mission work. The Church of Scotland in its corporate capacity had in those days no missions of its own; but in 1796 a few pious persons had established a Society called the Scottish Missionary Society, which had already begun operations in India and other parts of the world. As Mr. Wilson was anxious to come out to India as a missionary, he offered his services to the Scottish Missionary Society. His application was accepted. He was ordained as a minister by the Presbytery of Lauder on 24th June 1828. On the 12th August of that year he

was married to Miss. Margaret Bayne, daughter of the Rev. Kenneth Bayne of Greenock, who was a highly educated and pious woman,—delighting in the study of mathematics and astronomy; and on the 30th of August 1828, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson left Scotland for India. After a tedious voyage round the Cape of upwards of five months, Mr. Wilson with his accomplished wife reached Bombay on the 13th of February 1829, and was received into the house of one of the missionaries of the Society, the Rev. John Stevenson, who afterwards distinguished himself as a Sanskritist, and as the translator into English of the Sama Veda. The Society in those days occupied as their stations, Bankot and Harnai in the Southern Konkan; Mr. and Mrs. Wilson accordingly proceeded thither and applied themselves diligently to the study of the Mahrathi language. As Mr. Wilson's linguistic powers were great, in a few months he was able to converse freely with, and to preach, to the people in their mother tongue. The ~~Scottish~~ Missionary Society, however, soon gave up their stations in the Southern Konkan, and elected Bombay and Puna as the scenes of their missionary operations. In consequence of this change, Mr. Wilson removed to Bombay on the 26th of November 1829, where he continued to labour till the day of his death.

Bombay, which is now the second city in Queen Victoria's dominions, its population being next only to that of London, was forty-six years ago a very large city. It had a population of nearly a quarter of a million souls, and that population represented a variety of creeds and nationalities as is witnessed in no other city in India, perhaps in no other city in the whole world. There were in it Mahrattas and Jainas, Bhattias and Buddhists, Mahammadans and Parsis, together with Europeans, Indo-Europeans, Native Christians; Africans, Arabs, Persians, Jews, Beni-Israel, Afghans, Chinese. Mr. Wilson had a just sense of the importance of Bombay as a central spot for carrying on missionary operations. Before settling in it he had written of it to the Directors of his Society in the following terms:—"With regard to Bombay, in particular, I may freely say, that when I consider its immense population—the different bodies of which that popu-

lation is composed—its intercourse with all parts of the surrounding country, and with different infidel nations—the diminution of the prejudice of caste by the easy intercourse which the people have had with Europeans—the facilities with which considerable congregations can be procured, Bibles and tracts circulated, and education conducted, and other circumstances which are before the view of my mind—I do not know a spot where I could with more willingness, desire to spend and to be spent for the name of Christ.”

On being settled in Bombay, Mr. Wilson surveyed the field and chalked out his plan of operations; and then began that manifold activity—evangelistic, philological, educational, literary—which characterised the career of that distinguished scholar and philanthropist. He wisely determined from the beginning to master the vernacular languages and dialects spoken by the diversified population of Bombay; for he felt that as a missionary he could not have real access to the people unless he could familiarly converse with them in their mother tongue. He found half the Hindu population of the island-city speaking the Mahrathi language; in that language he had already made such progress as to enable him to preach and converse in it: the other half he found speaking Gujarati, very different from Mahrathi, though both are derived from the Sanskrit. He accordingly mastered the Gujarati. But nearly one fourth of the entire population of Bombay were Mahammadans who could be approached only through the Urdu or Hindustani. That language therefore he was under the necessity of learning. There was however, another very interesting and very influential body of people in the island, the Parsis, who spoke neither Hindustani nor Mahrathi, nor pure Gujarati, but a *patois* the basis of which was Gujarati but largely interlarded with Persian words. Mr. Wilson, therefore, studied Persian, as he had already learnt Gujarati.

As a well educated man Dr. Wilson had learnt, before leaving Scotland, in addition to his mother tongue, Latin, Greek and French; and as a clergyman he had studied Hebrew. If he had been an ordinary missionary he would have been satisfied with

having mastered only one vernacular language, either Mahrathi or Gujarati or Urdu, as he could in that case have held communication with millions of people. But Mr. Wilson had mastered all those three languages with the addition of Persian, and yet he was not satisfied. He was not satisfied with being acquainted with Mahrathi and Gujarati; he cherished the just ambition of making personal acquaintance with the venerable mother of those languages, namely, the Sanskrit. Neither was he satisfied with having learnt Urdu and modern Persian; he desired to study the copious Arabic from which the Persian and the Urdu are derived. He accordingly diligently studied the oriental classics, Sanskrit and Arabic. But there was another and a more powerful reason why he studied Sanskrit and Arabic. As a missionary he thought it his duty not only to master the vernacular languages of the people among whom he laboured, in order that he might freely communicate his ideas to them, but to study those grand old languages in which were embalmed their literature, their philosophy and their religion. An acquaintance with Sanskrit and Arabic would, not only make him intimately acquainted with the history, literature, philosophy and religion of the Indo-Aryan and Indo-Semitic races among whom he was living; and for whose spiritual benefit he had left his native hills of Scotland, but it would place him as a missionary on a high vantage ground. He justly considered that if, in his disputations with learned Pandits and Maulavis, he could quote the *ipsissima verba* of Brahmá and of Mahammad, as they are contained in the Vedas and the Koran, he would command the respect of all intelligent Hindus and Mahammadans, and would thus obtain a hearing for those great truths which he had come to proclaim. It was for this reason chiefly, and not merely for the abstract love of philology, that he betook himself to the study of Sanskrit and Arabic. * Indeed, Mr. Wilson never forgot for a moment that he was a missionary. Whether he studied or spoke or wrote, he studied and spoke and wrote as a missionary. All his studies, speeches and writings, had reference to the great object for the furtherance of which he had determined to lay his bones in India.

But there was another language which Mr. Wilson thought it his duty to learn. He had learnt the sacred language of the Brahmans; he had learnt the sacred language of the Mahammadans; and he next directed his attention to the sacred language of the Parsis who, though fewer in number than either the Hindus or the Mussulmans, were a very influential people in the Bombay Presidency. But learning Zend, which is the sacred language of the Parsis, was then by no means an easy task. It had neither grammar nor dictionary. There were very few Dusters, that is Parsi priests, that understood it, though they daily repeated prayers in it; in India no European knew it; and in Europe one adventurous Frenchman had discovered it some time before, another Frenchman was studying it critically at that very time when Mr. Wilson was turning his attention to it, and one German had taken up the subject but had given it up in despair. The adventurous Frenchman was the celebrated Anquetil du Perron who, accidentally seeing a facsimile of some pages written in ~~Zend~~ characters, was fired with the ambition of becoming the first Zend scholar in Europe, and determined to set sail for Bombay with a view to study the language and buy manuscripts. But as means were not forth-coming, in 1754 the chivalrous philologer hired himself out as a sailor on board a ship of the French Indian Company, reached Bombay, obtained the assistance of the French authorities, bribed one of the most learned Parsi priests at Surat, and thus learnt Zend, and bought valuable manuscripts, with which treasures he returned to Europe after six years' stay in Bombay, and deposited them in the Imperial Library at Paris where they may be still seen. Anquetil made a translation of the Zendavesta into French, which translation was pronounced by Sir William Jones, who did not know ~~Zend~~, to be an imposition palmed by Parsi priests upon the too credulous Frenchman, but which has since been found to be on the whole a correct rendering of the Parsi scriptures. The other Frenchman to whom I allude was the still more celebrated Eugene Burnouf, Professor of Sanskrit in the College de France, who first published in Europe the Vendidad from the manuscripts collected by Anquetil, and wrote a com-

mentary on the Yasna. The German who gave up the study of Zend in despair was Justus Olshausen, Professor of Oriental languages in the University of Kiel, who commenced an edition of the Vendidad in 1829, and discontinued it for want of support. I need scarcely add that at present in Zend scholarship, as indeed in all scholarship, Germans have obtained the palm,—the two greatest living Zend scholars being Frederic Spiegel, Professor of Oriental languages in the University of Erlangen in Bavaria, and Martin Haug who was for many years Professor of Sanskrit in the College at Poonah. I mention these circumstances to show that to the Rev. Dr. John Wilson, missionary of the Free Church of Scotland in Bombay, belongs the honour of having been the first native of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland that studied the Zend and read in the original the scriptures ascribed to Zoroaster. Dr Wilson had read the Zendavesta in the original; he had read the Koran in the original; and he himself told me sixteen years ago when I met him at Surat that he had just then finished reading, in the original, the whole of the Vedas as they are at present known.

But Dr. Wilson was not an unproductive student, nor was he a mere philologist. In 1830 he started a monthly Magazine called the *Oriental Christian Spectator*, a perfect treasure-house of all sorts of information regarding India, which he edited for thirty years, and to which his partner in life, Mrs. Wilson, contributed admirably written articles, chiefly reviews of theological works published in Britain. In that Magazine in the following year, while reviewing Elisæus's History of Vartan, he made some remarks on Zoroastrianism, which created a sensation amongst the followers of that faith in Bombay, and brought on a controversy; and he afterwards published two Lectures on the Vendidad Sade, which is a part of the Parsi Scriptures. In 1839, on the occasion of the baptism of two Parsi young men, one of whom visited this Society the year before last and spoke at one of its meetings, Dr. Wilson preached a Sermon, which he afterwards published with the title, *The Doctrine of Jehovah addressed to the Parsis*, with an elaborate introduction, and which attracted notice even in Europe.

In 1842 he delivered a series of Lectures to the Parsis of Bombay on their faith; and these Lectures were published together in a large volume entitled *The Parsi Religion*. This book is necessarily hortatory and polemical in its character, as it consists of Lectures delivered to the Parsis; nevertheless it is a great work, considering that it was written by an Englishman thirty-four years ago, during which thirty-four years our knowledge of the religion of Zerdusht has been considerably advanced by the labours of German scholars. The only other great work on the religion of the Parsis which had before appeared in Europe was the celebrated *Veterum Persarum Magorum Religionis Historia* by Thomas Hyde, Arabic Professor of Oxford, published in the year 1700; but that elaborate treatise is defective as its learned author was ignorant of the Zend language. Of Dr. Wilson's work, Dr. Haug, no mean authority in matters relating to Zend literature, speaks thus:—"The first work, written in English, which shows an acquaintance with the original Zend texts, is the Rev. Dr. Wilson's book on the Parsi religion, published at Bombay in 1873." The merits of the work were so great that it was taken notice of by the Institute of France, received commendation in the Report of the Asiatic Society of Paris, and obtained for its author the rare honour of Fellow of the Royal Society of London.

In the Hindus, who constitute the bulk of the population of Bombay, and in their religion, Dr. Wilson took, to say the least, as lively an interest as in the Parsis and in their religion—indeed, he spent more years of his life in the study of the language and literature of the Brahmans than in the study of the language and literature of the Dasturs. As early as 1832, he entered into controversy with two learned Pandits, one of Bombay, and the other of Satara; the result of the discussions was the publication of two *Exposures of the Hindu Religion*, written both in Mahrathi and in English. An abridgement of these exposures has been translated into several languages of India, and many hundreds of thousands of copies must have been distributed by missionaries in all parts of the country. He also published in Gujarati a *Letter to the Jaina Priests of Pélitáná*, and in Mahrathi a small treatise on the Na-

ture of God and the Character of True Worshipers. His *India, Three Thousand Years Ago*, which was published in 1858, is an admirable *resumé* of all the important information contained in the Rig Veda regarding the earliest state of society among the Hindus; and the very last work he carried through the press, was his *Religious Excavations of Western India, Buddhist, Bramanical Jaina*, which was originally a lecture delivered at Bombay, and afterwards published in the *Calcutta Review*, and which he re-cast shortly before his death, chiefly with a view to meet the requirements of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and his suite in their Indian visit. But these works, however valuable, are poor exponents of Dr. Wilson's unrivalled knowledge of Hindu literature, Hindu philosophy, Hindu religion and Hindu society. He was engaged for many years in writing a work on "Caste," which he nearly completed before his death,—a work which those of his intimate friends who have read it pronounce it to be his *magnum opus*. The work is in two volumes. It is in print, though it has not been published. From the accounts of those who have had the privilege of reading it in private, I have no doubt that it will be when published a worthy monument of Dr. Wilson's scholarship.

Nor did Dr. Wilson entirely neglect the Mahammadan population of Bombay, though his literary labours for their benefit were inconsiderable compared with those for the benefit of Parsis and Hindus. He entered into controversy with a learned Maulavi, Haji Mahammad Hashim, and published a small treatise entitled *Refutation of Muhammadanism*, which he wrote both in Hindustani and in Persian. He wrote two other tracts in Hindustani—*The Way of Salvation* and *The Purity and Integrity of the Scriptures*.

In 1835, Dr. Wilson had to mourn over the loss of his accomplished wife, who had been to him a "help-meet" in more than the usual sense of that word. She assisted him, as we have seen, in conducting the *Oriental Christian Spectator* by her literary contributions, which were greatly admired; and I may be pardoned for saying that her style of composition seems to me to have been

more elegant and graceful than that of Dr. Wilson himself. She translated the *Vendidad Sade* from the French of Anquetil du Perron. She wrote in Mahrathi, of which language she was mistress, several historical tracts which were afterwards published together in a volume. But this was not all. She set up a girls' school in which she herself taught, and which contained at one time 200 girls; and occasionally when her husband was prevented by indisposition or other causes from going to the General Assembly's Institution in Bombay, she took Dr. Wilson's classes, and lectured to the students on philosophy and theology. Dr. Wilson wrote a Memoir of his excellent wife, a work which has gone through many editions. By her Dr. Wilson had two sons, one of whom, Mr. Andrew Wilson, has devoted himself to journalism and literature, and is the author of two works—*The Ever-Victorious Army*, and *The Abode of Snow*; and the other, Mr. John Wilson, who had studied medicine, is an invalid.

In the same year, shortly after the death of Mrs. Wilson, Dr. Wilson and his colleagues, who had originally come out as agents of the Scottish Missionary Society, were received as missionaries of the Church of Scotland which, in its corporate capacity, had embarked in the cause of missions, and sent out in 1829 the Rev. Dr. Duff as its first missionary to India. In consequence of this arrangement, Dr. Wilson opened a large school in Bombay, called the General Assembly's Institution, on the model of the one established by Dr. Duff in this city, which became a most important educational establishment after the arrival in Bombay in 1838 of the Rev. Dr. Murray Mitchell, a gentleman wellknown to this Society.

Early in 1843, Dr. Wilson, after fourteen years' incessant labour, sailed for Europe, and on his way travelled through Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Idumea and other countries. One would suppose that he would take rest now that he had gone back to his native hills. But Dr. Wilson was not so constituted. His ever active mind must needs engage in some literary undertaking. During his recent travels in Palestine and the countries that lay adjacent, he had collected vast stores of information; these mate-

rials he worked upon during the four years of his missionary furlough, and the result was an elaborate work, in two thick volumes, entitled *Lands of the Bible*, a book as good as any ever written on Palestine, and better than most, inasmuch as it contains valuable information, not easily accessible, regarding the eastern Churches and some of the Eastern Christian races. During his stay in Scotland he married Miss Isabella Dennistoun, who proved as great a help to him and to the Mission as the first Mrs. Wilson had been; and some months after, he returned to India towards the end of 1847.

Scarcely had Dr. Wilson been one year in India when there issued from the Edinburgh press another work from his prolific pen entitled *Evangelization of India*. Amongst other things this book contains a striking sermon on "The British Sovereignty in India," and an address on "Woman in India"; but the chief interest of the volume lies in the valuable information which it gives of "the forest and mountain tribes of Western India"—the Waralis, the Katkaris, the Nayakadias, the Durias, the Chandrias, the Dubalas, the Kols, the Bhils, the Ramoshis, the Bedars, the Thakurs, the Dheds and the Mangs,—tribes whose names, with one or two exceptions, have not reached us on this side of India. But Dr. Wilson had come in contact with these barbarous tribes, in the course of his missionary peregrinations, and noticed their peculiarities, their manners and customs.

From the great number of books which Dr. Wilson wrote one might suppose that he devoted his life to authorship. This was far from the case. There was no missionary in India who excelled him in personal labours. Dr. Wilson taught for some hours every day in that College, similar to the Calcutta Free Church College, of which he was the founder. He was the pastor of the Native Church at Bombay, which consisted of the converts whom he and his colleagues had gathered from Hinduism, Mahammadanism and Parsism; of that Church he discharged all the other pastoral duties besides preaching on Sundays. He delivered Lectures to Hindu, Mahammadan and Parsi young men. But he was not content with preaching in Bombay only; he many

times traversed the whole of the Bombay Presidency, and some times went beyond its limits, preaching in every town and considerable village, to the prince or Raja on the throne, to the peasant in his lowly hut, to the priest in the temple, to the religious recluse sitting on his "hill of ashes," to all classes, races and nationalities in their own vernacular tongues,—seldom troubling himself with tents, but almost invariably finding shelter and accommodation, such as it was, in the houses of the people. He gave most material help in the translation of the Bible into the various languages of the Bombay Presidency ; and to the Bombay Tract Society, of which he was not only member, but several times Secretary and President, he did great service, writing for it tracts in Mahrathi, Hindustani, Persian and other languages.

But Dr. Wilson was not a mere missionary ; he was a scholar and an antiquarian. Of the Bombay Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, which was founded by Sir James Mackintosh, he was for many years the life and soul ; he was not only a member of it from the beginning of his settlement in Bombay, but he became its President, and was elected subsequently its Honorary President—an honour conferred on very few men. It is superfluous to remark that he enriched the transactions of the Society with valuable dissertations and memoirs.

Nor was Dr. Wilson a mere scholar ; he not only enriched his own mind by the acquisition of knowledge, but he was most diligent in imparting the blessing of education to the people of India. Besides conducting the large institution to which I have already alluded, he took an active and prominent part in the University of Bombay which was established in the year of the Mutiny. He was one of its original Fellows. He took a leading part in drawing up its bye-laws and regulations, in arranging the studies of the examinees, and in conducting the examinations. He became a member of the Syndicate almost from the beginning, was President of the Faculty of Arts for several years, and was elected Vice-Chancellor in 1867.

In addition to all this, Dr. Wilson's time was greatly en-

croached upon by the large numbers of people that came to him for information and advice. Master of every possible sort of information regarding India,—its languages, its races, its literature, its history, its politics, its sociology, its religion, its botany, its zoology, its geology; possessed of a cool and dispassionate judgment, of great prudence, and of deep practical sagacity; affable in manners, genial in temperament, meek in disposition, and animated with universal love to his species, Dr. Wilson was sought for counsel, information and advice by every one, from the Governor of Bombay to the veriest Dhed or Mang—members of those barbarous tribes whom he describes in one of his books. His house was free to all, to the European, to the Asiatic of all races, and also to the African—for Bombay abounds with Africans more than any other city in India, and Dr. Wilson himself trained and educated under his roof two Abyssinian youths of high birth, Gabru and Maricha Warke, who afterwards rendered most important services during the late war to Lord Napier of Magdala, besides many other African youth sent to him for education by the great African missionary, Dr. Livingstone. History will never tell the valuable services which Dr. Wilson rendered to the cause of good government in Western India; but it is a simple fact that his advice was sought by every successive Governor of the Presidency, on all important and critical occasions, from the days of Sir John Malcolm to those of Sir Philip Wodehouse; while in the dark days of the Mutiny of 1857, Lord Elphinstone, the then Governor of the province, it is well known, oftener took counsel from Dr. Wilson who, though a missionary, was a statesman of no mean order, than from his official advisers.

There was scarcely a single year in the career of Dr. Wilson in which he did not put forth some literary achievement. In 1855 he published a goodly volume with the title, *History of the Suppression of Infanticide in Western India*, which contains, in addition to a clear account of the efforts made by the Bombay Government from the beginning to suppress infanticide, valuable notices of the provinces in which and the tribes among whom

that hateful practice prevailed. In 1856 he published an able Lecture on *The Six Schools of Indian Philosophy*. After the Mutiny he began his great work on *Indian Caste: What it is, What it does, and what should be done with it*, in the composition and revision of which work he was engaged till the day of his death, though during this period he continued to send forth to the world other books and pamphlets of a less massive nature. In 1867 he was sorely afflicted by the death of his second wife who was the model of every womanly virtue.

When in 1868 Dr. Wilson completed the fortieth year of his missionary life, the event was commemorated by the inhabitants of Bombay, European and Native, Hindu, Mahammadan, Zoroastrian and Christian, at a great meeting held in the Town Hall. The chair was occupied by Sir Seymour Fitzgerald, the Governor, at whose right hand sat Sir Richard Couch, the Chief Justice, and on the left Dr. Wilson. The chief object of the meeting was to present an Address and a purse to Dr. Wilson, as a small token of the high admiration and regard which the Bombay community entertained for him on account of his distinguished services to the country. The sum of Rs. 21,000 had been raised; of that sum Dr. Wilson, however, consented only to draw the interest during his life, the capital being, by his own suggestion, devoted to the endowment of a chair of Comparative Philology in the Bombay University to which he had rendered such splendid services. At that meeting Sir Seymour Fitzgerald read a letter from Sir Bartle Frere, from which I shall read an extract as it represents the feeling entertained for the character of Dr. Wilson by all the highest officials of the Bombay Presidency. "I have known," says Sir Bartle, "I have known Dr. Wilson almost from the day when I landed in India, and there is no man now living for whom I can more truly say that my regard for him has grown with every year that has passed, as time brought fresh proof of the great value of the spirit in which services were rendered. To you in Bombay, though you have not known him so long as I have, it would be quite superfluous to say any thing regarding the extraordinary variety and value of the services which Dr.

Wilson has rendered to India. His direct services to the cause of religion, education and literature, are more less well known to every one of those who will be present at your meeting in February, but I know of few men who have done so much indirect good service to the cause of civilization and good government in Western India as Dr. Wilson. His whole life has been one striking example of what a self-denying Christian ought to be, and he has done more than any man I know, to show the educated and thinking portion of the native community, that the highest form of Christianity is perfectly compatible with love for their country and their people and with patriotic devotion to that great empire to which the destinies of India have been entrusted."

Early in 1870 Dr. Wilson was called home to take the chair of the Moderator of the General Assembly, which is the highest honor which the Church can confer on any of its ministers,—the General Assembly being what Lord Jeffrey calls an "ecclesiastical Parliament." The duties of that high office, which is tenable only for one year, he discharged with such dignity, intelligence and urbanity, as to draw all hearts to him. He would not be persuaded to spend the evening of his days in his own native land, having resolved to lay his bones in that country for the good of the inhabitants of which he had spent his life. A few years before this, he had written to a retiring missionary in the following terms:—"Most sorry am I to hear of the prospect of your soon leaving India, to which I am certain, you cannot bid adieu without much regret. I often think with gratitude of the privilege which I enjoy of being permitted to continue so long on the mission field in this great country from the dust of which I wish to rise on the resurrection morn." In this spirit he returned to India in 1871. The rest I need not enlarge upon. All India has heard how the infirmities of age crept upon him; how he became seriously ill, and was confined to his house,—the "Cliff" on Malabar Hill; how he was visited there by His Excellency the Viceroy and Governor-General of India; how his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales sent Sir Bartle Frere to him enquiring after his health; how he breathed his last on the 1st.

of December 1875; and how his remains were followed by the Governor of the Presidency, and other high officials of state, by representatives of the Hindu, Mahammadan and Parsi communities, who all did honor to the deceased by walking on foot from the Church to the cemetery. This pomp of procession, however, could not confer real glory on a man like Dr. Wilson. He was "a burning and a shining light," and "his record is on high." He was one of those of whom it is said—

"WRITE, BLESSED ARE THE DEAD WHICH DIE IN THE LORD FROM HENCEFORTH : YEA, SAITH THE SPIRIT, THAT THEY MAY REST FROM THEIR LABOURS ; AND THEIR WORKS DO FOLLOW THEM."

REV. XIV. 13.

CHARITY.

Charity is the greatest of all the virtues. This charity imperatively requires that we interpret the motives of our neighbours with extreme caution, inasmuch as they elude close scrutiny, and defy the recognized formulæ for analyses or syntheses. It will be readily conceded by the most consummate general in the camp of the crusaders against "Supernatural Religion," that uninspired intelligence has failed to manipulate the laws which govern our passions and emotions, or to offer a practical solution of the problem that connects them with their ostensible symbolizations. Enquiry into the matter has only served "the purpose of pointing the moral of human weakness by showing how man misled himself, and the greatest intellects the world had known wandered in darkness of their own creation, pursuing phantoms, and thereby only illustrating human folly." The metaphysician has done wonders in his own way. He has transferred divine functions to insentient atoms; he has conferred patriarchal honors on microscopic animalculæ; he has banished matter from the creation; and he has, by logic quite unique, *regitated* himself into the full bloom of existence! In

none of their Vandal aggression on common sense, however, has he reached a sublimer climax of absurdity than in his insane speculations about mental operations, placed by supreme wisdom, far above the grasp of his dwarfish comprehension. The moment our hero attempts to cross the Rubicon, he sinks beneath contempt, and sadly compromises the dignity assigned to him by divine providence. Hero Samson gropes, gropes in unutterable darkness. His thews and sinews avail him nought. He is as helpless as a new-born-baby. Like a ship-wrecked mariner, his compass of reason lost, he struggles in a boundless sea of conjecture, wasting the small stock of strength yet left him, in fruitless pursuits of delusive landmark that carry him further and further from the shore, till collapsed he gravitates, pebble-like, to the bottom, there to await the dread sentence of his maker, whom in the vanity of his wishes, he would fain nullify and render obsolete by pretending to unriddle the unknown and the unknowable.

The only feasible clues to the motives of man are his looks, deeds, and words—all alike inefficient exponents of human thought. Had each and every tick of the various wheels and cog-wheels of the mind been indexed on the dial of the face, the earth we inhabit would have been a paradise, instead of being, as now, a notorious haunt of pick-pockets and cut-throats. The dread of exposure would have deterred the villain from harbouring designs fatal to the peace of society. Every passer-by would have cruelly construed those designs so legibly placarded on the road-side wall of the impregnable tabernacle. It would have not only sounded the bugle of alarm for the destined victim, but would have raised a tornado of execration for the would-be victimiser. Blind suspicion, unable to distinguish genuine piety from the miserable shams and counterfeits that daily scandalize true philanthropy, would have been at once swept off from the face of the globe. Social intercourse would have ceased to illustrate complicated gaming matches in which the parties congregated seek, by clever movements and counter-movements, to over-reach one another, the most audacious dissembler carrying the

day, loaded with applause, and landed to the highest heaven. And smile, that sole prerogative of rationality, would not have degenerated into that faithless facsimile in vogue, kidnaping discretion and obliterating all distinctions between friends and foes in this harassing masquerade of life. "Put on thy blandest smiles," says the proverb, "if thou seekest success in plunging thy knife into the throat of thy neighbour." The efficacy of the humane maxim none will venture to gainsay!

Nor are deeds more reliable than looks. In fact an act good, bad or indifferent, to be of any value whatever, must be the upshot, not of this or that individual motive, but of a multitude of motives operating more or less strongly upon the mind, and having for their common interest the accomplishment of the object in view, either by directly supporting the measure in question, or by indirectly counteracting the various influences that militate against success. The statesman would ill deserve his salt if he were to concentrate all his manners in the elaboration of a scheme for the suppression of petty larcenies, and to leave rampant felony stalking in the streets. Lyurgus doubtless congratulated himself on the triumphant suppression of effeminacy from the realm; but the people, for generations, had scanty reasons to consider themselves obliged to him for the legacy of barefaced burglaries, the natural consequence of his blind legislation. Perfection was never intended for man in any department. Our so-called prosperity is but a synonym for a choice of lesser evil. The rulers of extensive territories should carefully bear in mind, that, in all cases, it is their bounden duty to secure for their subjects the maximum good possible, and that certainly cannot be effected by lending the stamp of authority to every *quasi* reform, inaugurated by narrow minded monomaniacs incompetent to grapple with the subject in its whole entirety, and to view it from a standpoint different from their own. Luckily for mankind the projects of these shallow politicians, are, in spite of high pressure, often doomed to total disappointment; a contingency unknown to people of more enlarged views. These, like professors in the healing art, are never without some consolation. If fame

fail them in one instance, they are, at any rate, great gainers in experience, to enable them to combat with success that particular phase of the disease on future occasions. It is not necessary that the practitioner should beforehand publish to the circle of his patients that that experience he is prepared to accept as his sole remuneration. Nor indeed is it necessary that he himself should be cognizant of these collateral motives; but it exists, and not only exists, but co-operates in the decision to take the desperate case in hand. "In journeying to some distant scene, at the call of business or of friendship, the landscape may be beautiful, and may delight us, therefore, in every stage of our journey, the very exercise itself may be pleasing. Without the journey, it is evident, that we could not have *enjoyed* this beauty of the scene, and this pleasure of the exercise; but we do not journey on account of those delights. At the same call, we should have traversed the same road, though the landscape had been dreary and desolate on every side, and though fatigue had converted the exercise itself into uneasiness." It would be a mistake therefore to attribute the journey either to the beauty of the scene or to the pleasure of the exercise. Precisely in the same way, would we err in attributing this or that particular action to this or that particular motive. Thirty pieces of silver may, no doubt, be considered as the motive of Judas' betrayal; but what motive could there be for the denial of Peter?

Language, which is so often made a political capital of, to establish our superiority over other fellow creatures, is, after all, the blindest of all blind guides as regards the motives of men; whatever might have been the case in earlier times, it is quite evident, that the only legitimate use of language, in those days of virulent diplomacy, is to conceal thought, and not to communicate it. The safest course in all transactions between man and man is, perhaps, to assume the truth of the converse, or rather the reverse of the proposition enunciated. Antiquated formularies of by-gone years will no more satisfy the requirements of the present age, than will the etiquette of the garden of Eden serve as a model for that in the garden of Belshazzar. In the infancy of society man's

wants were few, and therefore easily supplied ; but fresh wants, daily created by progressive civilization, render it necessary that we should hocus-pocus others for the supply in question. This brotherly office must be prefaced by showering cart-loads of rubbish in their optical organs, and by happy transpositions of "yea yea" and "nay nay," in the puzzling equations of life. While surges of gall mountain high lash the breast, we must deluge the world with milk and honey despatches to allure confiding kinsmen to our murderous boards, and, with potatoes deep, pave their fall. This ambiguity of language finds a powerful ally in the eternal transition of our vocabulary. Like the fitful autumnal sky, the whole atmosphere of literature is now calm and serene, now, surcharged with exhalations, fatal alike to taste and morality alike. Expressions, deemed quite decent one day, are vulgar the day after. One would rather revert to baby pantomimes again, or being himself in the solitude of Robinson Crusoe, than hold intercourse with his neighbour by means of the bomb-shells of philology. Speaking or writing politely has become as difficult as rope-dancing. Even an adept cannot promise himself perfect immunity from slips into the vulgarisms of writers now out of date. Shakespear and Milton were doubtless at one time recommended as standard authors ; but none, except the most depraved, can at present peruse their effusions without disgust. The days of these inveterate sinners have been fairly numbered. Our youths have ceased to gloat over narratives of course gallantries, as master strokes of genius. Curious quadrupeds with pluralities of spinal columns, they justly condemn these as monstrous conceptions, and they hesitatingly allot to the inventor of "imparadised" couples, the most conspicuous residence in the paradise of fools. That mind must be rotten to the core which can derive any pleasure from gross obscurities, revolting to the feelings of the most savage tribe on record. It will puzzle the highest discrimination to decide whether the writers or the readers of such abomination are to be most execrated, the noble brothers being, to all appearance, so nearly on par as regards their aptitude to obliterate all recognised marks of rationality. No amount of

expurgation will, it is hoped, replace in our family libraries, publications every line in which breathes contamination, engendering greeds of diverse descriptions that finish the fall, begun by the greed of apples in Eden. Censure cannot be too severe for those who, either inadvertently or deliberately, place within the reach of their words, such combustible materials as are, seen sooner or later, to break out in awful explosions, the exact consequences of which it is impossible at the first stage of indulgence definitely to calculate.

Yet we must fulfill our mission. The sacred mission of ameliorating, in as far as in us lies, the social, intellectual, and moral, conditions of our fellow-men. In order to be able to do this with any appreciable degree of success, we must be understood by them; and, to be understood, we must use a language with which they are familiar. Human nature revolts against admonitions conveyed in unknown dialects. To be instructed is humiliating enough; to suppose to be instructed in an unintelligible jargon, is beyond endurance. It is worse than useless preaching elaborate sermons, full of blunt platitudes, that touch not the hearts of scoffing mobs gathered together in steeple edifices. Successfully to reclaim a lost sheep for the fold, we must clearly point out, in his own way, wherein he goes astray. It is painful, indeed very very painful, to resuscitate a lingo better erased, for good, from the tablets of human memory; but what skillful surgeon was ever dissuaded from a necessary amputation by the clamour of unprofessional grumblers? He regrets, none regret more, the necessity of inflicting pain; but he sees, and none sees better, the utter worthlessness of the balsams suggested. Blind sympathy never removed carbuncles. False sentimentality never cured the erysipelas of the inner man. Desperate maladies require desperate cures. Fast sinks the patient. His pulse is low; his tongue is parched; his breathing is hard; his voice is inaudible; his limbs are stiff; his skin is icy cold. Is this the season for quibbling about *simili similibus curantur*, or for saturating the patient with strong stimulants, in spite of the senseless sneers of puritans, and would be puritans, here, there, or elsewhere? which benevolence bleeds to contemplate the

tremendous crash foreshadowed by frailties bequeathed and borrowed,—while a people, once in the very van, of civilization, is verging on ruin, on account of a fearful combination of untoward circumstances, surely we have no time for hair-splitting distinctions about the propriety of the means we employ to arrest the progress of the threatened catastrophe. A refined taste is, doubtless, the badge of gentility; but we must be prepared to sacrifice all mere taste considerations, when the salvation of sixty five millions of souls is at stake. Capricious departures from established rules are *per se* indefensible; but there are occasions when we must “boldly deviate” and “snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.”

“If, when the rules not far enough extend
(Since rules were made but to promote their end).
Some lucky license answer to the full
The intent proposed, that license is a rule.”

CHHAKESSUR.

THE NATIONAL CHARACTER OF THE HINDUS OF BENGAL.

By a Hindu.

The subject we propose to consider in this paper is one of the highest importance to the public in general, and to the people of Bengal and their present rulers in particular. It is the national character of the Hindus of Bengal. There is hardly any subject of general interest more worthy of the serious attention and careful consideration of a liberally educated and intelligent man than the formation and development of the national character of his countrymen; and every such man is under an obligation to watch over the progress of the national character, or, in other words, of the national mind, to exert himself as much as lies in his power to promote its improvement, and at times to examine and see if it is advancing in the way

in which it should advance, and attaining gradually higher and higher degrees of culture and refinement. The greatest and most important problem in the life of nations, as of individuals, is the proper cultivation and right application of the various faculties and powers with which the human mind is endowed, and it is on the manner in which, and the extent to which, they solve this grand problem that their prosperity or adversity entirely depends. The great diversity in the conditions of the different nations in the world is owing to the different ways in which their national characters have been formed, that is, in which their national minds have been cultivated; and the wretched state of the savage peoples, such as the hill-tribes of India, whose life is little removed from that of wild beasts, and the prosperous condition of the civilised nations, such as the more polished peoples of Europe, are only indications that in the one case the national mind has received little or no culture, and that in the other it has received very high culture. Such then being the importance of the national character of a people, the subject we have selected to write upon must be admitted to have at all times an undeniable claim to the attention of all educated natives of Bengal generally, and of the educated Hindus of it especially; and the consideration and discussion of this subject is of especial interest at the present time when many of the mighty influences and potent agencies, set in operation by the existing government of the country to remodel the character of its inhabitants, have been at work for nearly half a century, and have already produced results by which, as by tangible criteria, we may judge whether these influences and agencies have worked so beneficially that we should maintain and strengthen them, and give them a wider scope than they have hitherto had, or whether they have acted so injuriously that we should stop their action, and substitute others for them.

As we design this paper not only to be read by grown up men who have finished their education, and whose characters have already been formed, but also by the young men who are still under instruction in the higher classes of our Colleges and Schools, and whose characters are still in course of

formation, it may not be out of place here to explain at the outset what we mean by the phrase National Character. The word nation, in its widest acceptation, means a collection of individuals descended from the same stock, speaking the same language, professing the same religion, and living under the same government. Race, language, religion, and government or institutions, are thus the elements of nationality; and all people among whom there is a sameness of every one of these four form one nation in the fullest sense of the word. But all these four elements are not essential, and there are nations the members of which have only two of these elements in common with one another. The Germans, for instance, are considered as one nation because of their common descent and common language, though politically they are distinct communities, being subject to different forms of government. On the otherhand, there are peoples such as those of England and the United States, who though descended from the same stock, speaking the same language, and and professing the same religion, are yet distinct nations, only because they do not live under the same political institutions. Character is the sum of the qualities which distinguish one person or thing from another; and when applied to a nation it is the sum of the qualities that distinguish that nation from other nations. Now, a nation is, as we have said before, a body of individuals, and its character is therefore the sum of the qualities predominant in the individuals composing it, that is, in the generality of these individuals. Those peculiarities and idiosyncrasies that mark particular individuals in a nation do not enter into the composition of the character of that nation. It is only the characteristics which are common to most, if not all, the individual members of it, that form its character. We have thus endeavoured to explain what we mean by national character, which, from what we have said above, will, we hope, be understood by our younger readers to be the aggregate of the distinctive qualities of a nation, which are common to its members, but yet are not all the qualities by which those members are individually distinguished.

We now proceed to the consideration of the subject which we have chosen for discussion in this paper,—the national character of the Hindus of Bengal. The existing Brahman community of Bengal, for the most part, are the descendants of the five Brahmans who came from Kanauj, and settled in Bengal on the invitation of one of its rulers, Adisur. We say “for the most part” *advisedly*, for interspersed among these descendants of the Kanauj Brahmaus are a considerable number of the descendants of those degenerated Brahmans whom these Kanaujeas superseded, and who from the circumstance of their having at the time of their supersession numbered seven hundred in the aggregate were called *Saptasatis*, a name which still clings to their posterity, having out-lived its original numerical signification, though retaining still its primitive significance. The other Hindus of Bengal are the descendants of the five servants who came with the Brahmans from Kanauj, or of the Kshatryas, Vasyas, and Sudras, who had formed the bulk of the Hindu population of the country before the advent of the Kanauj servants. We thus see that the great body of the Hindus of Bengal, or, at any rate, of the superior classes of them,—the Brahmans, Vaidyas, and Kayasthas,—are descended from the emigrants from Kanauj, and through them from the Aryas who, according to the theory recently broached as to the origin of this people on the strength of conclusions arrived at by students of comparative philology, are supposed to have come at a very remote period of antiquity from beyond the Indus, and settled at first in the part of Northern India called Aryavarta in the Hindu Shastras, and to have subsequently spread over Southern India. The main features of the national character of the Hindus were, we should conclude, the same as those of their ancestors. Such being the case, a view of their character can hardly be correct unless taken after some idea has been formed of the character of those ancestors.

The character of the Hindus has in all ages been distinct from that of every other nation of the globe, not only in the sense in which the characters of different peoples differ from one another, but in another and a wider and deeper sense. There have been,

and still are, points of dissimilarity between the character of the Hindus and that of every other nation, which are not found to exist between the character of any two of the other nations. The most striking of these points is the social exclusiveness which isolates the Hindus from every other people. This social exclusiveness, or, in other words, unwillingness to mix with people of other nations in social matters, must have originated in a consciousness of superiority over the other nations, and must have been maintained also by such a consciousness. The question that here naturally suggests itself is,—Were ever the Hindus so much superior to the other nations of the world or to their neighbouring nations, that the sense of their superiority could lead them to separate themselves permanently from these nations in all matters of social intercourse? The chief sources of information on questions of this kind in respect of any nation are the written histories of that nation, and the biographies of individual members of it. As regards the Hindus, there is almost a total absence of both these sources. The historical accounts that we have are very meagre, and even these do not go so far back as to embrace the ages in which the Hindu nationality came into existence, and the distinctive features of its character were developed; and as to biographies, we have none. The researches of modern philologists, and the labours of those of the oriental scholars of Europe of the present day who have made the study and exposition of the Vedas the chief occupation of their literary life, have brought to light facts on which attempts are being made to found a theory as to the origin of the Hindu nation, and the mode of the developement of its character; but the conclusions drawn from these facts are at best mere conjectures as yet, and must be received with caution. The theory we allude to is, that the three superior classes of the Hindus,—the Brahmins, Kshatriyas and Vasyas,—are the descendants of a people who originally came from the banks of the Oxus in Central Asia, either as invaders or as fugitives, and settled in India, having conquered the children of the soil, and reduced them to slavery; and that the Sudras,—servile class,—are the descendants of these slaves. Assuming such to have been the origin

of the Hindu nation, which, however, is far from flattering to the pride of the modern orthodox Hindus who trace their ancestry to *Brahma*, and is hardly admitted by them, we must conclude that these emigrants from Central Asia must have been, in character and pursuits, very different from what the Hindus of the present day are. They must have possessed great physical strength, courage and martial prowess,—qualities in which the modern Hindus are so sadly wanting. Their position as conquerors, we may also conclude, must have called forth those moral qualities which generally distinguish dominant races from those over whom they rule, such as frankness, veracity, honesty, *sprit de corps* &c. When their power was so firmly established, and the mutual animosity that must have existed long between them and the conquered *autochthons* had been so much softened that it was no longer necessary for them to live like an army of occupation, the general security from foreign attacks afforded in those days by the natural barriers that surround the country on almost all sides, the extreme fertility of the soil, the endless variety of the natural productions, mineral, vegetable and animal, and the inexhaustible resources of the country, enabled them, we have no doubt, to turn to the arts of peace, and afforded them leisure to engage in the culture of their minds, and in the cultivation of letters and science. And they turned these physical and moral advantages of their situation to very good account. Early appreciating the advantages of Division of Labour they distributed themselves into the classes which still exist under the name of castes; and devoted themselves to their several professions,—letters and theology, arms, and tillage, mechanical arts and commerce, in which they soon attained great excellence. While their brethren in Central Asia, and elsewhere, and most, if not all, of the other nations of the world were still wandering marauders, sunk in their pristine barbarism and ignorance, these Aryan settlers in Hindustan achieved triumphs in literature and science, and carried many of the useful and ornamental arts to a degree of perfection which challenges admiration even in the present day, and rose to a point of civilization of which their descendants of

the present age may justly be proud. A very agreeable and satisfactory confirmation of this view is obtained from the testimony of what a great writer has very happily called "fossil histories." Indeed many of the words which constitute the speech of any people are really fossil histories, having imbedded in them, as it were, facts connected with the life and manners of the people,—facts which their historians very often pass over as unworthy of notice, but which none the less for that are very valuable as throwing light on interesting points in their social and domestic economy. In regard to the Hindus a very striking instance of this kind occurs to us, but we must come round to it through the English tongue instead of going directly to it through the Sanskrit. The instance we mean is that of the word *barbarous*. We know that the Romans used to call a foreigner *barbarus*, having evidently borrowed the word from the Greeks by Latinising the corresponding Greek word *barbaros*. The Greeks must have in their turn taken the word from the Aryan Hindus, for the word *barbaros* is nothing but the Grecised form of the Sanskrit term बर्बर, (*barbarah*), which means an ignorant man. As this word बर्बर is only another form of the word बर्बरम्, it is clear that the Greeks merely transliterated it into *barbaros*, and that the Romans transliterated the Greek word into *barbarus*, and that the secondary sense of *foreigner* in which both these peoples used the word must have been given it by the Aryan Hindus before its adoption by them. We may thus conclude that, having reached a high pitch of civilization and enlightenment while the other Nations of the world were still sunk in ignorance, these Hindus contemptuously called all foreigners बर्बर or बर्बरम्, just in the same way as at one time the Italians called the nations north of the Alps Ultramontanes, and as at a later period the French and Germans applied the word to the Italians; only the word बर्बर implied a far deeper degree of contempt than the word ultramontane. We see then that the great singularity of the Hindus,—their social exclusiveness, their isolation in fact from the other nations of the world,—arose from their superiority over these nations, and that its con-

tinuance at the present day is owing to a belief, on their part, of the continuance of that superiority in spite of the undeniable fact that most of these nations have now, so to speak, turned the tables on them, as far at least as civilization and enlightenment and physical improvement are concerned.

The next point of dissimilarity between the character of the Hindus and that of every other nation that we propose to consider, is the division of the former into castes. This division we call a point of dissimilarity, not because it exists only among the Hindus and is not to be found among other nations, but because it is of a peculiarly exclusive nature among the Hindus. There are caste distinctions founded on one basis or another in every nation, but the distinctions in the other nations are not so broad, so deep-rooted, or so jealously guarded as those among the Hindus. The different classes of this people are almost as exclusive of one another as the whole people is of other peoples, so that these classes are to one another, on a smaller scale, what the entire nation is to other nations on a larger. The division into castes among the Hindus, considered merely as a social institution without reference to its religious character, may be supposed to have originated, as we have hinted above, from their early appreciation of the advantages of division of labour, and to have been one of the chief causes of their early civilization. By confining the different castes to particular professions it compelled each to concentrate its attention to the profession assigned to it, and to exert all its energy for the attainment of excellence in that profession. While in consequence of this concentration and exertion all the castes arrived at high points of perfection in their respective callings, the Brahmans attained the foremost rank by achieving a far greater degree of perfection in their profession than the other castes did in theirs. Surrounded by objects which naturally disposed them to contemplation, and living in a temperature whose enervating heat made them averse to active bodily labour, the Brahmans devoted themselves to their literary and philosophical pursuits under circumstances peculiarly favourable to success, and in process of time carried almost every branch of

knowledge to which they had turned their attention to a high point of perfection. Their knowledge and the rigidly moral and austere life they led soon enabled them to acquire an ascendancy over the other castes, which the lapse of so many centuries has not destroyed. Their ascendancy, though so much decried now, was at one time very beneficial to the nation. It was the ascendancy of knowledge and wisdom over ignorance and folly, of intellect over brute force. In respect of the influence which it exercised over the other classes of the community, it was very much the same as the ascendancy of the Church of Rome over Christendom during the middle ages in Europe. The most despotic king, the proudest noble, and the mightiest warrior, as well as the humblest poor, bowed in terror before the Brahman, and were restrained in their conduct by the dread of his imprecations, in the same way as the most tyrannical sovereign in the middle ages, and the most powerful feudal baron, bowed before the Pope, and were restrained in their conduct by the dread of his excommunicating bulls.

As a natural consequence of their social exclusiveness, the Hindus early began to have a predilection for whatever was their own, and an aversion to whatever was foreign. To this predilection may be traced the extreme attachment to the fireside; and to this aversion may be traced the extreme reluctance to travel abroad, which has marked the Hindu character in all ages.

The early Hindus were a very religious and pious people. Though the adoration of the elements and of the luminaries of the heavens formed the chief part of the system of worship originally adopted by them, they worshipped them as only manifestations of the Deity, as to whose nature and attributes they had early come into possession of a light which did not break in upon the intellect of Europe until after the lapse of ages. The exceedingly great intensity of the devotional feeling in these early Hindus, and their readiness, in consequence of that intensity, to postpone every worldly pursuit and enjoyment to what they considered their religious obligations, are clearly shown by the rules which enjoined their retirement at a certain age into

seclusion for purposes of religious observances and contemplation, and by the self-denying life which they in general, and the sacerdotal order among them in particular, had to live previously to their retirement. These rules and such life may seem absurd and unmeaning, but they are nevertheless true exponents of the people's pious feelings, and of their sense of their obligation to their Creator. Strong domestic affection, natural piety, kindness to strangers, and mercy to vanquished foes, were also conspicuous traits in the national character of the early Hindus.

Such then were the main characteristics of the progenitors of the present Hindus of Bengal. A people whose characteristics were of such a high order, who rose to the high position among nations which we have endeavoured to indicate above, by sheer dint of self-exertions unaided either by the precepts or the example of any of their predecessors, or contemporaries, and who could with perfect propriety point to every thing noble and admirable about them with feelings akin to those of a successful competitor for high honours who has achieved his success by his own genuine performances, and not to those of one who shines with borrowed light, must have been, we need hardly add, a really great and glorious people. Indeed, we can hardly conceive a more glorious object, a more sublime spectacle, than a nation who could build cities and towns, while the other nations on the surface of the globe lived in miserable hovels, or in caves, from want of knowledge of the art of house-building; who could manufacture cotton and silk fabrics, while their fellow creatures in the other parts of the globe went naked, or covered their shame with the skins of wild beasts, from ignorance of the art of weaving; who could display in the preparation of their dishes culinary skill of a high order, while their contemporaries in other countries were ignorant of all but the rudest modes of dressing human food; who could work skilfully in metals and fashion elegant jewellery, while the other nations hardly knew much more about the more valuable metals than that they existed, and could make no better use of the less valuable ones than to form rude utensils and weapons of them; who could

form and highly refine a language, write elaborate works on its Grammar, and compose hymns and prayers, while their brethren in the other parts of the world could hardly think it possible to represent the elementary sounds in their speech by visible characters; who could discuss abstruse questions in theology and metaphysics, when the rest of mankind were hardly able to form ideas and notions beyond those suggested by the requirements of their daily life; who could make a code of civil law on just and humane principles, when the rest of the species had not yet risen to the earliest stage of social life at which legislation becomes a necessity; who could lay down rules of moral conduct, which anticipated by many centuries the ethics of Christianity while the other moral agents on the earth had hardly any notions of morality; and who, above all, could form a clear conception as to the nature and attributes of the Supreme Being, while the other peoples on the surface of the earth were hardly able to form any notion of their Maker. We have seen above that among the chief causes that helped the early Hindus to this exalted position were the uncommonly great and varied physical advantages of the country in which they had established themselves, a country which, possessing as it does, a climate whose temperature ranges between freezing cold and boiling heat, and abounding, as it does, in natural productions, whose variety is as great as that of those of almost all the other countries put together, may justly be called an epitome of the whole world. But uncommonly great and varied physical advantages are as dangerous to the independence and prosperity of a country as uncommonly exquisite charms of personal beauty are to the virtue and happiness of a woman. Such advantages offer temptation to unrighteous neighbours too strong for them to resist, and at the same time they exert an enfeebling influence on those who are lawfully entitled to their enjoyment. This has repeatedly been but too sadly illustrated in the case of India. From very early times she has been subject to foreign invasions, which though they have not always ended in the conquest and permanent occupation of her soil by the invaders, have invariably been very detrimental

and demoralising to her people. Freedom of thought and action is essential to the improvement and prosperity of a people. "Naturalists," says Goldsmith, "assure us that all animals are sagacious, in proportion as they are removed from the tyranny of others. In nature liberty, the elephant is a citizen, and the beaver an architect; but whenever the tyrant man intrudes upon their community, their spirit is broken, they seem anxious only for safety, and their intellects suffer an equal diminution with their prosperity. The parallel will hold with regard to mankind." Freedom gives a vigour and tone to the intellectual and moral faculties of a man, who is in the enjoyment of it, and a buoyancy to his spirits, which are unknown to a slave; and the freeman's consciousness that whatever he does, he does either of his own accord or at the bidding of a body politic of which he himself is an integral part, or of a man who is descended from the same stock, speaks the same language, lives under the same institutions and laws, worships the same God in the same manner with him and has a perfect community of interest with him; that the fruits of his industry are to be enjoyed by himself or by others of his nationality; and that he has not to ape foreign manners and vices, to weep without any grief that he feels, or laugh without any joy that he experiences in order to please the rulers of his country; the freeman's consciousness of all this gives a cheerfulness to his labours and a sweetness to his enjoyments beyond the power of conception of him who is subject to a foreign sway. A nation composed of such freemen is in a condition eminently favourable to the attainment of civilisation and prosperity. A man, on the other hand, who is compelled to obey a foreign master, loses by reason of such compulsion many of the finer sensibilities of his nature, and is soon degraded and demoralised. In place of the manly and independent spirit which marks the character of a freeman, he betrays a servile and timid disposition; and his position exposing him to many evils and dangers from which those who enjoy the blessings of political liberty are free, or against which they have readier and more effectual means of guarding themselves,

he soon finds himself under the necessity of having recourse to cunning and artifice for self-defence. The history of Italy under the galling yoke of Austria, and that of Greece under the debasing despotism of Turkey, afford abundant proofs of the truth of these assertions. A nation composed of such individuals soon loses its aptitude for the up-hill work of advancing to higher and higher points of civilisation and refinement, is outstripped by other nations, and in a few generations dwindles into an abject body of human beings, weak in body and in mind. And such a nation the Hindus have become. Of course we do not mean to say that the Hindus of Bengal had preserved their national character quite unchanged up to the period of their subjugation—that the physical causes to whose action they had been exposed since their settlement in this country, had not affected their bodily and mental constitutions. What we mean to say is, however much their national character might have been modified by these physical causes, the changes effected in it by the moral causes which have been acting on them since their reduction under an alien power, and solely because of such reduction, have been far deeper and far more for the worse than the wear and tear of their life before such reduction.

(To be continued.)

SENSATIONALISM.

(Continued from page 319.)

But when we view time and succession in the order of the acquisition of these ideas, a different arrangement takes place. Were there no succession, *for us* there would be no time. Were succession non-existent, to us time would also be non-existent.

Succession is the measure of time. It is the occasion on which the already existing idea of time in the depths of the mind

developes itself. But for succession the idea of time would have slumbered everlastingly in the dark dormitories of the mind. Thus historically, synthetically, in the order of acquisition, succession is the chronological condition of time.

Taking both views at once; in the order of nature, time is the logical condition of succession, and in the order of acquisition, succession is the chronological condition of time.

Now, Locke overlooking this vitally important distinction, has here again committed a serious error. The assertion that the idea of time derives itself from the idea of succession, is so far from being true, that its reverse is most absolutely true, *viz*, that the idea of succession derives itself from the idea of time.

The conclusion of the whole matter is this, that the idea of succession is the *occasion* and not the *source*, as Mr. Locke supposed, of the idea of time. How the idea of succession rises first in point of fact in the mind will be shown in the sequel of this Essay.

INFINITE.

That such an idea exists in the human mind is unquestionable. We have the ideas of space and time; and we get the idea of the infinite by abstracting it from either of them.

Mr. Locke gives the account of the origination of this idea in the following words:—

“Every one that has any idea of any stated lengths of space, as a foot, finds that he can repeat the idea, and joining it to the former make the idea of two feet; and by the addition of a third, three feet; and so on without even coming to an end of his addition, whether of the same idea of a part, or if he pleases of doubling it, or any other idea he has of any length, as a mile or diameter of the earth, or of the *orbis magnus*; for whichever of these he takes, and how often soever he doubles, or any otherwise multiplies it, he finds, that after he has continued this doubling in his thoughts, and enlarged his idea as much as he pleases, he has no more reason to stop nor is one got nearer of such addition than he was at first setting out; the power of enlarging his idea of space by further additions remaining still the same, he

hence takes the idea of infinite space. This I think, is the way whereby the mind gets the idea of infinite space."

Here, we think, Locke entangles himself in the horns of a logical dilemma. Either he takes for granted the idea whose origination he wishes to account for, or we do not get the idea of the infinite by the process he describes. His theory in the above passage satisfactorily gives us the idea of the *indefinite*, which idea, however, is quite different from the idea of the infinite. No addition or multiplication of the idea of the finite can give us the idea of the infinite, if the idea of the infinite did not already exist in the mind. An infinite addition of the finite would, indeed, give us by experience the infinite. But this, in the first place, would presuppose in us the idea of the infinite itself; for how can we add the finite an infinite number of times, if the idea of the infinite does not exist already in the mind. To deduce, therefore, the infinite from the finite, is more, than to extract the rays of the sun from cucumbers: it is to work an impossibility. Further, by reducing the infinite into number or the finite, the infinite is destroyed, just as by reducing space and time into body and succession, space and time are annihilated.

Moreover, as space and time are the logical conditions of body and succession, and body and succession the chronological conditions of space and time, so is infinite the logical condition of the finite, and finite the chronological condition of the infinite. Relatively to us, that is, in the order of acquisition, we get the idea of the finite, and then ascend to the infinite; but in the very act of getting the idea of the finite, the infinite is presupposed logically. Deny the potential existence of the idea of the infinite, and you preclude the possibility of acquiring the idea of the finite; just as by denying the potentiality of the ideas of space and time, you preclude the possibility of acquiring the ideas of body and succession. This is the logical order. On the other hand, deny the idea of the finite, and you prevent the potential idea of the infinite from manifesting itself. The finite is, then, not the *source*, but the *occasion* of the origination, or rather development of the potential idea, of the infinite.

Without lengthening the discussion, we may at once say, that the remarks we have made when considering the ideas of space and time, are applicable to the idea of the infinite.

Once more, and we are done with the infinite. In several places of Locke's chapter in the infinite, he says, that the idea of the infinite is "*not positive*." To this assertion, Mr. Cousin objects, in the spirit of his idealistic-scensualism, in the following terms; "Here we have the accusation so often since repeated against the conceptions of reason, that they are not positive. But first observe that there can no more be idea of succession without the idea of time, than of time without the previous idea of succession, and no more idea of body without the idea of space than of space without the previous idea of body, that is to say, there can no more be the idea of the finite without the idea of the infinite, than of the infinite without the previous idea of the finite. From whence it follows in strictness, that these ideas suppose each other, and if any one pleases to say, reciprocally limit each other; and consequently the idea of the infinite is no more the negative of that of the finite, than the idea of the finite is the negative of that of the infinite. They are both negative on the same ground, or they are both positive; for they are two simultaneous affirmations, and every affirmation gives a positive idea."

There is a fallacy in this reasoning which we cannot better expose than in the following words of Sir William Hamilton in his able and masterly critique on the philosophy of M. Cousin: "Correlatives certainly suggest each other, but correlatives may, or may not, be equally real and positive. Contradictories necessarily imply each other, for the knowledge of contraries is one. But the reality of one contradictory, so far from guaranteeing the reality of the other, is nothing else than its negation. Thus every positive notion (the knowledge of a thing by what it is) suggests a negative notion (the knowledge of a thing by what it is not); and the highest positive notion, the notion of the conceivable, is not without its corresponding negative in the notion of the inconceivable. But though

these mutually suggest each other, the positive alone is real; the negative is only an abstraction of the other, and in the highest generalization is an abstraction of thought itself. It therefore behoved M. Cousin, instead of assuming the co-reality of his two elements on the fact of their correlation, to have suspected, on this very ground, that the reality of the one was inconsistent with the reality of the other. In fact upon examination it will be found that his two primitive ideas are nothing more than contradictory relatives. These, consequently, of their very nature, imply each other; but they imply each other only as affirmation and negation of the same.”

PERSONAL IDENTITY AND SUBSTANCE.

The consideration of personal identity and substance will not detain us long.

First of personal identity. Locke made personal identity to be derived from, and to consist in, *consciousness* or *perfect memory*. As far back as we are conscious or remember, so far, and no further, are we the same persons.

Dr. Reid points out very ingeniously the absurdities of this theory. “One consequence of it is, that a man may be, and at the sametime not be, the person that did a particular action. Suppose a brave officer to have been flogged when a boy at school, for robbing an orchard to have taken the standard from the enemy in his first campaign, and to have been made a general in advanced life. Suppose also, which must be admitted to be possible, that when he took the standard, he was conscious of his having been flogged at school; and that when made a general, he was conscious of his taking the standard, but had absolutely lost the consciousness of his flogging. These things being supposed, it follows from Mr. Locke’s doctrine, that he who was flogged at school is the same person who took the standard; and that he who took the standard is the same person who was made a general. Whence it follows, if there be any truth in logic, that the general is the same person with him who was flogged at school. But the general’s consciousness does not extend so

far back as his flogging, therefore, according to Mr. Locke's doctrine, he is not the same person who was flogged. Therefore the general is, and at the same time is not, the same person with him who was flogged at school."

The real fallacy in Locke's theory is the confounding of the condition of personal identity with its essence; consciousness or memory is the condition not the constituting essence of our personal identity. Without consciousness and memory it would be impossible to know our identity; but our identity itself is independent of our consciousness and memory. In fact our consciousness presupposes our identity. Consciousness or memory is not the *source* but the *occasion* of the origination of the idea of personal identity. The celebrated Cartesian formula, "I think therefore I am," is liable to this objection. In this formula thought is constituted the essence of existence, whereas it is only the occasion on which we are acquainted with the fact of our existence. The converse proposition, "I think because I am," is a truer and more universal proposition. But, we believe, the Cartesian formula would contain a great truth were it expressed thus; "I think therefore (I have the evidence that) I am."

Next as to substance; Mr. Locke here also commits the same mistake. Substance, according to him, is a mere congeries of accidents. The universal belief of mankind disproves this assertion. We all believe that under the qualities, attributes, accidents, there is a substratum which we call substance. It is true that accidents, originally in the order of the acquisition of the idea of substance, give us that idea, but the substance itself is quite different from the accidents. The accidents are only an occasion by which we acquire the idea of substance. The substance is the logical condition of attributes, the attributes the chronological condition of substance.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Seapna-Prayana. By Dvijendra Nath Thakur. Calcutta : Valmiki Press. Sakabda 1797.

This is a metaphysical poem, not unlike the *Prabodha Chandrodaya Nataka*. The poet falls asleep and finds himself in the land of dreams, the various phenomena of which he describes. The passions, the feelings, and the affections, all pass in review ; and the poet catches their peculiarities. There is in the book a great deal of fine thought and fine feeling ; and those thoughts and feelings are expressed in choice and harmonious language. Although from the nature of the subject, the book can never become popular, it is a poem of a high class. The descriptions of hell and heaven are very graphic.

Puravikrama Nataka. Calcutta : Valmiki Press. Sakabda 1797.

The following is an abstract of the fable of this drama. When Alexander the Great invaded India, there was in it a princess of peerless beauty of the name of Ailavilá of Kalluparvata. This princess who had been for many years the cynosure of the eyes of a thousand sons of kings, offered to give her hand to the prince who should succeed in overcoming in battle and in driving away from the holy land of Bharat the great hero of Aemathia. Porus, one of the two kings of the Panjaub, who had formerly sought the hand of Ailavilá in vain, was now fired with her proposal, and made preparations for at once defending his country and gaining the affections of the most beautiful woman in the world. But Porus had a rival in the person of Taxilus, the other king of the Punjaub, who had a sister of the name of Anbálíká who had once been a captive in Alexander's camp and had been smitten with his charms. This woman persuaded her brother to make a secret treaty with the Macedonian conqueror, the terms

of which were that Alexander should marry Ambáliká on condition that Taxilus should in battle turn traitor and desert Porus ; and she also fed her brother with the hope of gaining for him the hand of Ailavilá. The battle began. Ailavilá, with a view to animate the two kings by her presence, first entered the camp of Taxilus, where she was detained by the artifices of Ambáliká. In the mean time, Porus, who was performing prodigies of valour, was disheartened at not seeing Ailavilá in the battle-field, as had been previously arranged. But some thing worse happened. A letter was put into his hands, purporting to have been written by Ailavilá to Taxilus in which she deliberately prefers the latter to Porus. This letter, which had been sent to him by the intriguing Ambáliká, completely unmanned Porus. He lost the battle and was taken prisoner. While he was being conveyed to the presence of Alexander, Taxilus met him and taunted him on his supposed invincible prowess. Enraged at the insult offered him by the cowardly traitor, Porus killed Taxilus on the spot. The magnanimous Alexander praised Porus for his devotion to his country, restored him to his dominions, and left India without marrying Ambáliká. Porus reproached Ailavála on account of her unfaithfulness ; but, innocent as she was, she was greatly hurt at the undeserved reproach, and was going to stab herself when Ambáliká appeared on the spot and cleared up the mystery. The upshot was that Porus was married to Ailavilá.

The story is well told ; the descriptions are lively ; some of the characters are well drawn ; and the language is simple and idiomatic. The only fault of the book is, that it is far too long.

Bharater-Sukha-Sasi-Yavan-Kavale: By Navin Chandra Vidyaratna Professor of Sanskrit in the Metropolitan College, Calcutta : Kavya Prakash Press. B. E. 1282.

This is another drama, the plot of which may be thus briefly described. Jaya Chandra, King of Kányakubja (that is, Kanauj) performed a religious ceremony, called Rajsuya, at which the neighbouring kings were expected to be present. Prithu, king

of Hastinapur (Delhi), did not enter appearance. Jaya Chandra, therefore, became very angry with him, and caused his effigy to be placed over the gate of the palace of Kanouj as a mark of disrespect. Anangamanjari, the daughter of the king of Kanouj, became so charmed with the effigy of the king of Delhi, placed over the gate of her father's palace, that she fell in love with it, and determined to marry him. But she had been already betrothed to Pushpaketu, the prince of Avanti. The day of marriage approached. Preparations on a grand scale were made. At the eleventh hour the princes declared her ove for the king of Hastina. The marriage was postponed. Prithu, on hearing of the affection of the princess for him, laid siege to Kanouj, and captured Jaya Chandra. Peace was then concluded on the condition that Jaya Chandra should give his daughter Anangamanjari in marriage to Prithu. The marriage took place soon after. Pushpaketu, the disappointed lover, however, vowed revenge. He made many attempts to carry away Ananga by force, but he failed. At last he joined Mahammad Ghori, who was then invading India, and seized Delhi. Prithu and Ananga were made prisoners and kept in adjoining rooms. Pushpaketu brought out Prithu, tortured him in the presence of Ananga, and killed him; and in exultant tones asked Ananga—"Whose art thou, now?" Ananga replied to the question by thrusting into his bosom a dagger which she had concealed under her clothes, and he died immediately. Ananga then plunged the same dagger into her womb—and she was then big with child—and falling upon the dead body of her royal husband, breathed her last. Mahammad of Ghor then quietly took possession of Delhi—hence the title of the drama, "*The moon of India's felicity in the grasp of the Mahammadan.*"

There is no lack of incidents in this play; it is full of stirring action from beginning to end, all through the seven Acts and twenty-seven scenes. This circumstance will, no doubt, make it popular. But we doubt whether the writer shows much dramatic power in the portraiture of character and the delineation of passion—which are the two highest powers of a

dramatic genius. As it is, the book, we are bound to confess, has considerable merit.

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

Whatever may be the reasons of Lord Northbrook's resignation of his high and exalted office, there is hardly any Native of India but must regret His Excellency's determination to retire before the natural termination of the vice-regal term. His Lordship has always taken a lively interest in the people, in reducing the burthen of taxation, in promoting education, and in other ways contributing to their welfare. If his administration has not been brilliant, it is simply because there has been no war to call forth vigour and energy; but "peace hath its victories no less renowned than war;" and we doubt if any thing in the conduct of a campaign could be more brilliant than the magnificent energy put forth by Lord Northbrook in staving off the horrors of famine. The blessings of those that were ready to perish are upon his head, and when His Lordship retires, he will do so amid the benedictions of a whole nation. The best wish we can express for the Viceroy-elect is, that he may tread in the footsteps of Northbrook the Good.

Some of the London papers, are declaiming against the appointment of Lord Lytton as Viceroy and Governor-General of India. They say he is a poet, a literary man, a diplomatist, and therefore he is no statesman. We think this is going a little too fast. A man may be a poet, and yet he may have in him the makings of a great statesman. There is nothing inconsistent between poetry or literature and statesmanship. The foolish prejudice, that if a man is celebrated for elegant accomplishments

he can have no law or statesmanship, has been long ago lashed by Pope in the well-known lines—

“The Temple late two brother serjeants saw,
Who deem’d each other oracles of law ;
With equal talents, these congenial souls,
One hull’d th’ Exchequer, and one stunn’d the Rolls ;
Each had a gravity would make you split,
And shook his head at Murray, as a wit.”

The Rev. Mr. Hughes, Church Missionary at Peshawar, in reply to certain statements made about him in a Lahore paper writes thus :—“The English missionary comes out to India with higher motives than the acquisition of lands or property, or even of earthly reputation. He is prepared to leave house and friends (wife and children sometimes) for Christ’s sake. *But he cannot separate himself from the conquering race ; he is an Englishman, and he must live and die as an Englishman ; and it is mere affectation for him to profess poverty, or to assume the habits of a loafer.*” This is as precious a piece of rampant Anglo-Saxonism as we have ever met with. Mr. Hughes can, for the sake of Christ, forsake every thing—house, friends, wife, children; only two things he cannot forsake for Christ’s sake, namely, association with the conquering race, and his Englishism! Christ says—“Take up thy cross, and follow me.” Mr. Hughes answers—“Two little rags, if you please, besides the cross, namely, the fact of my being of a conquering race^u and my Englishism.” The Apostle Paul would almost wish^h himself “accursed” if thereby the Jewish race could be spiritually benefited; Mr. Hughes would rather see the two hundred millions of the people of India go to perdition than separate^h himself from “the conquering race” and cease to be an “Englishman.” We had no idea that such a live specimen of a muscular Christian could be found amongst Indian missionaries.

His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal in his Minute dated the 21st January, proposes to give help to Dr. Mahendra Lal Sircar's Science Association in the following manner :—"I propose, therefore, to take up an eligible building, with its premises, situated at the junction of College Street and Bow Bazaar and to make it over unfinished to the Association for occupation free of all charge for a term of years, which would be settled separately in consultation with the Committee, for the purposes as above set forth, on condition that at least Rs. 70,000 be actually obtained by donations, of which at least Rs. 50,000 must be invested by the Committee in Government securities, and that a monthly subscription of at least Rs. 100 per mensem be promised for two years. In this way the Association would be spared the cost of obtaining suitable accommodation in the city of Calcutta, which is always a matter of difficulty, and would be able to devote its private resources to developing systematic instruction."

It is a singular fact that within the last five months no less than five officers of the Education Department have died. In October last Baboo Peary Churn Sircar, Assistant Professor in the Presidency College, died; he was followed by Mr. W. G. Willson of the same College; last month the mail brought tidings of the death in Rome of Mr. W. S. Atkinson, Director of Public Instruction in Bengal; Mr. Chambers, a young man sent out by the Secretary of State for the Education Department, died, in the same month, almost immediately after his arrival in the country, before joining his appointment; and the last mail brought news of the death of Mr. S. Lobb, Principal of the Kishnaghur College.

We are glad to find from a Minute of Sir Richard Temple's that an Art Gallery has been established in connection with

the School of Art at Baitakhana in Calcutta. Some pictures have been presented to the institution by His Excellency the Viceroy and Governor General; others have been purchased by the Government of Bengal; and others still have been promised by some Rajahs and rich Zemindars. One great object of the institution, His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor remarks, "would be to set before the native youth a vivid and comprehensive representative of all that is most instructive and attractive in the extraordinarily varied features of India, chiefly as regards natural scenery, architectural remains, national costume, and ethnological features." We have no doubt this institution will exercise a highly beneficial influence in refining the taste and skill of Bengali artists, and in developing the æsthetical faculties of the rising generation.

All Calcutta was recently scandalized by the performance in one of the Native theatres of a defamatory farce called "Gajajanda." We are glad His Excellency the Viceroy and Governor-General has put a stop to this corruption of the public morals by issuing an Ordinance prohibiting such performances under pains and penalties. It is provided that any person who takes part in such a performance, or assists in conducting it, or is present at it as a spectator, or allows any building belonging to him to be used for it, "shall be punishable on conviction before a Magistrate with imprisonment for a term which may extend to three months, or with fine, or with both."

THE BENGAL MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1876

LETTERS OF THE LATE MR. LOBB ON INDIAN EDUCATION.

By the Editor.

Although the religious views of the late Mr. Samuel Lobb, Principal of the Kishnaghur College, and those of our own, were wide as the poles asunder, we always admired him for his fine talents and the varied excellencies of his character. He was as great in literature as he was in mathematics; while it must be admitted by every one who has read his writings that he was a master of English composition. As to his character, he was a thoroughly honest and sincere man. To use a common word, there was no humbug in him. You could see the man through at a glance. And he was as brave as he was honest. He dared utter what he thought. By what mental processes he came to believe in Positivism we know not, but any one that knew him must have felt that that faith, or rather no-faith, was contrary to the profound sincerity of his nature, and to that sense of reverential awe which was deeply seated in his moral constitution. Constitutionally, he was more of an enthusiastic believer than a cold sceptic. Within his slender and spare frame there glowed a fire and an enthusiasm, which recalled to one's mind the Puritan of the English Commonwealth, or the confessor and martyr of the early Christian Church; and had Mr. Lobb been blessed with the rich dower of evangelical faith he would have gone forth as a missionary to the ends of the earth. Perceiving Mr. Lobb's great gifts, we cultivated his acquaintance according to the opportunities we had, and sometimes corresponded with him. We regret

we have destroyed those letters which he addressed us during the Franco-Prussian War, in which he dwelt with much eloquence and feeling on the indignities to which France, the Holy Land of the Positivist, was subjected by the Germans. In those letters he poured out his soul in a strain not dissimilar to that of an old Hebrew prophet, an Isaiah or a Jeremiah. Fortunately we have with us the last four letters he addressed us shortly before his final departure from India; and as three of these treat upon an interesting subject, namely, the teaching of English literature in the Colleges of Bengal, we do not doubt but that many of our readers will be pleased to read them.

Some two years ago the writer of this article read a paper at the Bethune Society "On the Defects of the Method of teaching English Literature in the Colleges of Bengal," which was afterwards published in this Magazine. As we highly valued Mr Lobb's opinions on all literary subjects, we sent him a copy of that number of the Magazine which contained the paper. This gave rise to a correspondence between Mr. Lobb and us; and we publish below the letters which he wrote to us.

FIRST LETTER.

KISHNAGHUR,
2nd March 1874.

MY DEAR SIR,

I conclude that I am indebted to you for a copy of the March number of the Bengal Magazine. Many thanks for it. I have read your lecture on the teaching of English with much interest. With many of your remarks I cordially agree, but I feel doubtful whether the Socratic method which you propose could be adopted with effect, considering the limited time at our disposal, the quantity to be got through, and the nature of the Examination requirements. It would only, I think, be a waste of time to allow some puzzle-headed student to blunder through an explanation or paraphrase, perfectly innocent of idiom or sense, and so not only to

waste the time of the class but to pervert the brains of the students by making upon them false impressions. I think a teacher should never allow the ears of his class to be offended by bad English, and that they must be if the students themselves are allowed to paraphrase. Moreover, the student who paraphrases, and paraphrases ungracefully, is himself liable to contract a bad habit—unless he prepares his work with extreme care at home.

I am afraid not much can be done in the way of composition until we can get some time for written exercises. But as things now are, students will not tolerate anything that is not likely to be directly profitable in the Examination Hall. It is of no use to tell them that such exercises will be indirectly valuable. If there is any spare time they prefer to have it spent in going again over the old ground, or in getting the teacher to give them answers to old questions in the Examination Papers or to questions which have been asked by the teachers in other Colleges.

Have you ever thought much on the absence of all spontaneous modes of acquiring English among the pupils, and how great a drawback that absence is? But more might be done in this way I think than is done. There are Churches and Law-Courts, and Theatres (in Calcutta at least), and business men who know idiomatic English. If the students now could be induced to avail themselves of these aids they might gain a little improvement, if not very much. I know myself that I owe my knowledge of French to having attended a French Huguenot Chapel near my home in London, and the training that I gained in this way was worth more than I gained from all the books. I had no other master, and though at first the language seemed pure gibberish, it was wonderful how by degrees the sounds and the sense assumed form and order. I moreover determined when I began to learn French that I would never listen to an Englishman speaking it, so that my ear and brain might not be poisoned. Don't you think some rule of this kind would be serviceable here? Is not a good deal of the bad style owing to the students hearing English badly spoken, and reading

it badly written in the books and pamphlets to which you allude, though they do not seem to have spoilt the purity of your own style.

I hope your paper may do good. It ought. I quite agree with you about the mode of choosing Examiners.

Your's Sincerely,

S. LOBB.

P. S. Your letter came with a number of others, and I did not open it till after I had read your article and written this. This explains my not acknowledging it in the body of my letter.

SECOND LETTER.

KISHNAGHUR,

23rd March 1874.

MY DEAR SIR,

I just take up my pen to add a few lines to my note of yesterday. Do you not think that the superiority of the old men may have been due partly to the fact that the classes were then not so large, and the teacher was accordingly able to pay more attention to the students individually? It has become now almost impossible to give any individual attention to the students. One is forced to give general directions and to content oneself with them, although painfully aware that very few in the class will ever dream of abandoning their old muddle-headed slatternly way of doing things. If one could give a written exercise in English occasionally, and could look over carefully each paper with its author by one's side, it would be a great advantage. But one would have to give at least half an hour to each exercise, and how can this now be done?

I certainly think that the schools are chargeable with a great part of the inefficiency in English. But I must candidly confess that I do not see how this defect is to be remedied. My only wonder is that we obtain the results we do, when I know the

calibre of the majority of our schoolmasters. That there are good men among them I do not deny, but the leaven is not sufficient to leaven the whole lump, and the fact is that such a thing as a bad master, with a Department of Public Instruction, ought to be unknown; for look at the harm which a single inefficient master can work. Things I fancy might be better, but you will never get the best of our graduates to take to education in its lower branches unless the profession is better remunerated and there are fair chances of promotion. But certainly the two first classes in all our Government schools ought to be in the hands of thoroughly competent men. Do you think that they are now?

Do you think there is much private reading done by the students? I have frequently recommended this, but I feel very doubtful whether my recommendation is acted upon. My plan is, that each student should read a *few* good books for his own amusement, and should read them over and over again, so that the style of the writer may sink into his mind. It is better to read *one* good book 12 times, than 12 ordinary books once. And when a student reads in this way he should on no account be allowed to read trash. He ought religiously to eschew all the productions written by his own countrymen in English until his mind is well set, until the right impressions on his brain have become so permanent that no amount of false style will be able to efface them.

If I may judge of the Socratic method by myself I should say that any one whose mind at all resembles my own would get absolutely nothing out of it. I am not one of those fortunate individuals, who come into the world with all sorts of grand innate truths stamped upon the soul, so that I have only to shut my eyes and by deep reflection evolve them from my own inner consciousness. When I was at school and College I never could answer a word before the class. It made me unutterably nervous. But I could always listen with delight to a favourite teacher, and assimilate the wisdom that fell from his lips, treasuring it in my own inner soul, and perhaps being able to reproduce it tolerably well on paper in an examination hall. But no Socrates

would ever have evolved a single spark out of my own unaided intellect. There may be others in the world like me.

Yours Sincerely,

S. LOBB.

I feel certain that in every class I have ever had there have been full 5 or 6 students to whom if I could have given proper individual attention they should have been made to write English beautifully. But our best men are now sacrificed to the worst, and that is on account of the prodigious numbers which the Calcutta University forces upon us. It is that University that has done the harm.

THIRD LETTER.

KISHINAGHUR,
1st April 1874.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am in rather a bewildered state of mind just now, as I have been suddenly prostrated with an attack of illness from which I am not likely soon if ever to recover. I wish to remain here if I can till the end of the term, and have proposed a plan to the class which will enable me to do so and which they seem willing to accept. I shall thus gain a little time to make my arrangements, and shall have the vacation clear for selling off and packing up. I must then take leave, but having once done so it is most unlikely that I shall ever return to the work of Education. The task is one which is beyond my present strength. I had rather that you kept this to yourself for a while, although it must soon be generally known.

You will thus see that I am not much in a mood for writing in the papers. But even if I had been, I could not have consented, as I am under a kind of pledge not to employ my pen in this way again. I had carried the thing rather too far at

one time. I should hardly think that any one whose opinion or good will you valued would take offence at the remarks which you made on the College Professors. I don't agree with all that you said, but I did not notice this matter in my letters as it did not seem to me to affect much the real evil of which you complained. I certainly don't think that the evil would be remedied by introducing as teachers men who had devoted themselves exclusively to English literature. There are indeed very few such men, and the few there are that are worth any thing would probably not care to come out here at any price. Such men, if second-rate, would be mere literary prigs, and all I can say is, I would infinitely sooner depend upon my own unaided power than be taught by such men. The old men that you mention such as Capt. Richardson and others, were, I expect, exceptional men, men gifted with a profound sympathy for their fellow-men, (and this after all is the one great requisite), and having a naturally delicate appreciation of style, an appreciation which must to a great extent be inborn, and where not existing in germ is never to be acquired by cultivation. I know there is a great talk now a days about teaching English in schools systematically, but it is mere talk, and all the plans proposed for this end are of the most puerile description. The place for learning one's native language is the home, and from the lips of a loving and well-educated mother. But any how it must be learnt at home, and if the child's æsthetic powers are not cultivated in his family they will never be properly cultivated in school. This is why it is so absurd to teach Bengalee in our Collegiate Schools, and the knowledge of English will never be worth much until the fathers can speak it fairly well and can give their children the benefit of their knowledge from infancy. We expect too much to be done in schools with reference to subjects which ought to be acquired spontaneously.

I can assure you that those Chaucer-mongers whom you speak of have no more delicate appreciation of English than our ordinary classical scholars, in fact not so much. For a real enthusiastic appreciation of either prose or poetry give me a

well-educated man or woman of the past generation. They are a flabby lot now a days, with a mighty deal of superficial varnish but without the least depth. I don't say our Professorial staff is by any means perfect, but if you want to ruin it utterly then hand it over to those gentlemen who make a speciality of English literature.

I flatter myself I know what is a good English style, but I have never read a word of what you call old English Literature, and before I came to this country I hadn't read any prose older than the Spectator, unless it was Bacon's *Novum Organum* (which as you are aware is a translation). And yet I can feel my heart moved by a noble passage in Shakespeare or Milton quite as well as any of these pettifogging philologers—if indeed their hearts are ever moved by any thing except the interpretation of obsolete words. However don't let me underrate the value of their labours. They have a value I know, but I doubt if such labours are calculated to confer upon men that gift of inspiration which is so necessary for the true teacher of men. It was this gift I expect which men like Capt. Richardson had, and we of the present day have it not. We are too sceptical, too fond of analyzing, too distrustful in the work of our own hands. The early men came to the work with a real enthusiasm, with a firm belief that they were destined to take the stronghold of Hinduism by storm and to regenerate the land by their own strong efforts. But we have now become disillusioned of all this, and having no faith we are consequently weak. I know what enthusiasm can do, (a well regulated reasoned enthusiasm of course,) and I know how little can be done without it. This supreme gift it is which is lacking to us men of the present generation.

I must congratulate you much on the prize which you have won. If fairer days should ever shine upon me, perhaps I may have the pleasure of reading it in its English dress.

I know that young Bengal is very angry with me, but the fact is, I put the case rather less strongly than it ought to have been put. Of all the young men that I have had to deal with

I have not known one who has not committed mistakes in writing English which I consider perfectly unpardonable, and I am quite convinced that if they could write English as well as many of them have written it they could with a little care and discipline have avoided these mistakes, and acquired a style of very fair purity. I have never expected too much, but I know full well that with a better system there might be very considerable improvement. What am I to think of young Bengal when one of its élite writes and asks me to contribute to some periodical, assuring me that I can at a moment's notice write upon anything or every thing. That I can assure you is from one of the very best though I shall not mention the name. But what improvement can you expect when such notions as this are entertained of a writer's duty?

Pray make my kind regards to Mrs. Day whom I had the pleasure, I believe, of meeting more than once in olden days in Calcutta, and with best wishes to yourself, believe me,

Your's very Sinly.

S. LOBB.

Please take off about 50 per cent. from any expressions that may seem to you too strong. I can't weigh my words very carefully in a letter.

The subjoined letter, though it does not treat of Indian education, is published here because it is the last Mr. Lobb wrote us, because it shows that inborn sense of politeness which characterized him, because it contains his views on the subject of Anglo-Indian marriages, and because it discloses the state of his mind immediately before he left India. We only trust that when he returned to the early scenes of his childhood in England, his mind reverted to, and drew consolation from, those grand, old truths which he in his younger days heard preached in the Huguenot Chapel near his home in London.

FOURTH LETTER.

KISHNAGHUR,
21st April 1874.

MY DEAR MR. DAY,

In looking over my old letters I came across yours which you have recently written to me. It struck me in comparing them that I could not have responded properly to the mode of address adopted in your first. I must apologise for this, but it was really done quite inadvertently, and I wrote my first letter in fact before I had seen yours which I did not read till after I had been through the Lecture. It was so long ago since our last correspondence came to an end that I had forgotten how we titled each other, and so adopted the 'Sir' almost mechanically. But I must plead guilty to a breach of manners in doing so after reading your first letter, and as we are in the same Department I ought the more readily to have reciprocated your kindly mode of address. But I hope you will see that I acted as I did through pure inadvertence.

Pray thank Mrs. Day very much for her kind sympathy, and tell her that in the abstract I prefer her advice to that of St. Paul, but under the circumstances of the case I am forced to adopt the course of the great Apostle, and must fain console myself with his assurance that he who "is unmarried careth for the things that belong to the Lord, how he may please the Lord : But he that is married careth for the things that are of the world, how he may please his wife." I decidedly think if I were married I should be in this latter category, and as I could hardly please my wife in my present forlorn and miserable state, perhaps it is as well that I am not married. What will Mrs. Day say to this logic? But really there are great drawbacks to a happy married life among Englishmen in this country, and I often congratulate myself that I have not constituted that anomalous unstable kind of institution—an Anglo-Indian home.

It is rather lonely since my sister left, but such loneliness is one of the enforced evils of Indian life even among married men. The people here are all very kind to me, and as rest is

what I principally require, the loneliness is not so distressing as it otherwise might be. I am quite uncertain as to my future movements. My life at present is not worth a very long purchase, and I think it extremely doubtful whether I shall ever see my native England again. It seems sad perhaps, but we who come out here and dissolve the ties of home cannot expect to have it all our own way.

With kindest regards to yourself and Mrs. Day, believe me,

Yours Sincerely,

S. LOBB.

SENSATIONALISM.

(Concluded from page 375.)

CAUSE.

As the subject of causation is a vitally important one, we intend to treat of it at some length. The relation of cause and effect is the foundation on which the grand superstructure of Natural Philosophy, and indeed of all science, is built.

At the outset, let us see what account Mr. Locke gives of the origination of the idea of causation in our minds.

"In the notice that our senses take of the constant vicissitudes of things, we cannot but observe, that several particular both qualities and substances begin to exist; and that they receive this their existence from the application and operations of some other being. From this observation we get our ideas of cause and effect. That which produces any simple or complex idea we denote by the general name cause, and that which is produced effect. Thus finding, that in that substance which we call wax, fluidity, which is a simple idea, that was not in it before, is constantly produced by the application of a certain degree of heat, we call the simple idea of heat in relation to fluidity in wax, the cause of it; and fluidity the effect. So also

'finding that the substance wood, which is a certain collection of simple ideas so called, by the application of fire, is turned into another substance, called ashes, *i. e.*, another complex idea, consisting of a collection of simple ideas, quite different from that complex idea which we call wood, we consider fire, in relation to ashes, cause, and the ashes as effect. So that whatever is considered by us to conduce or operate to the producing any particular simple idea or complex idea, whether substance or mode, which did not before exist, hath thereby in our minds the relation of a cause, and so is denominated by us."

From this passage it is evident, that Mr. Locke derives the idea of causation from sensation; and it remains to be seen whether this account is correct or not. The celebrated Mr. Hume struck out several new and original ideas on this interesting subject. Notwithstanding the scepticism and infidelity of that philosopher, it is unquestionable, that he was a metaphysician of the very first order. His acuteness and subtlety are manifested in every page of his otherwise remarkable works. Admitting the theory of Locke that experience is the originator of all knowledge, and profoundly reasoning upon it, he came to the conclusion, that the idea of causation and consequently the principle of causality, is a mere figment of the imagination—the legitimate offspring "of imagination impregnated by custom." However wrong and unphilosophical this conclusion is, his reasonings on the subject are very valuable. His investigations on this difficult subject may well be reckoned as fresh accessions to the domain of metaphysical science. Amongst other things he has proved beyond the possibility of a doubt, that neither sensation nor reflection is the source of the origin of the idea of the principle of causality.

Let us not be misunderstood. Our enquiry now is, whether sensation or reflection *originates* in us the idea of the principle of causality, and not whether it *developes* it. The *origination of a new idea* is one thing, and the *developement of a previously existing idea* quite another. Following the path pointed out by Mr. Hume in his "Essay on the Human Understanding," let us first

interrogate *sensation*, and see whether it originates in us the principle in question.

Let us instance some cases of sensible causation. Fire burns wood; water melts sugar; a magnet attracts iron. Now in these cases of causation what do our senses perceive? They perceive the fire, the wood and the fact that the application of the fire is followed by the consumption of the wood; they perceive the water, the sugar, and the fact that the one dissolves the other; they perceive the magnet, the iron, and the fact that the one placed at a certain distance from the other attracts that other. This is all the information our outward senses give from these several cases of causation. Now, besides the perception of the substances themselves, what more do we perceive? Simply the fact that the one succeeds the other. Besides the perception of the fire and wood, water and sugar, and magnet and iron, does not the whole of our knowledge, so far as sensation is concerned, amount to this, that a movement of the first is followed by a certain movement of the second, a certain movement of the third by a certain other movement of the fourth, &c. And what is this but the fact that one thing follows another? And what is this but *succession*? Here is a series of billiard balls. What do our outward senses perceive? Nothing but that the impulse of one ball is attended with motion in the second, *i. e.*, the fact that the one follows the other, which is just *succession*.

Let us in the next place enquire whether reflection is the *originator* in us of the idea of the principle of causality.

First of voluntary actions. I will to rise, and I rise; I will to stand, and I stand; I will to stretch out my hand, and the hand is stretched out. Now, here it may be said, we are conscious of internal power, energy, the will. By the simple command of our will we can move our limbs. The active energy is a matter of consciousness to us, and therefore by reflection (for consciousness is a branch of reflection, according to Locke) we get the principle of causality.

Now, any one that uses this argument plainly shows, that he does not understand what we are about. We are wishing to

• account for the origination of the idea of the principle of causality in the human mind. The consciousness of the energy that produces the action, and the action itself, are one thing, and the relation—the connecting tie that binds them quite another. We may be conscious of the energy, we may perceive the movement effected, or the action performed, but may not have an idea of the connection between them. Neither are we here speaking, be it remembered, of the developement of the idea of causation, on the supposition of the potential existence of the principle of causality.

If this were the subject of investigation at present, we should see, as will be illustrated in the sequel of the essay, that these voluntary actions are the occasion of the development of the principle of causality. Admit for a moment the pre-existence of the principle of causality, these voluntary actions would draw it forth. What then do we perceive in these actions? Only the fact that the volition to move the arm is followed by the actual movement of the arm, &c; that is, only *succession*. Besides the felt consciousness of the effort, and the perception of the movement, if we perceived the necessary connection, the tie that binds the antecedent volition to the consequent motion of the arm; we should in that case thoroughly comprehend the wonderful connexion that exists between the body and the soul; should comprehend why it is that the influence of our volition reaches to some of our members, as the hands and the tongue, and not to others, as the heart and the liver; and should unravel the mysterious fact that a man, suddenly struck with palsy, cannot possibly move his hands, notwithstanding all his endeavour to do it.

It may be further said, that, although the observation of physical sequences, or that of a physical effect flowing from our volition, is not the origin of the idea of the principle of causality, yet we are conscious of a power by which we can raise a new idea, contemplate it on all sides, and at last dismiss it by the effort of the will. Here we are conscious of the fact and nothing more, that one idea suggests another, that our minds are so constituted that we can call up an idea, fix our mind on the

contemplation of it, and then dismiss it. In this, and indeed in every other case, all our knowledge is *objective* or *matter-of-fact* knowledge. The object of our consciousness is only the existence of the idea, and not the hidden and mysterious process by which that idea is called up into the mind. The relation of causality can never be the object of consciousness.

Did we know the causality, we should be able to shew how the one produces the other, how the will being given and the resulting idea given, the magic process that causes the idea, takes place. But who can say that he has this knowledge, that he can exactly delineate the process that intervenes between the exertion of the will and the production of the idea? Besides, there is a limit to the authority of the mind over itself. It has not the same command over the passions and affections that it has over the intellectual ideas. If we were conscious of the causative principle we should be able to shew, how the mind has more authority in the one case than in the other. Finally, the command of the will over our ideas, varies at different times in different circumstances. I have more command over my ideas when in health, than when sick. Did we know, or were conscious of the principle of causality, we should be able to explain this.

In these two cases then, a physical effect flowing from a state of the mind, and a mental effect flowing from a certain other mental state, all our knowledge amounts to the perception of the external action, the consciousness of the mental states themselves, and the fact of their succession. In the case of the voluntary actions we may be conscious of a certain *effort*, and in the case of the mental sequences we may be conscious of eager *desire*. But this *desire* and that *effort* are not causation.

We have thus interrogated sensation and reflection, and what is their united verdict? Mr. Hume has summed it up for us in the following words:—"We have sought in vain for an idea of power or necessary connexion, in all the sources from which we could suppose it to be derived, [according to Locke's sensualism, that is.] It appears, that, in single instances of the operation of bodies, we never can, by our most scrutiny, discover

any thing but one event following another; without being able to comprehend any force or power, by which the cause operates, or any connection between it and its supposed effect. The same difficulty occurs in contemplating the operations of the mind on body; where we observe the motion of the latter to follow upon the volition of the former; but are not able to observe or conceive the tie, which binds together the motion and volition, or the energy by which the mind produces this effect. The authority of the will over its own faculties and ideas, is not a whit more comprehensible. So that upon the whole, there appears not throughout all our nature, any one instance of connection which is conceivable by us [taking for granted, of course, that experience is the only *source* of all knowledge.] All events seem entirely loose and separate. One event follows another; but we can never observe any tie between them. They seem *conjoined*, but never *connected*."

So far as our views on the subject under consideration are concerned, we think that the soundest metaphysician or the most orthodox divine can take to himself the above language. We say so far as our views on the subject are concerned, for we are aware that some metaphysicians hold the above passage highly objectionable. For our part we see neither the reasonableness nor the utility of holding it objectionable. We give praise to whom praise is due. The cause of truth can never be served by rejecting altogether the sentiments of infidel philosophers on speculative points. We hold that Hume has rendered unquestionable benefit to the progress of metaphysics by proving satisfactorily that sensation and reflection can never originate the idea of causation; and those who deny him that praise are, we think, unfair and uncandid. But this, however, does not detract one iota from the inherent viciousness of Mr. Hume's theory on the subject. Indeed, the very next sentence after the above passage shows exactly wherein lay the vice of the theory. "And," says he, "as we can have no idea of any thing, which never appeared to our outward sense or inward sentiment, the necessary conclusion seems to be that we have no idea of connexion or power at all, and

that these words are absolutely without any meaning, when employed either in philosophical reasonings, or common life." Mr. Hume's error is shewn in the words which we have italicized, in taking it for granted that "we can have no idea of any thing, which never appeared to our outward sense or inward sentiment," that is, in assuming the truth of the theory of Locke. His theory is the legitimate offspring of that of Locke. Admit for a moment that sensation and reflection are the only two sources of ideas, and all the scepticism of Hume must follow as a logical consequence. Locke's theory was a stumbling-block to Hume. His adoption of the empiricism of Locke, and, driving it to its legitimate consequences, ruined his reputation as a metaphysician. Like a proud vessel, Mr. Hume by the force of his native genius, amazing subtlety and acuteness, launched into the boundless ocean of philosophical enquiry, but being guided by the pale, and dim light of Locke's empiricism, suffered ship-wreck on the sand-banks of a cold and heartless scepticism. But if in his adventurous voyage athwart the dark ocean of metaphysical enquiry he had received one ray of sober idealism, he unquestionably would have reached the destined haven. Hume then, it appears, suffered shipwreck for want of light; for as yet in his days the Pharos of sober and chastened idealism had not been lighted up. But some will say, that the language we are now using is the language of hyperbole, inasmuch as it renders more credit than is due to Hume. But *they* have no right to blame us who maintain, that his scepticism is the result of insincerity and hypocrisy; that he very well knew that Locke's theory was defective and hollow at bottom; that in order to cloak his infidelity with the mask of sacredness and respect for religion, he quoted the authority of Locke; and that when he threw a bomb-shell into the enemy's camp, he retired to his own closet and laughed heartily for he very well knew that the bomb-shell was all hollow within. For, to say all this of Hume, is, to our apprehension, rendering a greater homage to his genius, however insincere and pernicious it was, than we have done. It is giving him an infinite superiority over his

contemporaries, and in fact investing him with a halo of unapproachable glory. Bating his insincerity and hypocrisy on the all-important subject of religion, we have no reason to think that he was insincere *philosophically*. The glory that would redound to his name, if he discovered the defectiveness of Locke's theory; the honour of creating a new era in the history of metaphysical science; and the prospect of enshrining his name in the memories of the remotest generation, operated more powerfully on his sensitive and naturally vain mind than the transient and unsubstantial self-complaisance with which he viewed his enemies frightened by a bugbear of his own creation.

Let no one imagine that in vindicating the character of Hume as a metaphysician, we advocate either his wild, extravagant, and impious conceits on the subject of religion, or his partial and false conclusions in philosophy. Not to speak of his atheistical extravagancies, his theory on the important subject of subject of causation is essentially erroneous. The whole of his theory and its proof may be reduced to the following syllogism:—That which appears neither to our outward sense nor to our inward sentiment, must be a chimera. The principle of causality appears neither to our outward sense nor to our inward sentiment; therefore the principle of causality is a chimera. So far as we can see, there is no error in the reasoning process properly so called. The error lies in the assumption of the major premiss; that is, in taking for granted the theory of Locke on the source of human knowledge.

Deny this, and the theory falls to the ground. But we have largely wandered from the particular point to which our attention was directed. We have, we think, proved satisfactorily, that *single instances* either of purely physical sequences, or physico-mental sequences, or purely mental sequences, can never originate in us the principle of causality. But it may be, and has been said, that, "when we see that one particular species of events *has always, in all instances*, been conjoined with another, we make no longer any scruple of retelling one upon the appearance of the other. We then call the one object *cause*, the other the *effect*. We

suppose that there is some connection between them ; some power in the one, by which it infallibly produces the other, and operates with the greatest certainty and strougest necessity." To this it may be answered, that so far as the point at issue is concerned, there is no difference between the observation of one single instance once, and that of several instances many times ; and that in the latter case all that we observe is *constant conjunction*, not *necessary connection*.

This is the Gordian knot of the question, *viz.*, how the mind without any very sure warrant or foundation converts constant conjunction into necessary connection. Constant conjunction is quite different from necessary connection. The one is generically and essentially distinct from the other. Constant conjunction multiplied infinity-fold can never make necessary connection. I put my hand into the fire, and it burns ; I put my hand into the fire twice, thrice, a hundred times, a million times ; and the same result follows. From this, I may, in perfect consistency with the rules of sound logic, come to the conclusion, that there is a relation of constant conjunction between the putting of my hand into the fire and the consumption of it. But no logic would allow me fairly to come to the conclusion, that there is a relation of necessary connection between them. If the above phenomenon were exhibited in an infinite number of cases, all that I could say is, that the putting of the hand into the fire and the burning of it, are constantly conjoined. So far Locke is wrong, and Hume right.

But now an important question comes to be asked. It is this : although, from the observation of the fact of one event always following another, we can only say, that there is between those events the relation of constant conjunction and not that of necessary connection ; yet that there is between those events the relation of necessary connection, is universally acknowledged by all sound thinking men. Although, from the observation of the above phenomenon an indefinite number of times, we be not allowed, in the strictness of philosophical language, to say, that there is a relation of necessary connection between the events ; yet that this inference is made by us, is indisputable. How is this to be

accounted for? What warrant is there for coming to such a conclusion? Is it philosophical? Or is it visionary? Hume perceived this question, put it to himself, but failed in answering it properly. Here it is, and here principally, lies the erroneousness of the theory of causation broached by Hume. The subject is so important that we make no apology in quoting his sentiments as given in the conclusion of his Essay "On Necessary Connection."

"To recapitulate therefore the reasonings of this section; every idea is copied from some preceding impression or sentiment; and where we cannot find any impression, we may be certain, that there is no idea. In all single instances of the operations of bodies or minds, there is nothing that makes any impression, nor consequently can suggest any idea, of power or necessary connection. But when many uniform instances appear, and the same object is followed by the same event, we then begin to entertain the notion of cause and connection. We then feel a new sentiment or impression, to wit, a customary connection in the thought or imagination between one object and its usual attendant; and this sentiment is the original of that idea which we seek for. For as this idea arises from a number of similar instances, and not from any single instance; it must arise from that circumstance, in which the number of instances differ from every individual instance. But this customary connection or transition of the imagination is the only circumstance in which they differ. In every other particular they are alike. The first instance we saw of motion, communicated by the shock of two billiard balls is exactly similar to any instance that may, at present, occur to us; except only, that we could not at first infer one event from the other; which we are enabled to do at present, after so long a course of uniform experience. I know not whether the reader will apprehend this reasoning. I am afraid, that, should I multiply words about it, or throw it into a greater variety of lights, it would only become more obscure and intricate."

It is all right and proper that Hume should have added the concluding lines, and I know not whether the reader will

apprehend this reasoning," for he was treading on a delusive ground, and was mystifying the subject beyond measure. We confess that we do not understand "this reasoning", not, we suspect, because it is too deep, (for it is *drumly*, as a Scotchman would say) but because there is no *reason* in 'this reasoning.' The whole argument is one continuous assumption. Not being able to deny the fact of the existence of the idea of causation in the human mind, and loath to abandon the system of Locke, he makes the principle of causality to be the spurious offspring of habit and imagination. However extravagant this conclusion is, it is the legitimate result of Locke's theory of the origin of all the ideas in the human mind. His admission of Locke's system made him overlook an important point.

In tracing the origination of the principle of causality we have no hesitation in affirming, that it is produced neither by the contemplation of single instances whether physical or mental, nor that of a number of similar instances. The foundation of the principle is in neither of these. Being a disciple of Locke Hume could not maintain this. Holding that experience is the *source* of all the ideas in the human mind, it behoved him to derive the idea of causation from experience. And having satisfactorily proved that it cannot be derived from the contemplation of single instance, it became necessary to derive it by an illogical process from the contemplation of a number of uniform instances; and to annihilate it altogether, by making it the offspring of imagination impregnated by custom. But why not abandon the system of Locke altogether, seeing that it cannot account for all the ideas in the mind? This alternative Hume had not the fortune of perceiving. And here in passing we cannot but render our humble tribute of praise to the pre-eminently philosophic Dr. Reid. He, too, like Hume, began with the system of Locke; but seeing that it did not account for *all* the ideas in the human mind, instead of explaining them away like the latter, by flimsy sophisms, he at once came boldly to the conclusion, that the theory of Locke was defective.

Reid perceived what Hume did not. It is vain to derive the idea of causation from experience, it is vainer to explain it away. The principle of causality is seated in the depths of the intellect. It is the production of no anterior thought or process of-reasoning. It is not originally the child of experience. It is an *a priori* judgment—a first truth. It is the offspring of none, but is the fruitful mother of multitudes of ideas. It is a principle which rises from the very constitution of the human mind.

In order further to evince the independence of the principle of causality over experience, we shall now turn our attention to the consideration of the attributes of that principle. In the first place, it is an *universal* idea. Whomsoever we question, whether the almost irrational Caffre, or the highly intelligent Briton; the dull Esquimaux or the brilliant Frenchman; the volatile Hindu or the persevering German; the frozen Greenlander or the sun-burnt Indian; all—all will express in some shape or other their acknowledgement of the truth, that every effect must have a cause. Do not be confined by the atmosphere that surrounds our earth, break through it, traverse the sun, the moon, the sister planets, the numberless stars with their revolving systems, and ask their fair inhabitants whether they can conceive an effect to exist without its producing cause; go beyond the outskirts of the created universe, ascend into the empyrean regions—the residence of angels, cherubim, and seraphim and ask them the very same question;—all—all will cry aloud, that every effect must have a cause. In the second place the principle of causality is, in its character, *necessary*. It is impossible to get quit of this principle. It is contemporaneous and co-extensive with the existence of the mind. As the axiom, two and two are equal to four, contains in it a mathematical necessity; so the principle of causality has in it the element of metaphysical necessity. In the third place, this principle is *eternal*. There *is*, was, and shall be, no time when it can be said that an effect can exist without a cause. It may be said that when nothing but God existed in the eternity that is past, it could not be said that this principle existed, for there was by hypothesis no effect. But then this principle had a poten-

tial existence in the mind of God. The very fact of creation proves its pre-existence. The principle of causality then is invested with the attributes of *Universality*, *necessity*, and *eternity*. Could experience, which must be particular, contingent, and temporary, communicate to us these properties? Impossible.

We advance one step more in the argument. Not only is the principle of causality independent of experience, but it is the *foundation* of experience itself. Experience, considered in its two great divisions of sensation and reflection, is mainly dependent upon the external world, and the will. Were the external world destroyed, no sensations could be excited in us, and consequently we could not have experience by sensation altogether and by so much of reflection as consists in working upon the sensations by meditation. Sensation then wholly depends upon the existence of the external world; the existence of the mind itself being taken for granted. And *reflection*, the second branch of experience, depends in the last analysis upon the *will*; which is proved thus: reflection may be analysed into consciousness and memory, as indeed Locke does. For, in order that there be reflection, the *consciousness* of a present feeling and the *memory* of a past one, are essentially necessary; because without them there would be no comparison and therefore no reflection. Now, in every act of memory the *will* is essentially involved. Therefore reflection in the last analysis depends upon the will; and we have formerly proved that sensation in the last analysis depends upon the external world; wherefore experience the whole of it, is dependant upon the *existence of the external world and the will*. Now the existence of the external world is made known to us by the principle of causality which can be proved in the following manner. When as yet the mind knows nothing but is conscious only of its own states, suppose that it feels for the first time the sensation of an external object. This state the mind feels to be different from its usual state. Nothing further would follow, no conclusion could be drawn, if the principle of causality did not exist in the mind. But causality being there, the mind asks what can be the producing cause of this feeling? for every

'effect must have a cause. This feeling cannot be produced by Ego, for the conscious states of the Ego previous to the sensation, are quite different from the sensation itself. Non-ego is therefore the cause of this felt sensation. Thus is the "principle of causality the father of the external world." Again, the will is in fact power itself. Hence the idea of the principle of causality is the foundation, the logical condition of experience.

Thus in all these several ways is Locke's theory of causation shattered to pieces. We have proved that neither sensation nor reflection originates the principle of causality, that not only is this principle independent of experience, but that it is the foundation, the logical condition of experience, and that it is an *a priori* judgment, a first truth.

What, then, is there no meaning in the theory of Locke? Is not the idea of causation holden to experience for its origination in any sense? It is; and we shall show it in the two following heads; first that experience finds out particular causes and particular effects; and secondly, that it is the chronological condition of the origination of the idea of causation in the human mind.

First, then, it is by experience alone that *particular causes and particular effects are discoverable*. Present a magnet and a key to one who is ignorant of the facts of magnetism, and it will be impossible for him to predict that the one placed at a certain distance from the other, will attract it. Give a little gunpowder and a spark of fire to one who is unacquainted with the properties of the former, and it will be impossible for him to say *a priori* what effect the one will have upon the other. Let him examine, how minutely soever, the nature, structure, and texture of the objects, it will not be possible, antecedently to experience, to know their actions upon one another. Experience, is the only guide in these matters. Without it an *a priori* knowledge of the effects of the several substances is impossible. And the reason is quite obvious—the effect being so different from the cause. There is nothing in the cause to determine, previous to experience, the precise nature of the effect. Hume generally gets the credit of seeing, or at least of setting forth clearly, this influence of experience upon the

idea of causation. But it was to be expected, that philosophers would hesitate making this acknowledgement when they saw the conclusions to which he came by means of it. He proved or fancied he proved, that all reasoning built upon the relation of cause and effect, which is a delusive idea, was uncertain and doubtful; and that the world being a singular effect, for we have no experience of world-making, had no cause, no creator. Thus did Hume attempt to undermine the foundations of philosophy and religion.

The infinite importance of religion, which is the only source of consolation to man, calls for a few remarks on the point we are at present discussing. Hume's argument in favour of atheism is as follows:—All causes and effects being discoverable by experience alone, we cannot assign any cause to an effect of which we have no experience; the world is an effect of the making of which we have no experience; therefore we cannot assign any cause to it.

The chief fallacy of the above sophism lying in the major premiss, we shall confine our attention to it.

In the first place, in the above sophism, Hume makes an erroneous statement of the point under consideration. He expresses himself unqualifiedly and erroneously. In his ingenious Essay entitled "Sceptical Doubts concerning the Operations of the Human Understanding," he expresses himself thus;—"causes and effects are discoverable, not by reason, but by experience." For reasons which will be given below, the proposition had better been expressed thus:—"particular causes and particular effects are discoverable, not by reason, but by experience." Secondly, his *proof* of the proposition comes short of the proposition itself. All the examples which he has brought forward to prove the principle above laid down, are particular; and particular propositions can never establish an universal one. Thirdly, his view of the principle was *partial* and *erroneous*. Although particular causes and particular effects are discoverable by experience, yet the conviction of the truth of the abstract axiom that every effect must have a cause, is as universal; absolute, and necessary, as any axiomatic truth can possibly be. Hume seems to have overlooked

this; and hence his unqualified statement of the above principle.

Not only is the principle of causality apart from, independent of, and prior to experience; but it is the foundation of experience itself. Indeed, without the potential existence of the principle of causality in the human mind, it was impossible that particular causes and particular effects could be discoverable. On being presented with a particular effect, although previous to experience, we could not perhaps tell its particular cause, yet the conviction, the absolute and necessary conviction, that that effect must have had a cause, would be felt in the mind. We appeal to the consciousness of every thinking man whether such a conviction would be felt or not. The abstract principle of causality is one thing, the discovery of a particular cause or a particular effect quite another. The necessary truth, that every effect must have a cause is one thing, and the contingent truth, that a particular cause or a particular effect is discoverable by experience quite another. Locke did not see this distinction, and Hume his disciple had a partial view of it. This is not a metaphysical hair-breadth distinction. It is by the confusion of these propositions that Locke formed a partial theory of causation, and Hume landed himself in cold, heartless, infidelity. The world is a singular effect. We have not seen worlds made before our eyes. We have no experience of world-making, and therefore, antecedently to experience, it will be difficult to predict its particular cause. But that the world must have had a cause, a producing author, notwithstanding our non-experience of world-making, is as eternally and necessarily true as the axiom that "things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another."

Once more and then we are done; experience, and especially reflection, is the occasion of the developement of the idea of causation in the human mind. On this point Locke, as he was possessed of immense psychological sagacity is quite silent. "If we will consider it attentively," says he, "bodies by our senses do not afford us so clear and distinct an idea of active power, as we have from

reflection on the operations of our own minds. It seems to me, we have from the observation of the operation of bodies by our senses, but a very imperfect obscure idea of active power, since they afford us not any idea of power in themselves to begin any action, either motion or thought." A consciousness of the operations of our minds, gives to us the idea of cause and effect. It is the occasion on which the potentially existing principle of causality is developed. I will to lift up my arm, and the arm is lifted up. There are three things here, as has been often observed, 1st, a consciousness of the will; 2nd, consciousness of the effect produced; and 3rd, a relation between the antecedent volition and the consequent motion of the arm. Our consciousness drives us to infer that the production of the effect is the result of the conception of the volition. Hence the volition makes us acquainted with the idea of causation. It does not give birth to, or originate that idea, for the pre-existence of that principle must be taken for granted. Hence it appears that experience is the chronological condition of the idea of causality, the occasion on which the previously existing principle is developed.

Having thus demonstrated the erroneousness of Locke's theory of ideas in the human mind, and having in particular shewn the unsatisfactory nature of his analyses of the ideas of Time, Space, infinite, substance, personal identity, and causation, we conclude this paper with the two following reflections.

1. How liable is the human mind to err!

Locke, one of the greatest intellectual geniuses of the world.—Locke, "whose office was to detect the errors of thinking, by going up to the very fountains of thought, and to direct into the proper tract of reasoning, the devious mind of man, by showing him its whole process, from the first perceptions of sense to the last conclusions of ratiocination:—putting a rein upon false opinion, by practical rules for the conduct of human judgment"—Locke, so remarkable for the endowment of an almost superhuman sagacity which enabled him pretty successfully to fathom the depths of the human mind,—Locke himself has fallen, in a prominent part of his immortal work "On the

"Human Understanding", into the grievous mistake of confounding the condition, the occasion of a thing, with its essence and cause ! What a demonstration this of the liability of the human mind to err.

2. "There is nothing new under the sun."

There is more of truth contained in Plato's doctrine of the *Annus Magnus*, in which, it is said, that all the series of human events would be acted over again, than is generally supposed. In the theatre of the philosophy of the human mind, the scenes that were enacted in the olden times of Greece and Rome, have been, and at present are being, enacted over again in modern Europe. Sensualism, idealism, mysticism, eclecticism, and all other *isms*, have had their advocates in ancient as well as in modern times. The nature of the progress of the modern European intellect is not that of a "*March*" but of a "*Perambulation*." Modern times are remarkable more for the *multiplication* than for the *creation* of lights in the dark domain of human speculation and enquiry. Illustration, not invention, is the characteristic of the human mind in modern times. The prophetic gleams and anticipations which "came looming through the mist," into the mind of a Socrates, a Plato and an Aristotle, it has been the business of modern philosophy to illustrate. Modern philosophy may be viewed as a vast but instructive and often original commentary on the text afforded by the early philosophers of Greece and Rome. The empiricism of Locke is nothing more than an unfolding and developement of the Aristotelian maxim, "there is nothing in the mind which ~~did~~ not originally come through the senses." And we believe, the germ of the refutation of Locke's sensualism, is to be found in the works of the sublime Athenian, Plato. May we then ask with the Royal Philosopher, "Is there any thing whereof it may be said, See, this is new?"

LAND TENURE IN BENGAL.

First Paper.

There is no topic within the whole range of Indian jurisprudence which is more difficult of comprehension and practical application than that of the land tenures of Bengal. In the absence of any positive historic evidence it is impossible to say when these tenures were ushered into being. We know that during the reign of Emperor Akbár, his minister Rájá *Todur Mull* initiated a system of land revenue and appointed certain collectors of the land-tax. It is extremely probable that these collectors of revenue were the predecessors of the class now known as the Zemindars. The Zemindars being mere farmers during the Moslem rule could not have possibly exercised the power of subletting their holdings.

It was after Lord Cornwallis had inaugurated the Permanent Settlement and recognized the right of the Zemindars, as absolute owners of the soil that the practice of subinfeudation came into vogue. The subordinate holdings are of many descriptions. In the Central and Western districts, we have *Patnis*, *Darpatnis*, *Sepatnis*; in the Eastern districts the *Ganti*, *Durganti* and *Seganti* tenures are well known. In Chittagong there are *Howlahs* and *Nemhowlahs*. In Boerbhoom and Bhagulpûr and the Santhál Parganás there are the Ghátwali, or Tervice tenures. Some of the tenures received confirmation by legislative enactments. Regulation VIII of 1819 gave all *Patti*-tenures a transferable character, and what statutory law omitted to do was supplied by local usage. Thus arose a complicated system of land tenures—to extinguish or encourage which has become with economists and jurists of the present day a stiff problem to solve.

It has become the fashion with a section of the community to denounce the system of subinfeudation as an unmitigated social evil—and they go to the length of asking from our rulers a law for putting it down with a high hand. They contend that subinfeudation has converted the Zemindar into a fat, quiant, who has only

to sublet his holding in order to obtain a lion's share of the profits of the soil, and that supposing his estate undergoes subinfeudation to the third or fourth degree, each subordinate holder receives a share of the profits at the expence of the actual cultivator. The cultivator may by dint of patient industry convert arid soil into remarkable fertility. He may lay out capital after the permanent improvement of his holding. He may brave seasons of drought and scarcity in meeting the land-lord's demands for rent from the stock of surplus food he has laid by. But there are no safeguards against his being rack-rented. Should he resist the demands of the Zemindar or his suboridnate holders, the ryot renders himself amenable to harassing enhancement suits which, whether he wins or loses, ultimately bring about his ruin. The records of our courts are replete with instances verifying the above truth.

On the other hand it is stated that the fact of the Zemindar being a proprietor with full and permanent rights in the soil argues that he is possessed of all the rights which law and equity recognize. In other words, he becomes vested with the power of transferring his interests by gift-salo, or otherwise as he pleases. Subinfeudation therefore follows as a matter of course from the terms of the permanent settlement and once you stop subinfeudation by legislative enactments you set at nought the provisions of that solemn compact.

It would be hopeless to attempt at a reconciliation of the conflicting arguments which have been adduced on either side on broad grounds of law and justice. Extreme subinfeudation leads to extreme rack-renting, and is in its worst phase an unmixed evil. It causes, on the one hand, a deplorable relaxation of the energies of the children of the soil, as, on the other, it is productive of an abnormal supineness of the land-holder class—a supineness which makes the Zemindar wholly oblivious of the interests of the cultivating classes, and divests him of all generous feeling towards those over whom a fortuitous combination of circumstances has placed him as their liege lord. Further, this indifference has been the fertile cause of widening the breach between the

land-lord and tenant—a breach which, if not healed up soon, threatens to shake society to its foundations. Despot as he was, the pre-Act X. Zemindar was a better master than his modern successor. He was more generous, more kind, more condescending to his tenantry, than the present heads of our landed aristocracy. Whatever theorists may say, the Bengal tenantry, constituted as they are, do not deserve to attain the status and position of peasant proprietors of France and Switzerland. In Bengal, agriculture is still in its infancy, and with periodical scarcities staring them in the face, Bengal ryots can hardly spare the fostering care of their land-lords. Our rulers should not by legislative enactments array one class against another, and we have very little sympathy for those boasted measures of reform which have a tendency to exalt the ryot by abasing the Zemindar. Punish the Zemindar by all means should he trample upon the rights of his ryot, but do not make a spoiled child of the latter. It is no doubt the duty of Government to protect the weak against the strong, but let not that duty exceed its legitimate bounds. Act X of 1859 is a glorious piece of legislation, but in the eye of an impartial judge, it is undoubtedly a piece of one-sided legislation. The framers of the act were assuredly justified in making it such. The Zemindars had prostituted their power to such an incredible extent that a dose of stringent law was wanted to restore the social equilibrium.

But now that the ryot's condition has comparatively improved, the question, one is inclined to ask is, why should this one-sided law remains unrepealed?

I propose in this paper to examine some of the salient provisions of Act X of 1859—now Act VIII of 1869 (B. C.), and I shall attempt to show that its substantive portions require a thorough alteration. But before I proceed to that task, it is expedient to say a few words concerning the rights and obligations of the ryots as a class.

There is considerable dispute as to the etymology of the word ryot. Some say that it means an actual tiller of the soil, others that it means an actual holder under the superior tenant,

the Zemindar. Without attempting to give an accurate definition of the term, we may say what a ryot is not. He is neither a proprietor nor a middleman; but one who holds or tills the land either actually or constructively. All this is plain enough. But cases frequently crop up where it becomes an arduous task to determine whether a particular holder is a middleman or a ryot. In such cases courts of law are driven to ascertain whether the tenure was *ryottee* in its inception, but even this turns out sometimes to be a sorry test, for the tenure might have been a *ryottee* one in its inception, and yet the holder had been actually exercising all the rights of a middleman.

Bengal ryots are classified thus, regard being had to the nature of their rights:—

1. Ryots with permanent transferable interest in their holding.
2. Ordinary occupancy ryots.
3. Ryots having holdings at-will.

Under the first class come all those holdings which in common parlance go by the name of *Mookururi* and *Maurusi*. A *Mookururi* holding is one which is exempt from enhancement, the tenant being allowed to hold at fixed rates of rent. *Mookururi* and *Maurusi* jotes have this *differentia* common to them, that the tenants thereof cannot be the land-lord. *Maurusi* and *Mookururi* tenures are either the offspring of contracts or law either statutory or customary. They are the offspring of contracts where the Zemindar leases out his land to a tenant on condition of the latter enjoying all permanent rights on payment of a fixed rent. Law supplies the place of the contract where rent has been paid at a uniform rate, for such a considerable length of time that one may safely conclude that it never changed within the period of living memory. In this latter case the holding is protected under Sec IV. of Act XIII. of 1869 from enhancement and it becomes to all intents and purposes a *Mookururi* holding with permanent rights tacked to it.

In the absence of any express law, local usage converts a holding into a *Maurusi* or hereditary one. Then where it was

handed down from father to son as an inheritance and where the tenant's possession was for such a time as to justify the presumption that it was meant to be a permanent holding. Looking therefore to the nature and constitution of these tenures, it follows as a necessary corollary that they are of a transferable character, and it is only where the tenant's right to transfer is restricted by express agreement that he cannot do so.

Secondly. Section VI of Act VIII of 1869 legalises a right which is rather novel in its character. It is a right which was unknown to any of the ancient codes, even to the English law itself. This is, as the student of Anglo-Indian law knows very well, the right of occupancy. For the last sixteen years or so, it has exercised a marked influence in the shaping of our legal ideas, and has contributed a great deal to the formation and structure of our agricultural classes. Judged by the high standard of juridical morality, it appears to be extremely questionable how far this right is strictly speaking a right, but it has admirably worked in giving to the Indian peasant a home which an English peasant has not. In this respect the administrative sagacity of the legislators who gave it birth cannot be too highly applauded. The land-lord allows a man to squat on his land, and if by sufferance or similar cause the tenant's possession is not disturbed for twelve years, the tenant acquires a right of occupancy and becomes secure from ejection. How far this right is in unison with the land-lord's general right in the soil we leave our readers to say. But the picture is but half depicted, the partiality of the law is but half drawn. Not only does the tenant acquire a right to occupy the land himself, but the right becomes heritable on his death, and in many cases it becomes transferable in all possible ways recognized by law. And if we refer to the annals of Indian litigation, we come across many instances where the tenant took such undue advantages of his law-created right as to subinfeudate his holding to the third or fourth degree. Need we say that there are in Bengal tenants who are styled *Koorfa* and *Durkoorfa* and *Sekoorfa*? It is a sickening sight to see rights created by the legislators thus prostituted, and every

body intermediate between the owner and tiller of the soil making capital out of his holding ; and what endless complications and contests in law Courts spring from this iniquitous state of things. If Government would follow Hamlet's advice to the players and uproot the system altogether, taking it by the neck it would spare the country an amount of perjury, demoralization and poverty which is appalling to contemplate.

While upon this subject, I cannot help referring to another point which appears to me to be of vital importance, I mean the anomaly which some of the later decisions of the High Court have given birth to regarding occupancy rights in citylands. The High Court have held that no right of occupancy can be acquired in lands which are not strictly agricultural or horticultural. Their Lordships are of opinion that Act X of 1859 or Act VIII of 1869 does not apply to homestead or similar lands situated within the precincts of a Town. The consequences of this decision have become somewhat terrific, as it has unsettled to the foundation the homestead right of townsmen. It is notorious that in Bengal, very few have the good fortune to have leases pertaining to their homestead. Such holdings have descended from father to son, and occupation has by time ripened into right. If therefore occupation for a certain length of time do not enter into the formation of a valid right, nine-tenths of house-owners in Town are left unsafe. They are liable to be ousted by the land-lord as being destitute of any permanent right. Of course the owners of pukka houses may successfully plead an equitable estoppel, and contend that as the land-lord has stood by and allowed the construction of permanent buildings on his land he has waived his right of re-entry. But even here the tenant is liable to be cast in damages for the injury he has caused to his land-lord by building works of a lasting character, damages which may be more heavy to the tenant to bear than any amount of enhanced rent and more calamitous than even ejectment itself.

Further, if Act VIII of 1869 was not intended for non-agricultural and non-horticultural lands, what law is to govern

them? It may be answered that, in the absence of any positive statutory law, the courts are bound to administer equity and good conscience. This is no easy task. True, the principles of equity are interwoven with man's mental and moral constitution, but our idea of justice and equity varies with our mental culture and education, and what may appear equitable to one may not appear to another. It is doubtful how far the system of equity as administered by the English Chancery Courts is applicable to Indian cases, and under such circumstances the Judge's idea of equity may be synonymous with his individual caprice.

Such being the state of things the Courts are really in a fix in cases where non-agricultural and non-horticultural laws form the subject matter of dispute. Unless therefore the legislature interfere and pass an Act, matters will become more complicated, and the valuable rights of citizens will be broken through.

Before concluding the subject of right of occupancy, we can not help adverting to the hopeless confusion in which the law is relative to the acquisition of such by subtenants. The High Court have ruled both ways—regard being had to the equities of each particular case that came before them without presuming to question the soundness of their decisions. We may state as a general truth that the idea of a Koorfa ryot becoming possessed of rights of occupancy is opposed to the traditions and feelings of the country, and the more such rights are recognized the more the Zemindar's right is encroached upon and his chance of re-entering his land is rendered the more remote.

Equally confused is the law relative to the transferable character or otherwise of occupancy tenures. The rulings of the High Court go to show that local usage governs that matter. No doubt customary law ought to govern cases not falling within the scope of express legislation, but in India, especially in Bengal where every thing is in a state of transition, it becomes a very difficult matter to determine what is custom and what is not. Possibly before the advent of a particular Zemindar, local usage was for making occupancy tenures transferable, but the aspect of affairs has changed since. What then is the Court to do? There

is one custom among the owners of Bromottor lands, and another among the owners of Māl lands—which custom ought to prevail?

The third class of ryots are those commonly known as *ticca* ryots. They hold land during the pleasure of the Zemindar, and are liable to quit it whenever they are required to do so. Should they insist upon remaining on the land, the Zemindar cannot eject him by force, but must apply to a Court of justice having jurisdiction for the eviction of the tenant. In this respect the Bengal land-lord is inferior to the English land-lord. An English land-lord can eject his tenant without the intervention of a Court of justice, whereas the Bengal land-lord has got to serve a notice to quit on his tenant and then to bring an action against him upon the strength of the notice. In dealing with tenants-at-will the courts have few difficulties to meet with. In particular cases it becomes an intricate question to solve whether the possession of a *ticca* ryot has ripened into right of accupaney or not.

Before proceeding to a review of the provisions of the law of land-lord and tenant, it is cheering to remark *en passant* that fewer complications arise in respect of the rights of middle men. The reason why this should be so is simply this—these rights are purely the offspring of written contracts. The Zemindar knows full well that his resolutions with his subordinate holder are chalked out with the greatest precision, and he cannot deviate from them. The subordinate holder is also alive to what his obligations are, and if he neglect or fail to act in consonance thereto the courts have only to refer to the deed of contract to set matters right. It is only where a tenure that was *ryotti* in its inception is transformed into an intermediate one that complications arise. Then it is that courts are placed in the unenviable predicament of judging whether any transfer of it should have been registered in the superior holder's Sheristah, whether it was capable of being transferred, and other kinder questions of difficulty and intricacy.

Sec. II of the landlord and tenant's Act defines what a *pottah* is to contain, and the experience of officers who have administered it goes to support the exhaustiveness of the definition.

Firstly. Sec. IV provides that 20 year's payment of rent at a uniform rate is presumptive evidence that that rate has remained unchanged from the time of the Permanent Settlement. One may be disposed to ask why is this arbitrary encroachment upon the land-lords' right. If you admit his proprietary right, you admit the full complement of rights which law and equity conjointly bestow upon him. The right to enhance the ryot's rent is one of such rights. Why therefore give the ryot the benefit of a presumption that is repugnant to the first principles of law? Because the land-lord through generosity or some other noble feeling—we care not enquire which—has contented himself with receiving rent at a uniform rate for 20 years, you put up on him a legal clog in the way of his recovering enhanced rent. In other words, because a man is forbearing in his act and conduct you put upon him the gag of forbearance. If he had been active in the work of enhancement, the law would not have been a bar to his further enhancing the rent. It may be urged that law pitches upon artificial periods of times as barring right and remedy, and the Statute of Limitation may be cited in its entirety. But it should be observed that the law of Limitation has not created any presumption whatever. It simply ordains that suits not brought within certain periods of time are to be considered as for ever barred. Further, Sec. IV of Act VIII of 1869 has in consequence of the land-lord's sufferance given a positive right to the tenant, a right which ought to spring out of contract and of contract only. It is an indisputable fact attested by the experience of past ages, that the more our legislators interfere with the free will of men in matters of contract relating to right and property the normal equilibrium of society becomes the more disturbed, and symptoms of disease in the social organism manifest themselves, to the utter dismay and bewilderment of those who hold the helm of the State. These distempers, however slight in their commencement, gradually become mighty convulsions tending to break asunder all bonds of social union. Social science has proved by facts and figures that in matters of right and property there is an all-pervading law which governs them. It would therefore

be as prudent on the part of the legislator to transgress it by enacting his own law as to transgress any of the laws of nature.

THE FIRST PRINCIPLE OF EDUCATION.

By A Hindustani.

A preface is a nuisance; and the preface of a book is the first of the many portions of it which are, in these days of rapid reading, left as a rule unread. I do not therefore like to appear before you with a preface. But it strikes me that I had better tell you at the outset what you are *not* to expect from me. You are not to expect from me a tissue of what is called "Babu English." I do not maintain that Babu English is entirely useless, and should never be resorted to. In these days the country is regularly flooded with Babu English. And this time this species of English flows, not from Bengali Editors or the much abused M. As of the Calcutta University, but from the noble army of Newspaper Correspondents who are hovering about the Prince. When you have a long time to occupy and precious little to say, Babu English comes to the rescue. When you have to represent an event intrinsically destitute of significance as one pregnant with permanent results of the most glorious character, you cannot despise Babu English. But I have to treat of subjects of paramount importance, of the great problems of life and death; and it would be absurd if I were to waste my energy on a flight of mere rhetorical embellishments. You are, in the second place, not to expect from me a tissue of metaphysical quibbles. I am far from maintaining that logical or psychological subtleties are of no conceivable use. I am willing to admit that they tend to invigorate and sharpen the mind, and are therefore as factors of education worthy of the importance attached to them in our Colleges and Schools. But when associated with subjects of vital and lasting importance,

they tend to divert the mind from what improves our souls to what tickles our fancy. These subtleties therefore I must keep clear of. You are, in the third place, not to expect from me direct Christian preaching. I am not ashamed of my religion—*can* not be ashamed of a religion which has raised me from the lowest depths of sin, has brought me into a state of conscious union with God, has brightened my prospects so that I can confidently affirm—all things will work together for my good, and has thrown open, as it were, the gates of heaven before me. But this is not the proper place for direct Christian preaching; and so I avoid it.

Now the subject before us is—the First Principle of Education. Some of you may get up and say:—"What on earth have we got to do with education? We are neither pedagogues nor pupils: why should we be compelled to listen to a discourse on a subject with which we have at present very little to do?" This objection is not entirely groundless. If you take the word *Education* in its most ordinary sense, that is, if you understand by it nothing more or less than learning a number of Alphabets, mastering a number of languages, studying a number of books, and having a number of subjects at your finger's end; you are not entirely wrong when you affirm that you have very little to do with the theme of this evening's discourse. But take the word education in a broader and worthier sense as meaning the scheme of instruction which pursues us from the cradle to the grave, and which moreover prepares us for another and an infinitely more lasting stage of existence, and the objection becomes futile and childish. It is not difficult for me to prove that you are both pupils and teachers, and that consequently it becomes you to ascertain what the correct principles of education are. Observe, in the first place, that we are all pupils! In this world there are two schools, the school of Light and the school of Darkness, and we belong either to the one or to the other of these institutions. The school of light is the school of knowledge, holiness and happiness. These three things go together. Correct knowledge is associated as a rule, if not invariably, with that holiness which is inseparably linked to genuine happiness.

The school of darkness is the school of ignorance, of unholiness, and of misery. These three things are also found, generally if not invariably, in a state of close union. There are two schools, the school of virtue and the school of vice, the school of God and the school of Satan. And we all belong to these schools, being members either of the one or of the other. Corresponding to these two schools there are two systems of education. There is an exalting or ennobling system of education, and there is a degrading and vitiating system of education. And we are all being trained either under the one or the other of these systems of education. We are being trained either under an elevating and exalting system of education for a higher and a brighter stage of existence; or under a demoralizing and vitiating system for a lower and a more degraded condition of life. There is no intervening stage, no *via media*. We are either imbibing poison that will spring up unto everlasting 'damnation, or we are drinking that living water which will spring up unto everlasting life. We are all pupils, and it becomes us to learn what the correct principles of education are.

But we are not merely pupils, but teachers also. Man is a gregarious animal, and does not go alone. If we are treading the narrow path that leadeth to everlasting life, we may be sure we are not going alone. By our example and by our teaching, either direct or indirect, we are leading others, our wives and children, those who are near us and those who are dear to us — we are leading others also along with us! If on the other hand we are travelling on in the broad path that leadeth unto everlasting damnation, we are leading our own wives and children, our friends and our dear ones, on into destruction. This circumstance adds peculiar solemnity to our lives, and leads us almost to shrink instinctively from the awful load of responsibility placed upon our shoulders. Our actions are like stones dropped into a mass of still water. They describe circles which ripple, as it were, over the entire surface of human affairs. We are not merely pupils, but teachers. By our acts and by our words, by the broad facts of our lives, and by the tenor of our

walk and conversation, we are teaching others or leading others on either toward a bright and glorious portion or towards the yawning gulf of perdition. How important is it for us to learn the correct principles of education !

Now, let me come to the common definition of education, and see how far it is correct and wherein it is deficient. Education is commonly defined as that which *educes*, or brings forth and matures the varied faculties of the mind. This definition is doubtless correct as far as it goes. But it does not, it is to be feared, go far enough. The human mind certainly needs a developing process. The varied faculties of the human mind are naturally in an embryonic state ; and they must be developed. They are in a germinal condition ; and they must be made to expand and fructify. Or, to change the figure, they are in a dormant condition, and they must be lashed up into life and activity. All this is true enough. The human mind needs development. But it needs something more. It needs not merely a developing process, but a *rectifying* process. The human mind is in a state of disorganization, and it needs something that may lead to its reorganization, and *normal* development. Leave it in its natural state to develop itself, and the result will be an abnormal development. Rectify it, and then let it develop, and the result will be a normal development. A rectifying and a developing process must go hand in hand in order to bring the human mind to that state of vigor and expansion of which it is susceptible.

But how, you may ask, is it to be proved that the human mind is naturally in a sad state of disorganisation ? To prove this we need not plunge into metaphysical subtleties, we have only to observe facts to examine what philosophers call the phenomena of human consciousness. Examine the varied faculties of the mind, and you can not resist the conclusion that they display, each one in its own spheres of operation, a wrong tendency. Every faculty of mind, as soon as it unfolds itself, shows a fatal tendency to what may be called lawlessness and anarchy. Every faculty of the human mind properly speaking destroys itself by presumptuously transgressing those laws by which its movement

ought to be limited. Take for instance the Imagination. A bright and resplendent imagination is a great blessing. It enables us to live in the past as we do in the present. It enables us to be at home among the unseen realities of the dead past as we are at home among the seen realities of the living present. It makes the past instinct with life and beauty, adorns the future with that unspeakable brightness which is inherent in it. A bright and a glowing imagination therefore is one of the grandest of the mental gifts which we are called upon to covet. But a bright imagination is not an unmingled blessing. Do you remember what Lord Macaulay says of the imagination of Burke. Burke had a magnificent imagination. Although he never visited India, he had a brighter idea of the country than many foreigners who have spent their lives in it, than millions of those, who, born and bred up in it, look upon it as their mother country. India furnished to his mind the noblest and grandest of her pictures. The gorgeous pagoda was not in his mind a tower of mist, but a real pagoda with its glittering pinnacles and fantastic coverings. The embattled palace was in his mind, not something of which—because he had not seen—he had no clear idea, but a real palace with its lofty battlements, prominent towers and magnificent halls. And the jewelled princes were in his mind, not a cluster of bright phantasms, but real princes in purple extravagantly adorned with ornaments of gold profusely set with diamonds and brilliants. His mind was a grand gallery adorned with the brightest portraits this country can furnish. But, says Macaulay, when his imagination was once fired, it became ungovernable, and he became its slave. The imagination, even when it is properly developed, tends to domineer over reason, to be disloyal to its master. The imagination therefore displays, as soon as it is developed, a fatal tendency to excess, to discord and to anarchy. The same may be said of the memory. When the memory is developed by virtue of proper exercise, it also tends to usurp the authority of reason, and to domineer over the mind. The memory, like the imagination, tries to shake off the control of reason, and to develop itself disproportionately or without any reference to what may be cal-

led the proper laws of development. Every other faculty of the mind betrays this fatal bias, a tendency to disorder, to anarchy, to self-destruction. And what is the condition of the human mind in a grown up person? The mind in such a person is, generally speaking, a dreary scene of disorder and confusion. The memory, instead of being a repertory of bright associations and pleasant facts, is a storehouse of painful recollections. The imagination, instead of being a gallery of pictures of purity and happiness, is in reality full of impure and putrescent representations of vice and corruption. And Reason instead of being the controller is actually the slave of our appetites and passions, our prejudices and errors. What a dark picture of disorder and anarchy is this!

But let us now pass from the intellect to the heart of man. The intellect is not the whole of man: nor is it the noblest part of man. And that system of Education cannot but be pronounced outrageously defective which confines itself solely and wholly to its cultivation. The noblest part of man or the inner man is the heart, that sanctuary of the affections and the passions. Our happiness hinges more decidedly on its cultivation than on that of the intellect, and it is therefore of the last importance to see in what condition it is in what is called a state of nature. We cannot look even superficially and curiously, not to say narrowly, into the state of the heart without coming to the humiliating conclusion, that all its powers and susceptibilities are in a state of woful disorganization. Every power or feeling of the heart betrays a fatal tendency to excess, to disorder and to self-destruction. Let us begin with the lower instincts of our complex nature,—our animal appetites and passions. Who needs to be told that they are obstinate and refractory, and display an almost unextinguishably vicious tendency to insubordination and disorder? It needs all the efforts that we can possibly put forth, all the energy of our minds and all the determination and vigor of our souls—to keep these appetencies of our animal nature within proper control. The wrong tendency in them is so obvious that you may accuse me of dealing in mere platitudes when I dwell upon it. But this

tendency, though most conspicuous in the case of our appetites and passions, is not confined to them. From these, the lowest instincts of our nature, let us go up to that faculty which has justly been called the governor of the soul. Let us look at conscience, and see if it also betrays the fatal tendency which is leading almost with unerring certainty all the powers of our mind and soul astray. That conscience has gone astray or is going astray becomes evident the moment we look into the religious condition of the world. All the false systems of religion by which this world is cursed, all the monstrous errors which are daily and hourly disorganizing the moral instincts of humanity, are but conscience stratified, conscience developed. Had conscience never gone astray, the existence of those forms of faith which we all agree in calling monstrous would have been an impossibility. The existence therefore of religions, apparently false and obviously absurd, is a proof indubitable of the existence of an erratic tendency in conscience. So that from conscience, the highest faculty of the soul, down to our appetites and passions, the lowest instincts of our animal nature, the human heart has not a propensity, feeling or desire which does not betray a wrong bias, a fatal tendency to corruption, and through it to self-murder. The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint. The inner man is a sad picture of ruin. The intellect with its noble faculties all in a state of disorganization, and the heart with its affections and passions all improperly developed and misapplied—such is the sad condition of the human soul. All the powers of our minds and all the susceptibilities of our hearts are under the control of a demon, which is ever and anon leading them astray, and dragging them into misery and wretchedness. In plain English, sin reigns within us, and is vitiating and corrupting all the faculties of our minds and all the susceptibilities of our souls!

That such is the deplorable state of our souls appears from our unwillingness to look them as it were in the face. We are always reluctant to look into the state of our souls, and our proneness to fly from ourselves, that to be wilfully blind to the

real state of our hearts is proverbial. Why so? During the early part of our by no means gloomy and frowning winter, how delighted are we to look at the fields smiling under the fresh beauty of vegetation in its earlier stages of development! Our eyes are refreshed by the sight, and we love to linger it. But we instinctively recoil with horror when we are called upon to look into a quagmire full of filth. Had our hearts been the abodes of innocence and purity, of peace and joy, we would have taken a positive pleasure in fixing our mental gaze upon them. The fact that we actually recoil from the sight with horror, do all we can to keep it out of our way, is a proof that they present a gloomy picture of impurity and vice. We have only to look in, and the humiliating conclusion to which we have come regarding the erratic tendencies and actual aberrations of the inner man will need no proof. The sad conclusion stares us in the face whenever we examine ourselves that sin reigns within us, and is guiding us, directing our feelings, regulating our affections, and shaping and fashioning our desires and aspirations. And if sin is guiding, it is not difficult to say where it will ultimately land us!

Some young men try to blunt the edge of the sad and humiliating conclusion to which we have come by representing sin as a *negative*, rather than a positive principle, a negation of virtue, not an actual and living principle of vice. It is to me a matter of very little consequence whether sin is a positive or negative principle, whether we sin by a positive principle of vice or by the absence of virtue. Some years ago a district in America was being decimated by cholera, and every house almost within its precincts was converted into a house of mourning. A number of Doctors sat in solemn convocation, and came to the consoling conclusion that the pestilence which was devastating the fair district was *not* Bengali cholera! It was after all a matter of very little consequence to the afflicted people whether the epidemic under the ravages of which they were smarting was *Bengali* or *Italian* in origin. So it is a matter of very little importance to us whether we are being ruined by a negative or

a positive principle. . If you feel a peculiar satisfaction in being ruined by negative principle, you have every right to call sin a mere negation of virtue. All that I wish you to do is to recognize the fact that you are being ruined by sin, and that if you do not kill sin, sin will kill you ! All this may be predicated of the other controversy by means of which some people try to mar the significance of the appalling conclusion to which we have come. The facts that we are being ruined by sin being admitted, it is a matter of very little consequence to us whether this destructive principle is *original* or *derived*. The principle may be immanent and innate, born with us, or communicated to us by our parents, by the law of heredity, or it may have been introduced into us by all that is meant in that comprehensive and often ambiguous term education. Its being the one thing or the other does not alter our case which appears the more appalling the more we think over it.

Do you remember the touching lines in which Lord Byron describes the present state of Greece. He says—it is Greece but *living* Greece no more. The heights of Thermopylæ stand as they did in times of yore, but the spirit of patriotic heroism which was displayed there is gone. The Bay of Salamis smiles as it did in ancient times under a glowing sky, but the nautical skill and cool courage displayed there are gone. The sites where groves of philosophy flourished continue now as they were, where Socrates silenced the proud Sophist by means of his ingenious dialogues, but the spirit of transcendental thought which hovered around those sacred spots is gone. It is emphatically living Greece no more. Such is the condition of the human soul ! It is living soul no more ! The noble faculties of the mind continue what they were, the memory to store up facts and truths, the imagination to render them instinct with life and radiant with beauty, and reason to classify, arrange and compare them, as well as to deduce from them conclusions which are both reliable and beneficial. But these faculties of the mind, so noble, so magnificent are all under the domination of the demon of sin and unrighteousness ! The heart with its susceptibilities, its warm affections

and tender feelings, continues what it is;—but those emotions so delicate, so buoyant, and so well fitted to diffuse peace and happiness around them are under the control of Satan! The life of the soul is gone, and it is a dead mass of impurity and putrescence! God, its legitimate sovereign has been thrust out, and the throne which belongs to Him alone is occupied by the God of this world, the prince of the power of the air!

Such being the wretched and deplorable condition of the soul in what is called the state of nature, the first principle of education is to thrust out sin from the human heart and let in God. Sin is guiding us, and if sin is allowed to have its own way, it will lead us to ruin. The first thing, therefore, which we can or should do with a view to educate ourselves for that brighter stage of existence to which we are destined to be exalted, is to emancipate ourselves from this wrong guidance, and commit ourselves unreservedly to the guidance of God. He is willing to deliver us from the thralldom of sin, and to guide us unto purity and bliss. Though we have most audaciously and most wickedly thrust Him out of *our* hearts, He has not thrust us out of His. And He is perpetually knocking at the door of our hearts. As we pass and repass the threshold of our houses, as we enter our spheres of work and retire from them, as we enter our sleeping apartments and lie down in our beds, at all times and under all circumstances we hear this ceaseless knocking. Let us open the doors of our hearts and let Him in, and all will be right with us. He will lead us to green pastures and cause us to lie beside still waters. He will guide us through the trials and vexations of life, guide us when we pass through the valley of the shadow of death, and guide us throughout eternity. He being our guide, every step that we take will be a step towards peace and joy, towards heavenly felicity and heavenly glory!

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

Lord Lytton, the Viceroy-elect, left London for India on the 22nd March. His Lordship expects to meet His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales at Suez on the 24th and to reach Bombay on the 7th April.

At the annual Convocation of the Calcutta University held on the 11th March, the honorary degree of Doctor in Law was conferred on professor Monier William of Oxford, the Rev. K. M. Banerjea and Babu Rajendra Lal Mitra. The Vice-Chancellor (the Hon'ble Mr. Hobhouse) remarked in his speech that there was in the last Examination a falling off in the number of successful candidates, the failures having been chiefly in English and Mathematics.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales left Bombay for England on the 13th March, and before leaving wrote the following letter to His Excellency the Viceroy and Governor-General of India:—

D. M. S. "SERAPIS,"

Bombay, 13th March, 1876.

MY DEAR LORD NORTHBROOK,—I cannot leave India without expressing to you, as the Queen's Representative of this vast Empire, the sincere pleasure and the deep interest with which I have visited this great and wonderful country.

As you are aware, it has been my hope^o and intention for some years past to see India, with a view to become more intimately acquainted with the Queen's subjects in this distant part of Her Empire, and to examine for myself those objects of interest which have always had so great an attraction for travellers.

I may candidly say that my expectations have been more than realized by what I have witnessed, so that I return to my native country most

deeply impressed with all I have seen and heard. The information I have gained will, I am confident, be of the greatest value to me, and will form a useful foundation for much that I hope hereafter to acquire.

The reception I have met with from the Princes and Chiefs and from the native population at large is most gratifying to me; as the evidence of loyalty thus manifested shows an attachment to the Queen and to the Throne, which I trust will be made every year more and more lasting. It is my earnest hope that the many millions of the Queen's Indian subjects may daily become more convinced of the advantages of British rule, and that they may realize more fully that the Sovereign and the Government of England have the interests and well-being of India very sincerely at heart.

I have had frequent opportunities of seeing Native Troops of all branches of the Service, and I cannot withhold my opinion that they constitute an Army of which we may feel justly proud. The "march past" at Delhi of so many distinguished officers, and of such highly disciplined troops, was a most impressive sight, and one which I shall not easily forget.

I wish also to state my high appreciation of the Civil Service; and I feel assured that the manner in which their arduous duties are performed tends greatly to the prosperity and the contentment of all classes of the community.

I cannot conclude without thanking you, and all those in authority, for the facilities which have enabled me to traverse so rapidly so large an extent of country; and rest assured I shall ever retain a grateful memory of the hospitality tendered by yourself and by others who have so kindly received me.

Believe me, my dear Lord Northbrook,

Yours very sincerely,

ALBERT EDWARD.

It is with deep regret that we record the death of the Rev. Dr. Millman, the Lord Bishop of Calcutta and Metropolitan of India. He died at Rawal Pindie on the 15th March. Though we had no sympathy with his ritualistic views, we always felt that he was a good and earnest man.

The Jaina brothers, Rai Lachmiput Sing Bahadur and Rai Dhunput Sing Bahadur, wealthy merchants of Baluchur near Moorshedabad, are vying with each other in the career of public-spirited benevolence. Their works of beneficence are innumerable; one of the latest is the offer of the younger brother to construct at his own expense a light branch railway from Ranaghat to Bhagabangola. His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor has requested the Commissioner of the Presidency Division to submit a scheme for giving effect to the proposal.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

1. *Victoria-Gitika*. Composed and set to music by Sourindra Mohun Tagore, President, Bengal Music School. Calcutta: Stanhope Press, 1875.

2. *Fifty Stanzas in Sanskrit* in honour of H. R. H. The Prince of Wales. Composed and set to music by Sourindra Mohun Tagore, President, Bengal Music School. Calcutta: Stanhope Press. 1875.

3. *English Verses set to Hindu Music* in honour of H. R. H. The Prince of Wales. By Sourindra Mohun Tagore, President, Bengal Music School. Calcutta: Presidency Press. 1875.

5. *Hindu Music* from various authors. Part I. Compiled by Sourindra Mohun Tagore. Calcutta: Stanhope Press. 1875.

4. *Yantra-Kosha*, or a Treasury of the Musical Instruments of Ancient and Modern India and of various other countries. By Sourindra Mohun Tagore, President, Bengal Music School. Calcutta: Madhyastha Press. 1875.

Baboo Sourindra Mohun Tagore, brother of Rajah Jotindra Mohun Tagore Bahadoor, is doing more for Bengali music than any other living man. He is himself not only well skilled in that the pleasantest of all the fine arts, but he encourages the development of the musical faculty in others; and, further, spends a great deal of money in the publication of books on Indian music. We have before us five volumes all written and compiled by that enthusiastic votary of music; and for Bengali books, they are well got up. The first on the list, the *Victoria Gitika*, celebrates the "deeds and virtues of Her most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria and her renowned predecessors." All the so-

vereigns of England pass in review from William of Normandy to the Empress of India; and the work ends with the following *sloka* :—

“ Descended from the Tagore family,
Thy suppliant, Sourindra Mohun.
Implores a little spark of thy mercy,
Hardly attainable, O thou merciful Empress of India.”

The second book on the list contains fifty eulogistic stanzas on His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, the last of which we subjoin :—“ O generous Prince of Wales ! although these stanzas are dull and devoid of brilliancy, yet the very touch of thy hand will doubtless impress on them both charm and merit, just as *Sparshamni*, or the philosopher’s stone converts the iron it touches into gold.”

The third on the list contains English verses collected from various poets,—some by the compiler’s brother Rajah Jotindra Mohun Tagore—in honour of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. *Hindu Music* contains reprints of Capt. Willard’s *Treatise on the Music of Hindustan*, Sir William Jones’s dissertation on the *Musical Modes of the Hindus*, and other tracts. The *Tantra-Kosha* is a very useful book as it describes all the musical instruments of ancient and modern India, and contains a dictionary of musical terms.

Kashmir-Kusuma, that is, a description of Kashmir, By Rajendra Mohana Basu. Calcutta: Madhyasthi Press. Sakabda 1797.

Babu Rajendra Mahanā Basu, who lived for many years in Kashmir, has given in the book before us a graphic description of that terrestrial paradise. The book, is not merely a traveller’s *Vade mecum* as Dr. Ince’s *Guide*; it is replete with every sort of information concerning the country, its people, the productions of its soil, its laws and institutions, the state of society, the manners and customs of its inhabitants, and their religion. The treatise is inscribed to Babu Nilambara Mukerjee, the Chief Justice and Judicial Commissioner of Kashmir.

Karnarjuna Kavya. Part I. By Bala Deva Palit. Calcutta: Stanhope Press. B. E. 1282.

Bahoo Bala Deva Palit is one of the best Bengali poets of the day ; and the work before us will, we have no doubt, add to his reputation. It is only the first part of what promises to be a grand epic in Bengali on the great subject of the Mahabharata, the war between the Kurus and the Pandavas, headed by Karna and Arjjuna. The versification is harmonious, the descriptions are lively, the images apposite and the reflections just. Throughout there is a good deal of poetic fire. We have been particularly struck with that passage in the 3rd *Swarga* in which Krishna gives in the Court of Duryodhana a graphic account of the doings of the contending chiefs. We trust the author will soon favour us with the remaining books of his poem.

Maharashtra-Kalanga. By Umēsa Chandra Gupta. Calcutta: Roy and Co. Press. B. E. 1282.

Not long ago we noticed in these pages two dramas written by this author ; and here is a third drama from the same prolific pen. We cannot but think that if Babu Umēsa Chandra Gupta, who has some dramatic power, were to bestow longer time upon his compositions, they would be considerably improved. At the same time we must frankly admit that the present performance, which treats of the intrigues of Sambhuji, the son of the great Sivaji, is far superior to his former works, and we trust his next work will be still better.

Sarojini : Or the Siege of Chittore. Calcutta : Valmiki Press. Sakabda 1796.

When Allauddin, Emperor of Delhi, was besieging Chittore, the capital of Mowar, one Mahammad Ali, who had disguised himself as a Brahman of the name of Bhairavacharya and had become the chief priest of Chaturbhujá Devi, literally the four-handed goddess, the tutelary deity of that Rajput city, represented to Lakshmaan Sinha, the king, that the city could only

be saved by sacrificing to the goddess his beautiful daughter Sarojini. Vijaya Sinha, to whom the princess had been betrothed, became mad with rage when he heard that the king had consented to the sacrifice of his daughter. By a variety of adventures and stratagems, the heroic Vijaya Sinha defeated the malice of the disguised Mahammadan; and the result was that Roshenara, the sister of the Mahammadan, who was a captive in the Rajput city, was offered in sacrifice instead of the beautiful Sarojini. While this was going on in Chittore, the Emperor made a sudden rush upon the city and took it. The Rajput king had before kept ready a funeral pile in which the ladies of his Zennana were to be burnt to death rather than be ravished by the Mahammadans. Into this blazing pile Sarojini cast herself along with all the other ladies of the royal household.

Such is the main story of the drama before us. If the author of this drama is the same as the author of *Parurikrama*—and such is the belief of most readers—then we are of the opinion that the writer's first performance is far better than his second. The only fault we found with *Parurikrama* was that it was far too long. But *Sarojini* is a great deal longer. It consists of 240 demy octavo pages of pica type, which for a Bengali drama is of unconscionable length; and this tedious length is the effect of unnecessarily prolix and verbose descriptions. But the great fault of the drama is its unnaturalness. One would expect that, after her fortunate escape from the wiles of Bhairavacharya, Sarojini would live a happy life, and the drama would have a prosperous conclusion. But the reader is miserably deceived. Sarojini escapes from the sacrificial knife only to be offered up as a burnt offering,—that is, from the frying pan to the fire. We do not understand the beauty of making the heroine escape from one sort of death only to make her suffer another sort of death. Why did not the author kill his heroine at the altar of the four-armed goddess? If he had done so, we should have been saved the infliction of 217 mortal pages of demy octavo size in pica type.

THE BENGAL MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1876.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY SCHOOL DAYS.

By An Old Bengali Boy.

CHAPTER XIX.

MY INSTRUCTORS—IN MEMORIAM.

As I am drawing near the close of these recollections of my school life, I think it desirable to say something of those gentlemen to whom I am indebted for the unfolding of my intellectual and moral being. Next to my father and mother who brought me into the world, and who nourished and cherished me during the helpless age of infancy, I am indebted, for the development of my mind and the formation of my character, to five missionary fathers, the Rev. Alexander Duff, D. D., LL. D., the Rev. William Sinclair Mackay, D. D., the Rev. David Ewart, D. D., the Rev. John Macdonald, M. A., and the Rev. Thomas Smith, D. D., all of whom were originally missionaries of the Established Church of Scotland, but all of whom the Disruption joined the Free Church of Scotland. I will not in this sketch speak of the first, whose praise is in all the Churches, and whose name is a familiar household word in most Indian homes; neither of the last, who is now a distinguished minister of the Free Church at Edinburgh; for they are both living, and are as burning and shining lights in that Church in connection with which they labour: and I pray God that they may yet be spared many years of holy activity and ministerial usefulness. But of the other three who have entered into their rest, it is necessary that I should speak, however briefly

as I should be the most ungrateful of creatures if I omitted to record my obligations to them in this the story of my education.

The Rev. William Sinclair Mackay, D. D., was one of the most accomplished missionaries that ever came to India. He was not only well read in Latin and Greek literature, but, what is far better, had imbibed a thoroughly classical spirit and taste, which showed itself in his singularly graceful style of English composition. I have always regretted that his writings have never been collected together in a permanent form, as I have no doubt that if re-published in two or three volumes they would be a valuable accession to English literature. He contributed largely to the *Calcutta Christian Observer*, a monthly Magazine, which continued to be edited for more than thirty years by some member or other of the Calcutta Missionary Conference. Dr. Mackay's contributions consisted chiefly of reviews of the theological books published in Britain. He engaged also in a controversy on Puseyism with the late Professor Street, of Bishop's College, Calcutta; in the course of which the Presbyterian missionary displayed an acquaintance with the Latin and Greek Fathers, especially the latter, far deeper than that shown by the Anglican clergyman who spent his days and his nights in the study of patristic theology. All who watched the controversy—and in those days of the Tractarian movement it was watched with intense interest by the religious public of India—rose from the perusal of the discussions with the impression that Professor Street, though highly accomplished, was no match for Dr. Mackay in cogency of argument, in felicity of expression, and even in the Tractarian's own ground, knowledge of the Latin and Greek Fathers. To the *Christian Observer* Dr. Mackay occasionally contributed poetical pieces which had the ring of genuine poetry; had they not been of a religious character, as most of them were, they would have attracted general admiration. Dr. Mackay also contributed to the *Calcutta Review* almost from the commencement of that quarterly periodical which he subsequently edited for some time; and his article, the "Jesuits in India" in one of the earlier numbers was of such sterling merit that it attracted attention in England where

it was re-published and extensively circulated. And towards the close of his life when, owing to a hopelessly shattered constitution, he was obliged to leave the mission field after labouring in it for exactly thirty years, and return to his native land, he contributed to the *London Quarterly Review* several articles of great merit. Besides contributing to the periodical press, Dr. Mackay published a small treatise on the Evidences of Christianity for the use of his pupils, and some beautiful sermons and addresses to educated Hindus.

Dr. Mackay was, however, not merely a literary man; he was a good mathematician, and was perhaps the first Astronomer in his day in India. Next to theology which he studied deeply in all its branches, there was no subject to which he gave greater attention than Astronomy. Wherever he laboured, whether in Calcutta or at Chinsurah, he had a private observatory of his own, furnished with the necessary apparatus, from the "lone high tower" of which he nightly watched the Bear and the other inhabitants of the starry deep. As he was enthusiastic in the study of Astronomy, he endeavoured to impart the same enthusiasm to his pupils. I attended his Lectures on Astronomy for three years, during which our text-books were Mylne, Herschel, Brewster, Vince. He was not content, however, with teaching us theoretical Astronomy; he showed us its application to Navigation, and some of his pupils became so expert in the use of the sextant in taking observations and in the manipulation of Norie's Navigation and the Nautical Almanac, that some Captains of ships, who examined us, declared that we were quite able to steer a vessel from the Sandheads to Portsmouth. Another scientific subject for knowledge of which I am indebted to Dr. Mackay is the Steam Engine. Into this subject he carried his pupils most elaborately, taking for his text-book Lardner's treatise on the Steam Engine, which we had, thanks to Dr. Mackay, at our fingers' ends, and for the illustration of which a large model Steam Engine used every day to be introduced into the class-room. Long before the introduction of the system of railways into India, Dr. Mackay had made us familiar with the theory of locomotive engines.

I am not a little indebted to Dr. Mackay for English composition. I should be ungrateful if I did not acknowledge my obligations in this matter to the Rev. Dr. Thomas Smith, now minister of the Free Church, Cowgatehead, Edinburgh. Dr. Smith taught me the rudiments of English composition. He looked over my exercises every week and corrected the inaccuracies with which they abounded. As a first-class mathematician, and master of a down-right plain Anglo-Saxon style, he taught me to avoid bombast and all semi-poetical expressions. "Write as you speak," was the advice he always gave me. "Write and correct," was another advice; and a third piece of advice—and perhaps the most useful of the three in my younger days—was, "Strike out those sentences which you think the finest." It may be easily imagined that the following of this third piece of advice required no little amount of self-denial and self-humiliation; but however painful the operation, I have no doubt it did me a great deal of good—it made hate what is called "fine writing." And such a distaste has Dr. Smith given me for "fine" and semi-poetic prose, that I can hardly read a page of any book of the type of Hervey's "Meditations" without nausea. Another bit of advice he gave me was to avoid preface-making. In those days we school boys, when writing an Essay on any subject, used always to begin with an introduction not altogether pertinent to the matter in hand, somewhat in the following style—"Before entering into the subject, it is advisable to make some preliminary remarks, &c. &c." Dr. Smith would on such occasions invariably come down upon us and say—"It is not advisable."—"Don't make any preliminary remarks"—"Go straight into the subject"—"If you have anything to say on the subject, out with it"—"Don't be beating about the bush." Dr. Smith thus impressed on us the principles of directness of thought, clearness of language, and down-rightness of manner—qualities absolutely necessary to all good composition. Dr. Mackay attempted to make us feel the graces and beauties of style. He too read our compositions in the class, and criticized them in our presence. And such criticism! I generally felt a cold shudder when he took my paper into his hands to subject it to criticism, as if my body

was going to be dissected and not my paper. My heart almost dried up within me when after reading a sentence, he would break out in an ironical vein—"What a brilliant sentence this!" He would then take up that sentence, demolish it into atoms, and on its ruins construct another sentence of beauty. But it is not so much in the class-room that I benefited from Dr. Mackay, so far as this subject is concerned, as from reading his published writings. As a student I greatly admired Dr. Mackay's style of composition,—I regarded it as the perfection of beauty. I therefore greedily devoured every article he wrote, every sermon or address he published; and whenever he preached in a Church or delivered an address to my educated countrymen, I hung on his lips with wrapt admiration.

Besides mere science and literature, I am indebted to Dr. Mackay for my first impressions on the Evidences of Christianity, on which he lectured to us in the Class-room, using as a text-book the little treatise which he himself had compiled from Hartwell Horne's *Introduction to the Study of the Scriptures*. That little book was with him a text-book in the proper sense of the word, for it merely furnished him three times in the week with a subject on which he poured out the stores of his richly endowed mind; and it may be easily imagined that his prelections were highly interesting, when it is borne in mind that he was familiarly acquainted with the writings of the Christian Fathers. I seemed to be introduced into entirely a new world of thought, and the impressions I then received have never been effaced from my mind, though there have been from time to time new and fresh ideas on those subjects.

Dr. Mackay had a singularly quick and far-sighted intellect. Like the eagle it descried ideas and conclusions at a greater distance than most other men whom I have seen. It arrived at truth by long leaps, jumping over long lines of reasoning which ordinary men laboriously wade through. It had more of an intuitive than a ratiocinative character; at any rate the ratiocinations were concealed from our view, and we saw only the conclusions. It was for this reason that he was a first-rate teacher of lads of

quick parts, but a bad teacher of lads of dull intellect. As his eagle-sighted intellect saw distant conclusions at a glance, he did not always remember that more sluggish intellects required to have before them all the intervening steps of the reasoning before they could perceive the justness of the conclusions.

Dr. Mackay had a most delicate taste. Dr. Johnson said of somebody, that his writings and speeches showed as if his taste fed on potatoes—it was so coarse. Dr. Mackay's taste had in it such delicate flavour, such aroma, such richly-scented perfume, that it seemed as if it fed on manna—angels' food, on ambrosia—the food of the gods. It was his inborn sense of the beautiful, coupled with his classical culture and his familiarity with the best models of modern European literature, that gave him this exquisite taste. His mind was cast on the Hellenic mould.

I have spoken of Dr. Mackay simply as a teacher, for I am now talking of my school days; when my College career was over I had familiar and, I may say, intimate intercourse with him; when I come to speak of those days I shall describe Dr. Mackay as a man.

Another of the missionary fathers to whom I am indebted for my education was the Rev. David Ewart, D. D., who, though inferior in talents to Dr. Mackay, was perhaps a better teacher especially of boys not overflowing with natural abilities. He was singularly patient with his pupils, giving them line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little; putting himself in their position, and sympathizing with them in all their difficulties; and taking the utmost pains to make himself intelligible to them. I cannot say that he excelled in any particular branch of knowledge; his mind seems to have been directed with equal force to a variety of subjects all of which he appeared to have mastered. He was in consequence as good a teacher of mathematics as of English literature, of physics as of metaphysics and theology. His Lectures on Bacon's Essays I shall remember till the day of my death, for they were admirable; I only regret that his extreme modesty prevented him from committing his

criticisms to paper and publishing them to the world. Nor did I derive less benefit when I went with him through Butler's *Analogy*, Sir John Herschel's *Introduction to the Study of Natural Philosophy*, and some of the works of Locke and Robert Boyle. But the best lesson I learnt from Dr. Ewart was that of his own life. The perfect equanimity of his temper; his freedom from all prejudice; the philosophic coolness of his judgment; his frankness, which was even visible in his countenance; the rigid uprightness of his character, never swerving in the slightest degree for a moment from the path of rectitude; his gentleness, which more resembled that of a woman than of a stout, stalwart man upwards of six feet high; his wonderful patience, in bearing on his shoulders the cares of a large educational establishment, and listening to the complaints of his pupils; his kindness to poor students, assisting some with books and others with means of livelihood from his own pocket; the lively interest he took in the welfare of those who had at any period of their lives sat at his feet, readily giving them letters of recommendation, and endeavouring to get employments for them; and above all, his charity which led him never to think evil of any men, Hindu, Mahammadan or Christian—the exhibition of these virtues in the daily life and conversation of David Ewart was to me more instructive than a course of Lectures on Ethics or a whole body of Divinity. These virtues I perceived in Dr. Ewart while I was a student; but he had other and higher virtues which I perceived in after life when I came into closer contact with him; of those I hope to speak in the course of this narrative.

The third missionary father to whom I am indebted for my education was the Rev. John Macdonald, M. A., a man in many respects different from the other two. Though in his younger days he had greatly distinguished himself in the University in which he was educated, by his proficiency in classical literature, in philosophy and in mathematics, he determined when he came out as a missionary to India to teach no secular subject, but to devote all his energies to the teaching of the Bible and the theology contained in it; and he never, during the ten years of his missionary

life, swerved from his determination except only on one occasion when he was prevailed upon, owing to the departure on sick leave of a brother missionary to the Cape of Good Hope, to teach for some months the poems of Cowper—a poet to whom he was partial on account of his evangelical spirit; and I doubt whether he would have agreed to lecture on any other English poet than Milton, in whose *Paradise Lost*, however, he lamented the insinuation of a sort of semi-Arianism, the fabrication of a Christian or rather infernal mythology, and the investment of the Evil One with grandeur and sublimity. But though John Macdonald religiously avoided lecturing on all other subjects except the Bible and Biblical theology, the advantages I derived from his prelections on those subjects were incalculable. He took me through nearly the whole of the Bible from Genesis to Revelation excepting some of the minor Prophets, expounding the sacred writings with great clearness and power, pouring a flood of light on difficult passages, and removing infidel and rationalistic objections with singular logical acumen. And his Lectures on Christian theology, of which I took copious notes, were to me of the utmost value. It was from those Lectures that I first obtained a systematic view of all the doctrines of Christianity. Avoiding all metaphysical discussions, he placed before his students the whole teaching of the Scriptures in a plain, practical and clear manner. Nor should I leave unmentioned the uncommon interest he made us take in the “Progress” of the “Pilgrim” from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City.

Such are the blessings I received from the three missionary fathers who have now ceased from their labours: to the other two, whose names I have mentioned in the beginning of this chapter I am at least equally, if not in a greater degree, indebted; and though my obligations to them must remain unrecorded in these pages, I am not the less grateful to them.

AN OLD BENGALI BOY.

LAND TENURE IN BENGAL.

Second Paper.

The next problem of the Rent Law that obtrudes upon the attention of the student of law is that of enhancement of rent. Sections 14 and 18 of Act VIII of 1869 deal with the enhancement of the rent of ryotti tenures. Under the former Section the land-lord is under legal obligation to serve a notice of demand upon his ryot, specifying his ground or grounds upon which the demand for increased rent is based. Should the land-lord fail to establish the *factum* of the service of the notice, or should the service be not according to law, or should the wording of the notice have not been precise, his suit for enhancement becomes abortive, and he is thrown out. When Act X of 1859 was the prevailing law notices used to be written in so careless a manner that 75 per cent of the enhancement suits were dismissed for their defectiveness.

But happily such dismissals have become very rare now-a-days. The object of serving a notice of demand upon the ryot is to apprise him of the grounds upon which the land-lord wanted to proceed against him, so that if the ryot was satisfied that the grounds were just, he was at liberty to come to terms with his land-lord before he was actually sued in Court, and was thereby put to harassment and expence. For this reason it has been the policy of our Courts of Justice to admit no notices save those which were clear and precise in their language and purport. The notice is under the law made serviceable by the Collector in whose jurisdiction the ryot has his domicile. In dealing with the question of service of notice the Court find as a general rule that the Collectorate peon did not execute the process as he should have done, and there was nothing like a check upon his proceedings. It so happens that a great many enhancement suits are thrown out simply on the ground that the Collectors' peon effected a bad service. It is difficult to understand why the jurisdiction of the Collector has been retained in this respect by the Legislature,

when work of a kindred nature has been transferred from him to the constituted Civil Courts of the country. A notice of demand for enhanced rent and a notice informing the land-lord that the ryot has deposited rent in Court which the latter refused to take, are certainly not heterogenous, but while the first is served by the Collector the other by the civil Court. In this particular instance the law appears to be anomalous. It should be conceded to by all right thinking men that when the Civil Court has to sit in judgment upon the service of notice, it is the best authority to control the acts of such ministerial officers as are entrusted with that duty. Why a different plan of action should be resorted to in this particular case it is difficult to understand.

Section 18 specifies the grounds upon which an action for enhancement of rent might lie. They are,

Firstly, that the ryot pays rent at a rate lower than the prevailing rate payable by similar class of ryots for similar lands to those in his occupation.

Secondly, that the productiveness of the land or the value of the produce has increased otherwise than by the agency or at the expense of the ryot.

Thirdly, that the ryot holds more land than he pays rent for.

These provisions of the law are applicable to ryots having rights of occupancy. In enhancing the rent of a non-occupancy ryot the land-lord is not restricted to the above grounds. It was at one time the opinion of the Judges that a ryot not having rights of occupancy was liable to pay whatever increased rent was demanded of him by the land-lord or to quit his holding, but it has now been authoritatively ruled that the land-lords are entitled to rent only at fair and equitable rates. It is ~~however~~ that this ruling is to a great extent in conflict with the spirit of Sec. VIII which provides that "ryots not having rights of occupancy are entitled to pottahs only at such rates as may be agreed upon between them and the persons to whom the rent is payable." In delivering judgment in the case of Sheik Mokeem Marsh, Sir Barnes Peacock thought that Section had reference only to suits for pottahs, where the rate of rent was in dispute. In other

words, his Lordship reasoned after this fashion. A non-occupancy ryot sued his land-lord for the recovery of a pottah, but they could not agree as to the rate of rent, and they left it to the arbitration of the Court. Sir Barnes was of opinion that it was no matter for judicial determination, but for private adjustment and agreement. One might say, if this was no matter for judicial determination, why should it be different in a case of a simple contest for rates? A suit for enhancement is a dispute as to rates. Why then should there be the interposition of a Court of Justice in a dispute regarding rates when there is no such interposition in the case of pottahs at contested rates? A pottah is only evidence of one species of contract, a decree of Court is a contract of another species, but both are contracts. Why should one principle be made to govern the pottah, and another the decree? Further, in going over the sections of the Rent Law we do not come across any provision which grants to the non-occupancy ryot the luxury of "fair and equitable rates" as the learned Judges of the High Court would give them.

Be that as it may, it appears to us to be clear that Section 8 is susceptible of more constructions than one, and so that supposing it has been rightly construed by the High Court it is extremely questionable how far that construction enunciates a sound principle of legal morality and is in unison with the land-lord right. The *status* of a non-occupancy ryot being essentially that of a tenant-at-will, it is manifestly preposterous to vest him with the privilege of claiming from his land-lord "fair and equitable rates" of rent and then by set him on litigation, thus paying the way to his ruin which he could have avoided by ~~walking out of the land~~. It is a privilege unknown to any of the Codes of civilized countries, and is at best an arbitrary encroachment upon the land-lord's right.

But to revert to the subject of enhancement. The law of enhancement is an institution peculiar to Bengal. There is nothing like it in English law. Barring holdings with fixed rents for terms of years or in perpetuity the rent of the other holdings is, according to English law, enhancible at the option of

the land-lord and all that he has got to do is to serve upon the tenant a notice of demand, and if it is not complied with to distrain the tenant's goods with the aid of the nearest justice of the peace, on the expiration of the period set out in the notice. The English law is as much ignorant of "the prevailing rate" "the fair and equitable rate" as ours is of "tail-male" and "tail-female", and consequently cases of enhancement are unknown in English Courts.

The English notion of a fair rent is the rent demanded by the land-lord, whereas ours is essentially of a different character. The principle laid down by a majority of fourteen judges in the celebrated case of *Thakurani Dassi* makes 'fair rate' synonymous with the customary rate and not with the rate which obtains in the competition-market. With due deference to the opinion of the learned Judges which prevailed, we venture to side with Sir Barnes Peacock in thinking that competition ought to govern the question of rates. We freely admit that the question of competition *versus* custom is one of the most stiff problems of political economy, and on which great men have differed; but bearing in mind that this is pre-eminently an age of fair play, all artificial restraints in the way of spontaneous adjustment of rates are to be deprecated. In the infancy of society, custom exercised a good deal of influence in setting questions of difficulty and doubt. It was then that economical rules were in a nascent state, and it was safer for people to submit to the dictates of custom than carve out a new passage for their guidance. But custom is at best retrogressive in its tendency. Its structure is essentially conservative and, after society has progressed to a certain extent, custom becomes an insuperable obstacle in the way of further progress. The 'reason why' is not difficult to understand. Men's thoughts run in the groove cut out by their ancestors. They say what was good for their ancestors is good for them, and their innate laziness prompts them not to think over a matter that has been placed on a footing of stability by their ancestors.

I have attempted to show deductively that custom is opposed

to progress, and I will now show inductively, that its influence is anything but healthy upon society. If we compare Asiatic civilization with that which prevails in Europe, and mark the turning points of each with the light which History furnishes us, we shall find that European civilization is essentially the child of competition. We find that where custom was the only existing cause of progress, progress was stunted and diminutive in its features and growth. The old protective spirit did more injury to the cause of humanity than war, devastations, even plague itself; and with the decline of that spirit, literature, arts and commerce flourished to benefit and delight mankind. And what was this protective spirit but an over-fondness on the part of kings and princes of their subjects, over-anxiety for their welfare, engendered by ages of wonted despotism. So long as the protective spirit was predominant, trade and commerce remained stationary there was no development of the best and richest resources of the country, the stock of national wealth remained constant, and society was in a state of collapse. Competition on the other hand brings out the latent resources of a country into bold relief. By raising prices of food and labour it stimulates the energies of the people increases in a geometrical ratio the produce of the soil, and brings more wealth into the exchequer of the nation. All these and many other benefits, too numerous to be related, are the offspring of competition, and this the recorded experience of past ages goes to establish. . .

The question that now presents for consideration is, whether competition having proved so singularly efficacious in adjusting every part of economical phenomena in Europe has sorry application in ; this position, we doubtless meet with people who look aghast at the thought of importing from Europe, notions of social polity and political economy. They say that India is not England, and what is a boon in England is an unmitigated curse here. To this absurd conception is to be ascribed the chronic opposition to all measures of reform mooted in this country. If England bask in the sunshine of representative government, India must have a despotism to groan and writhe

under. If England has a free Press, India must have a censor to check the freedom of the Press. If England enjoins her sons to use coat and hat, India should rejoice in her semi-nudity. This line of argument reminds us of a jocular anecdote told of a Maulavi learned in Moslem lore who, whenever any Mussulman happened to ask him about any point of social or religious ceremony, invariably referred him to the nearest Pundit with the caution that in order to be a good Mussulman he must do precisely the reverse of what the Pundit prescribed for a Hindu to do. But joking apart it happens very frequently that measures of legal and administrative reform of tried expediency are in this manner cried down on the supposition that they are not suited to the country and are not in unison with the "feelings, ideas and traditions" of the people. One is disposed to ask, have these "feelings, ideas and traditions" the character of fixedness and immutability? Psychology teaches us that our ideas are the resultant of the action of mind upon matter and *vice versa*, or in other words of organism upon the outward environment and *vice versa*. We know it to be indisputable that the environment is daily changing, and with it our ideas change. Ten years our ideas on many subjects were radically different from those which possess us now. And what are feelings but the manifestations of ideas in an æsthetic garb? The present feeling against *Sati* rite is one of unqualified abhorrence. Cast feelings have lost the rigor that they were wont to possess. But no man of sense will for a moment contend that *Sati* rite has been put down in conformity with popular feeling. The Income tax was ^{at} ~~only~~ not ~~acted~~ in compliance with popular feeling. Again, what are our "traditions" but the toys and blue-bells of our childhood which ~~holdings which we have seen~~ we have been compelled to surrender to adapt ourselves to the spirit of the times and to the development of our body and mind. As children of the soil our traditions are purely Hindu, and when we reflect upon them as traditions they produce mere sentimental pleasure, just as the recollection of the toys of our childhood does. But in this matter-of-fact age, surely, we cannot allow ourselves to be carried away by maudlin sentimentalism at the expense of the best and

dearest of our temporal concerns. This is an age of unmixed utilitarianism, and it should therefore be the aim of all reformers of our country to seek the greatest amount of possible good. Constituted as the generality of our reformers and patriots are, they would much rather witness the country perish with its indigenous customs than see her rise in the scale of nations with the aid of good rules of law of tried efficacy. Speaking for myself I have no sympathy with such lovers of the country. I do not advocate the introduction of the English law into this country with its countless statutes and ordinances, but what I do advocate is the inoculation of the Bengal Code with the principles of the law of England and other civilized countries of unquestionable appropriateness and value, if by doing so, we can define with precision the rights of parties and stop litigation.

THE NATIONAL CHARACTER OF THE HINDUS OF BENGAL.

By A Hindu,

(Continued from Page 370)

The first conquest of Bengal by foreigners within historic times was that made by the Mahamadaus in the beginning of the thirteenth century. This was the conquest of a people whose intellect and morals were very superior by men who in both these respects were very inferior, and whose only superiority over the conquered people was in point of physical strength and courage. The proud and pious Hindus of Bengal, whose system of religious belief made them lead a self-denying life, and whose holy books inculcated universal benevolence and respect for the feelings and rights of others, found themselves by this conquest placed under the dominions of a fierce and fanatical people, whose religious books not only sanctioned, but enjoined, the free use of the sword for the propagation of their faith, and held out to them hopes of sensual enjoyment in the next world of a very gross and

grovelling description. The consequences of such a conquest could only be disastrous to the conquered ; and so they were.

The greatest evil that the long continued Mahammadan rule or, rather misrule, inflicted on the Hindus of Bengal was the deterioration of their intellectual and moral character, which it brought about. Public support and encouragement to men engaged in literary and scientific pursuits are essential to the intellectual advancement of a people. Before the Mahammadan Conquest such support and encouragement in Bengal, as well as in other parts of India, were liberally afforded by the kings and nobles of the country, whose bounties enabled the literary and scientific men of those days to prosecute their labours unhampered by the cares and interruptions inseparable from the necessity of earning bread. Since that conquest, however, these kings and nobles were displaced by men who cared little and would do less for the improvement of the people over whom they found themselves placed in absolute authority, and who by enforcing the use of their own language as the only medium of communication between themselves and the people of the country, virtually prohibited the cultivation of the noble language of Valmiki and Vyasa, Kalidas and Bhavabhuti. Almost all incentives to intellectual labour were thus withdrawn, and the Hindu intellect gradually became rusty and unfit for further use until it should be rubbed hard and whetted anew. The general insecurity of life and property which prevailed throughout the country during the time of these rulers, and the extremely great difficulty of obtaining redress for wrongs, told very seriously on the moral character of the people. Cunning and deceit were too often the only means of protection against unprovoked injuries and spolations. Many, if not most, of the moral vices of the Bengalis are ascribable to the wretched state of the country during the Mahammadan supremacy. The abnormal prevalence of perjury, forgery, venality and litigiousness, may fairly be laid at the door of our Moslem rulers. The degradation of our women may also be traced, in part at least, to the treatment of theirs by these rulers, and their seclusion may wholly be laid to their charge, having been, in fact, originally

rendered necessary for protection from their licentiousness. These rulers had not attained a very high degree of civilisation, the finer and nobler sensibilities of human nature had not been awakened in them, and they were not, therefore, alive to the responsibilities of their position. That rulers are under an obligation to rule for the benefit of those they govern as well as for their own benefit, is a truth which they had no idea of. They only sought to promote what they considered to be their own interests, and cared very little for the interests of their subjects in general, and of their Hindu subjects in particular. The compulsory use of the Persian language in the so-called Courts of Justice forced the Hindus to understand that language, but the Government did nothing to facilitate its acquisition by them, and they were left to learn it as best they could. Under such rulers it is no wonder that the Hindus of Bengal lost the intellectual and moral superiority which they had attained before the advent of these rulers. In fact these Hindus not only lost their superiority, but became much inferior to other nations both intellectually and morally. Intellectually their condition under this regime became very deplorable. Forced practically to abandon the cultivation of their highly refined language, from which the sunshine of royal favour had been withdrawn, their lofty intellect, which had communed with the stars, followed the sun, moon, and the planets in their orbits, and created scenes of mental enjoyment such as are to be seen in the dramas, epics, and other elegant compositions, that enrich Sanskrit literature, fell back so low that its best efforts could raise it no higher than the elaboration of financial details such as are to be seen in Todar-mal's revenue settlement, and that scenes as those in the Vidyasundar of Bharat Chandra. Morally, their condition was still more deplorable. The veracity and honesty that had struck the Greeks of the age of Alexander with admiration were almost totally gone. Moral vices of a deeper and blacker dye than those that had ever before stained the national character, had grown up and taken deep root among the people. Corruption in official circles, and licentiousness in almost all circles had become so common that

they were regarded as fashionable, and were indulged in openly. Obscene language was spoken, indecent songs were sung, and immoral pleasures enjoyed, extensively and openly, as if there had been nothing disgusting or even objectionable in them. The popular taste was vitiated to an amazing degree. In place of the exquisite dramas that had charmed the Hindus of former ages, ballads and *quasi* dramas, into the composition of which obscene words and phrases, and immoral ideas entered very largely, were listened to with admiration, and enjoyed with zest. Indeed, the fact that works like Vidyasundar, Chandrakanta, and Kamini-kumar, were read with wonder and applause, is alone sufficient to show how contaminated was the moral atmosphere breathed by the Hindus of Bengal during the latter years of the Mahammadan *raj*, and the early days of the British rule. It is a very significant fact, that the only great religious movement among the Hindus of Bengal under the Musulmans resulted in the creation of an order of debauched professional mendicants. The movement by Chaitanya to which we allude here was a radical and revolutionary attempt at upheaving the Hindus from the depraved state into which they had lapsed. Its social object was to run down all distinctions of caste, and thus to unite the socially isolated sections of the community into one compact body; and its moral aim was to elevate the national mind above the vices that had grown up in the country, and thus to enable it to reassert its position among nations. But so corrupt were the times, so deep-rooted were the vices, and so depraved was the popular mind, that the followers of Chaitanya in a few generations degenerated into a body of vagrant libertines, and became the founders of the sect of so-called *Vairagis*, whose only profession was to beg at door, and who are ever ready to receive into their community, on terms of perfect equality, men and women of all castes, who in consequence of their criminal connections find it extremely inconvenient to hold on in their respective families, but who on admission into that community can feel quite at ease, and hold up their heads with the other members of it.

But we must leave off contemplating this darkened phase of

the Hindu national character, and turn to see how it emerged out of the thick clouds that had gathered round it for five hundred long years, and regained a point of its former road to improvement, at which it bids fair to advance rapidly but steadily to higher and higher degrees of perfection, and eventually to shine brilliantly as one of the great luminaries in the intellectual firmament of the world. The sense of relief which we experience, the delight we feel, in making this transition from darkness to light, may be likened to the feelings that find expression in the opening lines of the third Book of the "Paradise Lost," and we feel tempted to explain in the words of the poet—

"Hail, holy Light! offspring of Heaven, first-born.

* * * * *

Thence I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escaped the Stygian pool."

The chief, we should say, the only agency by which, under Providence, this happy change, this amelioration of the Hindu mind, and by consequence, of the Hindu national character, has been brought about is that of the British rule in India. It is to this rule, and to it alone, that we owe the awakening of our national intellect from the state of torpor in which it lay during the five centuries of Mahammadan sovereignty in the country. The vast amount of good which the British Government has done to the people of India, the incalculable benefits which it has conferred on them, by inaugurating, developing, and, to a certain extent, maturing the present system of education, is alone sufficient to entitle it to the warmest and most abiding gratitude of the people, and to the most vigorous and strenuous efforts for its preservation. We do not of course mean to say that that Government has not its shortcomings, that it is a purely good, beneficent and disinterested Government—a Government which secures the greatest possible amount of happiness to the greatest possible number of its subjects, which is free from partiality, and impervious to the influence of race-feelings, and national prejudices, and under which the people have no cause of complaint, no grievances, but live contented and happy lives, and enjoy

“one long summerday of indolence and mirth.” No, it is not such a Government. In fact, no human Government is or can be such a Government. Absolute perfection in any thing is unattainable by man. Plato’s Republic and More’s Utopia are doubtless ‘perfect forms of government, and we should be most ready to advocate their introduction not only into India but also into every other country in the world, and to cry down every existing government for not being one or the other of these two forms, were there not what in our humble opinion would seem to be a conclusive argument against their adoption. The argument we allude to is that, however capable they may be of existing in the brains of highly imaginative philosophers and writers, they are unfortunately for mankind, utterly incapable of actual existence out of such brains, and are thus beyond the reach of those unimaginative statesmen on whom devolves the task of organising sublunary governments. The British Government of India is not, we repeat, a purely good or perfect form of political organisation. It is neither a Platonic Republic nor a Utopia. It has faults and defects, and grave ones too, and is open to improvement in almost all its departments. But these faults and defects, grave as they are, and hard as they press on the people, are, we do not hesitate to affirm, cast into the shade by the dazzling merit of what it has effected towards the intellectual improvement of its subjects. But it is not our business here to discuss the merits and demerits of the British Government of this country, and we must now return to our subject. As bearing on that subject our chief concern in this paper is with that Department of the Indian Government which is known as the “Education Department,” and to the direct agency of which we owe whatever enlightenment we have received, and whatever improvement our national character has made, since the subversion of the Mogul Empire. We may mention here that we use the phrase “Education Department” in a very wide sense, including in it not only the Department presided over by the Director of Public Instruction, but also the Executive, Legislative, and Judicial Branches of the Government, in so far as they exert their powers in furtherance of the objects

which the Directors and his co-adjutors and subordinates are more directly and immediately employed in carrying out. We need hardly add that the Education Department of the Government of Bengal only is in strictness within the scope of our discussion in this article.

The earliest efforts of the Government for native education were confined to the diffusion of oriental learning among the people through the Sanskrit and Arabic languages, and had very little influence on their character. The study of English literature and science, and the diffusion of western ideas and modes of thought in this country, have been the main causes of the change in the national as well as individual characters of the Hindus of Bengal, which has taken place since the transfer of the sovereign power over the country from the hands of the Mahammadans to those of the English. The very first educational Institution established expressly for imparting instruction to the Hindus of Bengal in English literature and science through the medium of the English language, was the late Hindu College of Calcutta, which was opened in 1816, the necessary funds for its support in the first years of its existence having been contributed by the Raja of Burdwan, and the wealthy Hindu inhabitants of the city. It was not until the year 1824 that the Government of Bengal began to afford pecuniary aid to the College, and to exercise through the General Committee of Public Instruction, direct control over it. But the educational measures of the Government until the year 1835 were "few and far between," and made very little improvement on the character of the people. In that year the Government first began to work in right earnest in the matter of native education, and laid the foundation stone, as it were, of the system of public instruction, which has since that period gradually been extended into the stupendous and stately edifice that we now see, and formed the nucleus of its educational policy. The Resolution of Lord William Bentinck, which directed that the funds at the disposal of the General Committee should "be henceforth employed in imparting to the native population a knowledge of English literature and science through the medium of the Eng-

lish language," was passed at this period—7th March 1835. The Hooghly College was founded in the following year, and the Dacca College in 1841, and English Schools were established at the Sudder Stations of many of the districts in the Mofussil. The establishment of the College at Kishnagarh followed in 1846, and that of the Berhampore College in 1853. It was not, however, till the year 1855, that the educational operations of the Government began to be conducted on a scale at all commensurate to the numerical strength of the population under its sway, and its educational agency rose to the status and dignity, and acquired the importance of a public department. In the preceding year the Court of Directors having passed unscathed through the ordeal which preceded the renewal of the Company's Charter in that year, and which, though it had at the outset threatened to be scalding-hot, was found in the end to be far from unbearable and having been reassured by the renewed Charter of the continuance of their rule for the next twenty years at least; as the "Coming events" of 1857 "had not cast their shadows before," had penned and issued that *Magna Charta* of Indian popular education—the famous Educational Bill of 1854. This great document gave a new turn to affairs in the Education Department, and enlarged the scale of its operations beyond all precedent; so that the period at which its provisions began to be enforced, may justly be regarded as the commencement of a new era, a glorious epoch, in the history of Education in Bengal. In pursuance of the principles laid down in the Despatch the Calcutta University was incorporated in 1857, and the system of grant-in-aid was adopted, under which schools supported wholly or partly by Government and partly by the people have sprung up in almost every town and village of any importance in the country, and have brought elementary education, through the medium of the English or of the vernacular languages of the country within the reach of all classes of the community. To complete this brief account of the rise of Educational institutions in Bengal we have only to notice the foundation of the Medical and the Presidency Colleges, and of the school of Industrial Arts in Cal-

cutta, and the creation of the offices of Director of Public Instruction, and of Inspectors of Schools.

The Missionary Colleges and Schools in Calcutta and elsewhere take an active part in the work of native education, and thus form a prominent part of the entire machinery employed to carry on that work. There is a very broad distinction, however, between these Institutions and those we have mentioned above, which we purpose to notice further on.

PATSHALAS.

The Patshala system is one of the oldest institutions of the land. Its origin is involved in much obscurity; when, where, and by whom the system was first instituted are questions, which it is impossible, at the present day, to determine with any degree of certainty. It is of little or no consequence whatever, if they are allowed to remain unsettled, as they are at present, since we gain nothing by it except the satisfaction of an idle curiosity. That it is an institution of very great antiquity and has existed in the country, from generation to generation, influencing the fate of millions in every age, admits not the shadow of a doubt. We find traces of it in the *Iwhan* and *Mahabharat*, the two most ancient Epics of the country. In the former we observe, that Rama, the great hero of the poem, and his half brothers, when boys, going to the house of the family-priest, day after day, for the purpose of receiving instructions, secular as well as religious. Like traces are also observable in the latter, which it is needless to mention here. By how long the system was first established, the work of imparting instruction to the young, on secular as well as religious subjects, was committed to the priest, no Sudra being allowed to take part with him. It was in after times that the Sudras were permitted to share with the Brahman, the honor of instructing the youth of the land. Even at the present day, the village priest is, in most instances, the Gurumahashaya of the village and is held in great veneration by the people. We shall consider the subject in the course of this brief paper, in its three several aspects; *viz.*—I. Indigenous Patshalas established and

supported by the people themselves. II. Patshalas that are aided by Government and inspected by Government agents. III. Patshalas established and supported by Missionary Societies.

I. Indigenous Patshalas established and supported by the people themselves.

It is very hard to find the exact number of indigenous Patshalas throughout the provinces under the sway of the Lieutenant-Governor, though several unsuccessful attempts were made at different times to obtain it. I think, I shall not be very far from the mark, should I put it down at little above 50,000. The usage of the country has been for a long time, that every village should have its own Patshala for the instruction of its boys, and if the village be a large one, it may have two or three Patshalas to meet the wants of the children. If the village be too small to maintain a Patshala of its own, it may send its boys to a neighbouring village for instruction. The village Patshala is the simplest affair possible; it has neither benches for pupils, nor chair for the teacher, nor black boards, nor slates; or any such apparatus. Both pupils and teacher sit on mats, each piece being not bigger than two cubits in length, and a cubit and half in breadth. Each boy brings to the Patshala his own mat and takes it home every day, when he is dismissed. The place where the Patshala is held is either the Barwarighur or the Chundimundup or Dallan of a respectable villager. In the cold and hot weather, it not unfrequently sits under a Banyan or Bokool tree, if it happens to be in a central spot. Generally speaking the teacher or the Gurumashaya is a priest of the village, but a sudra may be elected if he possess the three requisite qualifications, viz. the art of reading and writing, the ability to administer sound physical power soundly to castigate his boys if they prove mischievous. When I say the art of reading and writing, I do not mean that they are performed according to the rules of Grammar, for he is quite innocent of the knowledge of Grammar, and perhaps has never seen a copy of it all his life.

The boys are usually divided into three classes, viz. the Talpateas, or those who write on palm leaves. They are the

beginners who attempt to write the letters of the alphabet and the simple arithmetical tables. The kalapateas, or those who write on plantain leaves, are a little more advanced pupils, who can write names of persons and villages, can add and subtract easy sums;—and then the Kagochias, or those who write on paper, and they are reckoned the most advanced pupils, who can write letters on business, work sums by the Rules of Shubankar the great Indian arithmetician, and learn to keep Zamindari records and assist the Guru in teaching the lower boys. If any boy of the highest class show any predilection for reading, he may bring his Gurudakshina, Datakarna or any such trash, and read it in the hearing of his fellow pupils. As a rule, reading in books, however elementary, is unknown in the village Patshala. It is the usual custom all over Bengal to hold the Patshala twice a day,—once in the morning from 6 to 11 A. M. and in the afternoon from 3 to 6 o'clock. The discipline of the school is of a nature calculated to inspire nothing but terror into the heart of the young. It is needless to mention here the various modes of punishments that are inflicted on the juvenile offenders. The teacher never sits in the Patshala without his dreaded cane, which he plies most lustily, whenever occasion calls for it. It is a fact that the Gurumahashaya, in most instances, is looked upon in no other light than a jamadut or the messenger of death. That as a teacher, it is his duty to instill into the minds of his youthful charge, the sacred principle of justice, truth, and purity, is a sentiment that never enters into the mind of the Gurumahashaya. On the contrary, he teaches his pupils to be dishonest. By example, the boys are encouraged to steal from their neighbours' garden, plantain leaves to supply themselves with materials for writing. They are permitted to steal tobacco from home for a present to the Guru, which he accepts with much satisfaction. If the juvenile offenders be convicted of the breach of the 8th commandment of the decalogue in such matters as taking a few plums or mangoes from a neighbour's tree, they are allowed in many cases to escape with impunity. In this and other ways the boys learn a great deal of evil in the Pat-

shala. One cannot expect better teaching and better discipline from Gurus, who themselves are very ignorant, for it is often the case, that the man who is unfit for any business, opens a Patshala in a village to eke out a miserable subsistence for himself and his family.

The emoluments of the Gurumohashoy are quite in keeping with his teaching. The fee ranges from one to two annas per head, which is paid partly in money, and partly in kind. He considers himself highly fortunate if he can draw an income of Rs. 5 or 6 per month. The children of very poor parents, who cannot afford to pay even this small fee, are taken free.

The above remarks apply only to such village schools as are situated far in the interior, where the influence of education and general improvement taking place in the land, has not yet penetrated. The indigenous schools in the vicinity of civil stations in each district are found in much better condition. They are taught by a better set of Gurus, who try their best to teach their pupils, such elementary books as Barnoparichaya, Bodhodaya, Nitibodh &c., in addition to writing and arithmetic.

Whatever may be alleged as to the bad teaching and worse discipline of these indigenous schools, it cannot be denied that they have rendered an invaluable service to the country, inasmuch as they have saved the nation, generation after generation, from sinking into utter ignorance and barbarism. Despite their imperfect teaching, they have enabled Bazar merchants to carry on their mercantile affairs, or Gamstus and others to keep correctly the Zamindari accounts and records and a vast number of our people to correspond with each other by means of letters. I believe their services to the country cannot be too highly estimated. Considering the services rendered in the past, it is neither necessary nor desirable to abolish them altogether from the land. What is most urgently required is to reform and improve them by the introduction of better teaching and better discipline, and this leads me to the consideration of the second division of my subject.

II. Patshalas aided by Government and under Government inspection.

Before the inauguration of the policy of primary education by the late Lieutenant-Governor, Sir George Campbell, the Government of Bengal spent several lacs of Rupees annually on vernacular education by the establishment of vernacular schools of all grades, *viz.* Lower, Middle and Higher class schools throughout all the provinces of Bengal. However those schools benefited chiefly the Higher and Middle classes, but they failed to reach the lower stratum of society; not that any restrictions were put by Government to exclude the poor. The policy of Sir George Campbell has rendered knowledge accessible to all classes even to the poorest. We shall now consider his policy,—its working during the short period of its operation and point out a few of the defects under which it labors. As the scheme of the late Lieutenant-Governor is too elaborate to be transcribed in whole or in part, I shall endeavour in a few sentences to give a bare outline of it here. By the resolution of September 1872, the Magistrate-Collector of each district is directed with the aid of his school committee to subsidize as many indigenous Patshalas in his district as may be willing to accept Government aid, on condition of allowing educational officers of Government to inspect them from time to time, and of furnishing quarterly returns to the District Inspector of the district. If the existing Patshalas be not found sufficient to meet the wants of the people, new ones may be established and aided by the direction of the Magistrate-Collector. The amount of aid to each Patshala must not exceed Rs. 100 per month, that sum being regarded as the maximum. These schools are to be called Primary schools, in which the Gurus are expected to teach Reading, Writing and Arithmetic in the vernacular of the district. At the end of each year an examination of the schools should be held, and the successful candidates should be rewarded, each with a scholarship of Rs. 2 or 3, tenable for 2 years; and the Gurus of successful Patshala's be also rewarded with small sums of money. Each year an allotment of state money will be made for primary education to each district, and the Magistrate-Collector will have the management of the Fund with the aid of his school committee.

The scheme is admirable so far as it goes. It has been under operation only for a short period of time, not exceeding three years and a half, and therefore it is very difficult to pronounce any opinion upon it. That a healthy influence has been communicated throughout Bengal, by the publication of this policy, stirring up the authorities and the people in behalf of vernacular education, admits not of a doubt. The district committees are busy every where in carrying into effect the said policy, though all have not yet been equally successful in the attempt. The last report of the Director of Public Instruction, which has just been published, furnishes us with a summary of primary education in each district of the Presidency. The following shows the results of the last two years.

For 1873. } To 1874. }	No. of P. school.—	No. of Pupils—	Expenditure.
	1,229.	3,03,437.	Rs. 3,86,833
For 1874. } To 1875. }	13,145.	3,30,024.	„ 4,42,699

From the above figures it may be acknowledged that the results already attained, are highly satisfactory, and if the number of Patshalas and pupils increase every year, then there is every hope that the country will be benefited, by the scheme of the late Lieutenant-Governor. I can say from experience, that since the scheme has come into operation in this district, elementary books have been introduced into many Patshalas in which two years ago there was no reading of any kind whatever. Besides, the annual examination held by the district committees, exert a very great influence on the teachers, each being emulous to show what he is capable of doing for the purpose of securing the promised rewards.

No uniform rule is observed at present in administering the Primary Fund, by the district committees. In virtue of the large discretionary power vested in the Magistrate-Collector, he manages it in the way that appears to him best. In some districts the aid is given to the Guru according to what is called payment by results, and in others a monthly allowance, varying from Rs. 2

to 5, to each Guru according as his Patshala is in a less or more flourishing condition in respect of numbers and studies. There is at present a great diversity of opinion among Magistrate-Collectors and Inspectors of schools as to which of the two systems should be adopted, whether the system of payments by results, or the system of monthly allowance according to number and studies. The former at first sight recommends itself as most worthy of adoption, but it is liable to one great objection which Mr. Woodrow, the present Director of Public Instruction, states most clearly in his last report. He objects it on the ground, that it gives much where little is required, and little, where much is required. For in the well-to-do villages, where the people can command better Gurus, and pay them better, they will carry away by far the greater share of Government money; whereas in remote and backward places, where the people are mostly poor and ignorant, little or no chance will be given them to profit by the Fund. I believe, Mr. Woodrow's suggestion is worthy of all consideration. He says, for remote parts of a district, where frequent supervision is impossible, fixed payments should be made. For frequented parts, in which fair practices will be brought to light, payment by results only. For other parts of the district intermediate between the two limits, there should be a combination of the two, *viz.*, for rich or large villages a low fixed grant and high rate of payment by Results; for poor or small villages a high fixed grant and low rate of payment by results. Dr. Robson, the Inspector for Eastern Punjab, proposes what appears to be the combination of the two mentioned systems, *viz.*, a small fixed grant to Gurus, and a quarterly reward determined by the condition of the school at the inspecting officer's visit. In devising this scheme of Primary education, it was the intention of Sir George Campbell, not so much to help those who can help themselves, but to assist the indigent, who from their circumstances cannot very well help themselves. Therefore, the adoption of the system of payment by result would go to frustrate the very intention of the author of the scheme.

I shall conclude this division of my subject by pointing out a

• few of the radical defects of the scheme. It may look presumption on my part to criticise the policy of such an able and clever ruler as the late Lieutenant-Governor, but I must be allowed the liberty to express myself freely, what I think about this policy. The first defect, I would mention is the low rate of payment held out to the Gurus by the terms of the scheme. The average cost to Government for each Patshala was Rs. 2-8 per month, as stated in the last report; and suppose the Gurumahashaya succeeded in realizing an equal sum from the parents of his pupils, his net income amounted to Rs. 5 per month—a sum too small to command the services of a competent Guru. A darwan, a duftory, or a khansama, has a larger income than Rs. 5 per mensem. The services of a qualified Guru who is competent to teach such elementary books as Bodhodaya, Akshyanmoonjori, Charupāt &c., cannot be secured without paying him a larger sum than Rs. 5 per month. It may be asked, are not the Gurus poorly paid at present in the indigent Patshalas? I answer, they are and hence such wretched teaching and bad discipline. The second defect that I would mention is the granting of too much power to the Magistrate and too little to the educational officers in carrying out the scheme. Virtually, the Magistrate-Collector is the sole active head and the educational officers mere inspectors. He may, for aught I know, be an excellent officer and a first-rate man on his own line of business, but he may not understand anything about education from want of experience; and therefore to entrust him with such a large amount of power is not wise, especially when he is so young. From want of knowledge and experience he is bound to do a great deal of injury to the cause which he earnestly desires to promote by his best endeavours. A sad instance, of this kind, is stated in the last report of the Director, which I need not mention here. Are the educational officers, who have devoted all their lives to the work of education, deemed unfit to carry into effect the scheme of primary education? The third and last defect that I would notice is the want of moral and religious teaching. This I consider a most grave defect. I almost tremble at the thought of

education without religion. When the mass of the people receive a knowledge of true Geography, true History, true Science, you deprive them of their faith in the religion of their fore-fathers, and supply nothing in its room, and make them infidels. What mischievous consequences may not arise when a whole nation becomes a nation of infidels? In my humble opinion, it is much better for a nation to have a false religion,—a superstition, if you please, than no religion at all.

III. Patshalas established and supported by Missionary Societies.

Since the commencement of Missions in Bengal, the Missionaries as a body have all along considered it a part of their duty to promote vernacular education among the people, and with that view, have established numerous schools for boys and girls according to the means at their disposal. The Missionary Societies had their vernacular schools in and round about Calcutta, and elsewhere before the Government established any school of its own. The Missionaries may be justly called the pioneers of vernacular education in this country, and they have been the pioneers in many other respects. The Missionary Conference of Calcutta, which is composed of Missionaries of almost all denominations of Protestants, memorialized the Government on several occasions, praying that its attention may be directed to the cause of vernacular education for the benefit of the masses. This very fact shows, how alive they have all along been to promote education among the sixty four millions of India.

What each Society has accomplished in this department of their service may be easily gathered by a reference to their respective annual reports. As nearly all the Missionary bodies have connected their vernacular schools with the Christian Vernacular Education Society, I shall now proceed briefly to consider the operations of that Society, confining my remarks only to Bengal, since that Society carries on its operations in all the Presidencies of Her Majesty's vast Indian Empire. The C. V. E. Society for India was established, as is well known, in 1858 as a memorial of the Mutiny, for the purpose of providing

Christian education for the masses of India in their own mother tongues. The honored Founders of this noble institution believed, and that justly, that the thousand ills under which India labors, have their origin in the gross ignorance of the people; and to remove this ignorance they established this Society. It is most unsectarian in its constitution and character, and it invites Protestant Missionaries of all denominations to co-operate with it. In pursuance of the grand object in view, the Society engages itself in publishing Christian Literature in the vernacular—in establishing and maintaining training and model schools—in reforming and improving indigenous schools or Patshalas, and it is to this last that I shall restrict myself at present. The plan adopted by the Society may be thus briefly stated;—a few indigenous schools or Patshalas, are taken, say 8 or 10, that are situated within a reasonable distance from each other, and are formed into a circle over which a Christian Inspector is appointed, whose duty it is to visit one or two Patshalas each day, in order to communicate religious instructions to the pupils:—to examine them in their secular studies and to direct the Gurur in the proper management of the schools. The Gurur himself receives a monthly allowance of Rs. 2, 3, or 4 from the Society according to the number and standard of studies found in his school. He receives this allowance from the Society, the Gurur is permitted to take from the parents of his pupils as much as he can reasonably obtain in the shape of fees, no limit being assigned except the capitation fee to the parents. I believe in most cases, the Gurur has an income of Rs. 25 or 30 per month. The superintending missionary, who is placed in each circle, holds periodical examinations and keeps records both to pupils and their Gurur.

From my own experience of the circle system, I can say that it works admirably well, and has produced most happy results. The Patshalas that we took a few years ago and formed into a circle, were in a most wretched condition, but they have since vastly improved in every respect. The Gurumashaya have been compelled to improve themselves under the operation of the system in order to keep ahead of their pupils. Sir George Campbell

highly approved the circle system of the Society and offered every encouragement to it. Most of the circles, though not all, received Government aid. The difference between the policy of Primary education and the plan of the vernacular society lies in this;—that the latter gives as good a secular education as the former promises, and in addition to that it affords religious instruction for which there is no provision in the Government scheme. I can affirm without fear of contradiction that the secular education, imparted in the Circle Patshalas, is in no way inferior to that given in the schools of the District Committee. From the Bengal Report of the Society for 1874, we find that there are at present 23 Circles in Bengal, containing 134 Patshalas, having 5,724 pupils in all. The expenditure for the year was Rs. 5,837. There is ample field all over Bengal for the Society to commence its operations, but the want of funds prevents further extension. It will be a great pity if such a useful institution were to dwindle into nothing for want of funds. I believe all the Missionary Societies, that are connected with it, ought to endeavour to the utmost of their power to help it, in maintaining its present operations, but in extending them more and wide throughout Bengal. There ought to be an especial annual collection in all the Churches of Calcutta to aid the Funds of the Society, since it is undenominational in its character and is doing so excellent Christian work. Christian people cannot give so much of their worldly substance to help the work of the Society. The vernacular education given by Government is, as far as it goes, but it wants a most important element supplied by Missionary Societies; how can that be effected by the C. V. E. Society, whose principal object is the promotion of Christian education for the masses? Without reflecting on any mission or missionary society, I beg to say, that too much money is spent at present on English education and too little on the vernacular. I am no enemy to higher English Education, on the contrary, I advocate it; but what I contend for is, that vernacular education ought to have its due share of the Mission Funds. What is allowed for it at present is too small, compared with the amount spent on English

education. It is by means of vernacular education and not by English education, that the masses can be reached, and therefore every encouragement ought to be given to its cultivation.

TWO YEARS OF SIR RICHARD TEMPLE'S ADMINISTRATION.

As it is now two years since Sir Richard Temple has assumed the reins of the government of the wealthiest and most populous province of the British Indian empire, it will hardly be deemed premature to enquire into the character of his administration. We do not, however, intend in this short paper to discuss all the measures adopted by the Lieutenant-Governor since his accession to the *musnud* of Bengal. Our object is merely to describe the characteristic features of his administration, its spirit and scope, or in other words, its general policy.

1. It will scarcely be denied by any one that the administration of Sir Richard Temple is an administration of conciliation. Of the late Lieutenant-Governor, Sir George Campbell, we, in opposition to the whole of the Indian English press, were warm advocates. We admired his great talents; we admired his extraordinary energy; we admired his homogeneity of purpose; we always felt that his intentions were good. We have confessed that his administration sometimes reminded us of the Boer, a common saying, that "a man of good intentions ought to be hanged." With the best intentions in the world, Sir Richard proceeded in a manner by no means winning; indeed, he had the misfortune of doing a good thing in an unpleasing and ungracious manner. The consequence of this brusqueness and harshness of manner was, that he was at loggerheads with nearly the whole of the native community, that is to say, with the sixty and odd millions that inhabit Bengal, Behar and Orissa. It is a thousand pities that this should have been the case, as Sir George Campbell meant well, and honestly strove to do his duty by the vast population whose destinies were for a time entrusted to his hands. Sir

Richard Temple has, with admirable prudence, avoided the rock on which Sir George split. To talents in no degree inferior to those of Sir George Campbell, to culture of a high order to which Sir George never had any pretensions, to equal energy and honesty of purpose, Sir Richard Temple adds what is essentially necessary to a first class administrator, namely, wisdom or prudence. From the days of Aristotle downwards, prudence has been ever reckoned one of the four cardinal virtues; and if prudence is necessary to discharge the duties of private life, it is essentially necessary to the ruler of a country, and especially of a country the inhabitants of which, though intelligent, have no political liberty. It is this statesman-like prudence, coupled with his culture and refinement, that has enabled Sir Richard Temple to impart to his administration a tone of conciliation in relation to Her Majesty's native subjects in these provinces.

How necessary a conciliatory tone in an Indian ruler is to the good Government of the country will be manifest to any one who considers the circumstances under which that ruler is placed. Here is a population of upwards of sixty millions, two-thirds of whom are Hindus, and the remaining third Mahomedans, and all of whom belong to nations and profess creeds different from those of the governing race. All history shows that government is difficult in a nation composed of different races proposing different creeds. But there are other difficulties connected with governing India. Were the Government of India a pure military despotism, there would be much difficulty in governing the country, as the case of Persia in that case be put down by the position of physical nature. But such is not the constitution which England has given to India. England governs India in the light of justice, of liberty, of progress and of knowledge. The people of India, though deprived of political liberty, are, in other respects, as free as ever they were since the upheaval of the Indian continent in the universal ocean. How to give to a people personal, civil, municipal and religious liberty, and yet to keep them under control; how to diffuse among them the blessings of education, and yet to make them rest content in the

subject state in which they are at present placed; how to acquaint them with their rights as men, and yet not to produce any disaffection to constituted authority; how to raise men who have degenerated by centuries of misrule and oppression to a high platform of civilized humanity—these are the problems which an Indian ruler has to solve, and it must be admitted by every one that the solution of these problems requires no ordinary degree of sagacity, discretion and prudence.

Great as are the difficulties of government in all parts of India, nowhere are they so great as in Bengal. It is true that the people are not warlike as those of other provinces. But we do not think that it is so difficult to govern a warlike people as an intelligent people, for a warlike people, if unintelligent, can always be kept down by mere gun-powder. Government becomes really difficult when it is exercised over a people possessing intelligence. Now, without depreciating the other races of India, we venture to assert that the Bengalis are the most intelligent of Her Majesty's subjects in the East. Bengal is the earliest of Britain's possessions in India. It is the most advanced province in the whole empire. Bengalis have made more progress in western knowledge than any other people in the East. They have newspapers, daily and weekly, which discuss political questions in the English language, with fair ability, and which in any rate diffuse political views, of whatever kind, amongst five thousands who read and write English. They have also a vernacular press which is equal to that displayed by the Indo-English papers. They have regularly organized political associations, composed of intelligence and patriotic feelings, which discuss public questions with considerable ability, and which correspond with members of the British Parliament. It is evident that it is difficult to govern a people who have such agencies and who are in such an advanced state. The fact that Sir Richard Temple has for the last two years governed such a people without creating a single enemy, without giving offence to any party or faction or community, whether Hindu, Mahammadan or Christian,—the simple fact that he is more

popular than any Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal has ever been, proves beyond the shadow of a doubt that he is possessed of uncommon ability and prudence. It will be perhaps said that in the matter of the Calcutta Municipality Bill, Sir Richard was opposed by the Native community; but it can hardly be forgotten that the wire-pullers of that movement were not the leaders of the Native community, but a few Anglo-Indians who, without considering the different circumstances of the two countries, advocate the importation *en masse* into India of the free institutions of England. And the very fact that Sir Richard afterwards consented to adopt some of the suggestions of the opposition only proves the conciliatory tone of his administration; for had His Honour stood out, he might have confidently reckoned on the support of Lord Northbrook's Government.

2. Another feature, somewhat akin to the one we have just noticed, of Sir Richard Temple's administration is its honest desire to bridge over the gulf which separates the governing class from the governed, the European from the Indian. There cannot be real and stable government unless there be good understanding between those who govern and those who are governed; and there cannot be good understanding unless there be mutual intercourse. Hence every high-minded and right-hearted Englishman always endeavours to promote mutual intercourse, so far as it is practical, between Anglo-Indians and the children of the soil; and such intercourse is ever productive of good results. If such be the case with regard to the English gentlemen, the consequences would be infinitely more important should the head of the Government condescend to promote mutual intercourse between the governing class and the governed. We venture to assert that no Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal ever did so much in this direction as Sir Richard Temple has done during the last two years. We are not aware that either Sir George Campbell or Sir William Grey ever attempted anything of the kind. Sir Cecil Beadon, who was at one time a highly popular Lieutenant Governor, had his public breakfast every Thursday; but such a mode of intercourse necessarily excluded the leading men of the Hindu and Maham-

madan communities. Sir Richard Temple has broken through the icy coldness and stiff reserve which usually surround the occupant of Belvedere, and established parties on board the *Rhotas*, where Hindus and Mahanmadans and Christians meet together in social communion under the auspices of the head of the Government. Sir Richard has done more. He has not thought it beneath his dignity to visit respectable Native gentlemen in their houses, and cultivate their acquaintance. The effects of such condescension on the part of the head of the Government can be fully appreciated only by those who are acquainted with the deeply sensitive and highly susceptible character of the Bengali nation. There cannot be the slightest doubt that it tends to mitigate that feeling of asperity which naturally obtains between a conquering nation and the conquered, to promote good will between governors and the governed, to bridge over the wide gulf of separation between the European and the Indian, to reconcile the people to their subject state, and thus to strengthen their allegiance to the Empress of India.

3. The only other characteristic which we shall now mention, of Sir Richard Temple's administration is, that it makes one of its chief objects to diffuse the benefits of education among all classes of the population. Sir George Campbell's scheme of primary education has been carried out by his successor, and it promises to bear noble fruit. But whatever Richard is not regardless of the enlightenment of the poorer people, he justly takes a lively interest in the higher education of the upper and middle classes. He has raised the *High School* to the status of a College; the *Kishnaghur*, which his predecessor had converted into a High School, about to be restored to its former dignity; and he has expressed his willingness to establish Colleges in other parts of the country, providing the people render partial help and thus show their appreciation of high education.

Sir Richard Temple, however, does not confine his attention merely to the education of the rising generation; he encourages every scheme which has for its object the intellectual improvement of the people. To prove this we have only to mention his patro-

nage of the Albert Hall, the Albert Temple of Science, Dr. Sircar's Science Association, the Zoological Gardens and Park, and the Art Gallery. There is no higher work in which a ruler can be engaged than in promoting the enlightenment of a nation by the establishment of schools and Colleges, by organizing scientific and literary associations and by instituting galleries of art. This is real work, noble work ; it is work which has for its aim the regeneration of a vast population. It is solid work, lasting work ; it is work, the beneficent effects of which will extend to remote generations. We congratulate Sir Richard on the success he has already achieved in so noble a field, and we have no doubt that, before he retires from his high office, he will so crowd the remaining years of his official term with beneficent institutions, that his administration will be handed down to posterity as an administration *par excellence* of social progress and of mental improvement.

A SHEAF GLEANED FROM FRENCH FIELDS.*

The readers of the *Bengal Magazine* must have read with intense pleasure those of exquisite poetry, chiefly translations from modern French Poets, which appeared in its pages month after month during the last two years, under the signature of T. D. Those, with additions have been collected together, and just published separately in a large octavo volume 234 pages. T. D. of the *Bengal Magazine* becomes developed as Toru Dutt, the accomplished daughter of Baboo Govind Chandra Dutt, the Editor of the *Dutt Family Album*. She is a member of perhaps the most talented family in Calcutta, the Dutt family of Rambagan in Calcutta, most members of which have distinguished themselves by their talents. The founder of the family, the late Baboo Rasamaya Dutt, was a man of extraordinary talents, as he rose from nothing

* *A Sheaf Gleaned from French Fields*. By Toru Dutt. Bhowanipore : Saptahik Sambad Press. 1876

to the then distinguished position of Commissioner of the Court of Requests. Two of his sons were cut off in the prime of manhood; had they lived they would have greatly distinguished themselves and held high and honourable posts under Government. The three sons now living, Baboo Govinda Chandra Dutt, the father of the accomplished young lady whose work is before us, Baboo Hara Chandra Dutt, and Baboo Girisa Chandra Dutt, though they all formerly held situations of responsibility under Government, have retired from the public service, and are devoting their days and nights to the cultivation of letters. Miss Toru Dutt had an elder sister Miss Aru Dutt, who died about two years ago; she was as accomplished as the authoress of these poems, and did us the honour to send us occasionally her poetical effusions for publication in this Magazine under the signature "A. D." We shall only add that Miss Dutt is a Christian, that she lived in England with her father for some years, and that she learned her French in France.

The translations before us, which are fragrant with the aroma of true poetry, and which are done with so much spirit and vivacity, would do credit to any highly educated English lady; that they are the productions of a young Bengali lady, not twenty years old, is to us a marvel.

We give one or two extracts which have not appeared in this Magazine. Our first specimen shall be *Souvenir of the Night of the 4th* from Victor Hugo:—

The child had received two field wounds;
But his bosom still throbbed, though he was dead;
The house was humble, peaceful, and clean,
A portrait on the wall, whence he had been
A branch blessed by the priest, for good luck kept;
An old grandmother sat quiet and wept,
We undrest him in silence. His pale lips
Opened; Death on his eye cast fierce, cold, blue
His arms hung down; he seemed to have no sense;
A top fell out from his pocket by chance;
The holes of his wounds seemed made by a wedge:
Have you seen mulberries bleed in a hedge?

His skull was open like wood that is split ;
 The grandmother looked on, at us, and it.
 ' God ! How white he is,—bring hither the lamp,'
 She said at last,—' and how his temples are damp !
 And how his poor hair is glued to his brow !—
 And on her knee she took him,—undrest now.
 The night was dreary ;—random shots were heard
 In the street ;—death's work went on undeterred.
 ' We must bury the child',—Whispered our men,
 And they took a white sheet from the press,—then
 Still unconscious of the death of her boy,
 The grandmother brought him,—her only joy,
 Close, close to the hearth, in hopes that the fire
 His stiffening limbs with warmth would inspire.
 Alas !—When death touches with hands ice-chill :
 Nothing again can warm, do what we will.
 She bent her head, drew off the socks, and took
 The naked feet in hands withered that shook.
 Ah ! Was not that ought our hearts, to tear !
 Said she, " Sir,—he was not eight,—and so fair !
 His masters,—he went to school,—were content,
 He wrote all my letters, my errands went
 When I had need, and they going now
 To kill poor children,—brigands allow
 Such to pass free,—they brigands? Or worse ?
 A Government !—a scourge and a curse !
 He was playing the prn, alert and gay,
 There, by that window in the sun's bright ray
 Why did they kill him, nothing, at his play ?
 He passed on,—was that a crime ?
 They fired,—they wasted no time.
 Sir, he was good,—as an angel.—
 Ah ! I am old ;—a blessed Evangel
 I should have left this earth with light heart,
 If it had pleased Monsieur Bonaparte
 To kill me, instead of this orphan child !
 She stopped,—she looked her,—then went on more wild,
 While all weided,—i, e'en hearts made of stone—
 ' What's to become of me left now alone ?
 Oh ! Tell me this for my senses get dim—
 His mother left :—one child,—only him.

Why did they kill him,—I would know it,—why ?
 Long live the Republic, he did not cry,
 When that shout, like a wave, came rolling high ?
 We stood silent, heads low, hearts full of grief,
 Trembling before a sorrow past relief.
 Mother, you understand no politics,—
 Monsieur Napoleon, that's his true name, sticks
 To his rights. Look, he is poor, and a prince,
 He loves places he enjoyed long since,
 It suits him to have horses, servants, gold
 For his table, his hunt, his play high and bold,
 His alcove rich-decked, his furniture brave,
 And by the same occasion he may save
 The Family, Society, and the Church,—
 Should not the eagle on the high rock perch ?
 Should he not take advantage of the time
 When all ends can be served ? 'Twould be a crime.
 He must have Saint-Cloud bedecked with the rose
 Where Prefects and Mayors might kiss his toes.
 And so it is,—that old grandmother must
 Trail their gray hair in the mire and the dust,
 While they sew with finger and needle and cold,
 The shroud of poor children and their old.

Here is another from the same. On the Barricade :

'Twas upon a barricade in the day
 With guilty blood polluted, but not clean
 Again with pure blood, that a crowd of twelve
 Was sieged midst men with weapons in their hands.
 "Art thou of these ?"—The answer—"yes I am."
 "Good," said the officer—"and wait a short,
 Await thy turn." Then he fell fast
 And his companions fell behind him,
 While he looked on. "Permit me that I go,"
 Thus to the officer at last
 "And to my mother in our house, give back
 This watch of liars."—"Ah, thou wouldst,"—"Not so,
 I shall return."—"These children of my race
 Are cowards after all. Where lie
 "Down there beside the fountain, let me go,
 I shall come back 'monsieur le capitaine.'"—
 "Be gone thou rogue."—And the child scampered off.

Clumsy deceit,—gross cunning of a boy !
And all the soldiers with their captain laughed,
And with the laughter mixed the rattle hoarse
That issues from the throats of men that die ;
But the laugh ceased, for sudden he returned
Proud as Viala ; step firm, and forehead high,
He looked a trifle pale, as on the wall
He like the others leaned, and cried aloud—
“ Lo here I am.”

Death brass-browed blushed with shame,
And the stern chief of pardon gave the sign.
I know not, child, amidst the present storm,
This hurricane around us, that confounds
The heroes and the brandits, good and ill,
What urged thee to the combat, but I say;
And boldly say, that thy soul ignorant
Is a soul tender, lofty and sublime.
As kind as brave, thou in the gulf's dark depths
Two steps couldst forward take instinctively,
One to thy mother, one as calm to death.
Childhood has carities, manhood has remorse;
And thou art none the less terrible for what
Thou wert indignant to reprove or try:
But true and brave as child is that prefers
To light, to life, to the bright dawn, to spring,
To sports permitted, and to all his hopes,
The sombre wall which his friends have died.
Glory has kissed thee now,—and thou so young!
Boy-friend, Strife, from antique Greece
Would will thee charged thee to defend
A port of refuge, as his would have said,
'We are two in the world, each other love.'
Thou wouldst have then admit to the rank
Of the pure-minded Spartan volunteers,
By the fountains at Messina, and at Thebes
By the fountains. On medals would thy name
Have been inscribed,—medals of brass or gold
To last for aye, and thou wouldst have been
Of those, who when they pass, beside the wells
Shaded by weeping willows, under skies
Serenely blue, cause the young girl that bears

The urn upon her shoulders, that the herd
 Of panting kine may drink therein by turns,
 To look round pensive, and to stand and gaze,
 And gaze again,—then sigh, and onwards move.

The above pieces, like the rest in the volume, have the ring of the true metal. Miss Dutt has evidently been blessed with the genuine poetical afflatus. We hope and trust she will favour the world with an original poem which posterity will "not willingly let die."

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

On Saturday the 8th April a public meeting was held in the Town Hall of Calcutta, His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal being in the chair, in which it was resolved to present an address to Lord Northbrook the retiring Viceroy, and to erect a statue as a memorial of his administration. No Governor-General better deserved a statue than Lord Northbrook, as His Lordship was, in the proper sense of the word, a true friend of the people of India.

At a public meeting in the Town Hall under the presidency of Lord Northbrook, it was proposed by His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor and seconded by the Reverend the Archdeacon of Calcutta, and unanimously adopted by the meeting, that the best memorial of the late Bishop of Calcutta should be the establishment of an additional Bishopric.

On Wednesday, the 12th, the Viceroy-elect, the Honourable Edward Robert Lytton, Baron Lytton of Knebworth, in the country of Hertfordshire, arrived in Calcutta and assumed the reins of administration. Immediately after, His Excellency made the following speech.

"Gentlemen,—Before we leave this room I wish, with your permission, to say a few words to those around me, whom I now meet for the first time. In virtue of the Royal Warrant which has just been read and, by the favour of our Most Gracious Sovereign, I have now assume the office of

Her Majesty's Viceroy and Governor-General of India. He who assumes this high office becomes thereby the inheritor of great duty bequeathed to him by great men, whose manner of discharging it has made their names a part of English History.

Yet so unsparring are its obligations that in many instances, not their talents only, but their lives have been exacted.

Nevertheless, Gentlemen, arduous as is undoubtedly the task before me, I have not shrunk, I do not, I cannot, for one moment shrink from it, because I know that, in the faithful fulfilment of that task, according to the best of my ability, I may confidently reckon upon the loyal support of able and experienced colleagues. I know, too, that in all our efforts to confirm the stability and promote the welfare of this great Empire, we shall be sustained by the sympathy of our countrymen in every part of the world, the generous appreciation of the people of India and the confidence of our beloved Sovereign.

Gentlemen, it is the tendency of this pre-eminently social age to leave nowhere isolated, nowhere wholly self-sufficient, any important group of social or economic interests. The vast development which has lately been effected in the means of inter-communication, the recent and rapid march of events, both in Asia and in Europe, and the everincreasing proximity of the Eastern and Western world,—all these things have undoubtedly rendered more complex, and therefore more labourious more anxious, than duties of the Government of India.

But what our position has thus lost in simplicity, it gains, I think, in grandeur, as the interests affected by it become more numerous, and its influence more widely felt.

Gentlemen, discussions lately recently been raised in Parliament and elsewhere, on the relative position of the Home and Indian Governments. If I now allude to those discussions it is because my own name has been introduced into them, and I deem myself entitled to take the earliest opportunity in my power of endeavouring to remove from your minds any doubt which such discussions may have suggested as to the profound sense of personal responsibility with which I assume my place at this table.

As the mariner who knows the noble nature of the element to which he trusts his course, so fearless in that frank and open spirit which is the characteristic of English character, I say, broadly, that from whatever part of the world the Government may at any time be formed, I, in my person, shall at all times be ready on your behalf to welcome its assistance in national co-operation as a guarantee for the salutary freedom of our liberties, and the disputed dignity of our authority.

By the generous confidence of my noble friend the Secretary of State for India, and Her Majesty's present responsibilities, I feel myself strongly supported. But I trust Gentlemen, that it will be my good fortune, as it certainly is my most earnest desire, to receive from your sympathies a support no less generous, no less considerate, not less fully appreciated.

Aided by your advice, and relying on your trusted experience, it will be my unremitting endeavour to keep a strict watch over the economical management and cautious progress of our administration. Such economy and caution are indeed specially imposed upon us by the unprecedented disturbance of our currency at the present moment. But I shall also claim your

co-operation in providing with unflinching firmness, for the safety and repose of the empire.

Gentlemen, it is my fervent prayer that a Power higher than that of any earthly Government, may inspire and bless the progress of our counsels; granting me, with your valued assistance, to direct them to such issues as may prove conducive to the honor of our country, to the authority and prestige of its august Sovereign, to the progressive well-being of the millions committed to our fostering care, and to the security of the Chiefs and Princes of India, as well as of allies beyond the Frontier, in the undisturbed enjoyment of their just rights and hereditary possessions.

In that case, Gentlemen, I shall indulge a hope that if life and health be vouchsafed me to reach the term of my official tenure, I may then have merited some measure of that esteem and regard with which your thoughts will follow hence my distinguished predecessor, when he quits these shores, some claim upon kindly feeling akin to these with which our wanted sympathies and good wishes will assuredly accompany his progress through every fresh phase of a career, already conspicuous, already rich, in high achievement."

On the 15th Lord Northbrook left Calcutta for England.

The British Indian Association and the Trades' Association presented addresses to the new Viceroy, who gave them the following replies:—

MR. PRESIDENT, NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN,—It is gratifying to me to receive my first address of welcome from an Association of influential native gentlemen, whose interests they represent, and in the character of whose activity in support of the social science, is already honourably known to me.

As the Queen's Representative in the spirit of loyal attachment to her Throne, I cordially appreciate the characterizes the language of your address.

Having recently been honoured with frequent opportunities of learning from Her Majesty's Ministers, I am sure that the sincere and Her solicitude for the welfare of Her Indian subjects is my duty to assure you that there is no portion of the Queen's dominions more cherished by Her Majesty than this and varied dominions more fine of that great Aryan race from which the Hindoo and the Briton a common ancestry.

For the kind expressions of respect and good-will with which you have been pleased to allude to my country, I thank you sincerely.

It is true, as you remark in your address, that the Crown in India. But I can honestly say that I have not hitherto served the interest in the history and traditions, of the Empire, I have always felt a deep interest in the history and traditions, others have rendered it accessible to me, so far as the labours of literature, of a land which has enriched the memory of mankind with heroic songs of higher ethnic strain than those of older than Æsop's, and

All who are associated in the administration of such an Empire as this are the trustees of mighty interests; and I assure you that no Governor-

General ever felt more deeply than I do the responsibility of the charge confided to him. To conduct the Government of India, with firmness, moderation, and impartiality, will be my constant endeavour.

You allude in loyal terms to the recent auspicious visit of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and to the intention of our Gracious Sovereign to add to her present titles one which will specially identify the Crown of England with its Imperial possessions in India.

You rightly recognize in these acts fresh proofs of the unceasing and solicitous affection with which this Empire is regarded by the Queen and Her Majesty's august family.

India has enjoyed under the rule of my distinguished predecessor a period of unusual tranquillity. The foresight and fortitude of the late Viceroy enabled him to make timely and ample provision for a great famine without disturbing the natural course of trade; and although, indeed, the sudden and continued depreciation in the value of silver, to which you have alluded, is a phenomenon which cannot be contemplated without the most serious anxiety, yet, thanks to the sagacity with which they have been administered during the last four years, this difficulty finds our finances in a sound condition.

Nothing, however, can better promote those efforts for the continued security and increasing prosperity of the Empire, which will certainly be made by myself and my honourable colleagues, than the hearty support of unofficial but influential bodies such as the Association which you so worthily represent.

We shall at all times be willing to consider your views and suggestions on those subjects to which your attention has been given, knowing, as we do, that the true interests of the Empire and its Government are identical."

LYTTON.

MR. JENNINGS, WARDEN OF THE PRISON, CALCUTTA TRADES ASSOCIATION,—

It gives me sincere pleasure to receive the congratulations you offer me on my assumption of the office of Viceroy and Governor-General of India.

I share your satisfaction in the present tranquil state of affairs in this country. I shall not fail to take advantage of it by devoting my time to those duties which demand early attention.

The manifestations of loyalty evinced by the people of India during the visit of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales have been warmly appreciated by the Government, and will not fail to draw closer the bonds of sympathy which already unite the British and Indian subjects in common allegiance to the Throne.

In making himself personally acquainted with this important portion of Her Majesty's Empire, the Prince of Wales carried out a long cherished object; and His Royal Highness expressed to me, not many weeks ago, the intense pleasure he had derived from its realization, and the value he attached to the sympathy and devotion with which he had been received by all classes of the Queen's subjects in this country.

I cordially agree with you that India must be governed with special regard to its own interests; but I cannot believe that English and Indian interests, rightly understood, can ever be really conflicting, although there may be at times, an apparent or temporary rivalry between them.

You have referred in your address to the question of the cotton duties. So far as I am yet aware, nobody in or out of India seriously desires to see these duties maintained for purely protective purposes. It is therefore only as an item of revenue that their maintenance can properly be advocated. But all revenue duties are not equally unobjectionable, and were our finances in such a condition as to admit of any reduction in those sources of revenue which are derived from taxes on consumption, I must frankly say that I would gladly see our tariff purged, not only of these cotton duties, but also of some others, which I cannot regard with unmitigated satisfaction.

But you have fairly observed that the import duties on cotton manufactures represent a large proportion of our whole customs revenue; and starting as we do this year with a surplus unavoidably reduced to the very narrowest limits; pursued, in spite of all our precautions by an expenditure, of which the natural tendency is to increase; and confronted by the still unconjecturable consequences of depreciated currency, I think that no one responsible for the financial administration of this Empire would at present venture to make the smallest reduction in any of its limited sources of income.

Let me, however, take this opportunity of assuring you that, so far as I am aware, the abolition or reduction of the cotton duties, at the cost of adding one six-pence to the taxation of this country has never been advocated, or even contemplated, by Majesty's Secretary of State for India. It is due to Lord Salisbury that I should remind you of this, and give my honest testimony to the unselassiduity and generous consideration with which his whole time and attention are devoted to questions affecting the interests of this country, and the questions which he is naturally bound to consider from an imperial and a parliamentary point of view. It is due to myself, and the confidence you express in my character, that I should also assure you, on my own behalf, that nothing will ever induce me to tax the people of India for any exclusive advantage to their English fellow-subjects. I deeply share your interest in the prosperity of our native manufactures, and your appreciation of their importance; but, I look forward to the day when these promising growths of our native industry, leaning on artificial support, will flourish in the bracing climate of free commercial competition.

I have now frankly indicated to you my general views in regard to this question. But on this and every other subject my judgement is entirely unbiassed. Whilst accepting to the fullest extent a manifold responsibilities of the power entrusted to my hands, which I believe to be unreservedly recognized by those to whom Her Majesty has been pleased to invest me with it,—I well know that the pleasantest of my duties as Governor-General, the most unrestricted, is to the valuable advice and assistance of those experienced administrators who are associated with me in the Government of this Empire.

I gladly recognize in your Association the mouthpiece of an important section of the non-official community of Calcutta. I wish you every prosperity."

LYTTON.

THE BENGAL MAGAZINE.

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CIVILISATION CONFINED TO ONE SEX.

By A Hindustani.

No subject at first appears so stale and hackneyed as that of Female Education. All the stock arguments in favor of Female Education have been reproduced often and in so many forms that the very mention of the subject appears sickening. The subject, however, has by no means been exhausted, and arguments of a novel character, that are different from those which have been reproduced *ad nauseam*, will not require much ingenuity to concoct and bring forward in all the books and pamphlets on Female education. If we have read or glanced over, we do not remember to have seen the argument, which we wish to elucidate in this article, handled at all, or handled with the fullness to which it is decidedly entitled. The argument referred to hinges on the disastrous consequences of one-sided civilisation, or civilisation confined to one sex. Such civilisation is not merely transient and evanescent, but positively moralizing. Civilisation confined to the male sex, or one-sided enough to exclude the female sex from its benign influences, exerts a disastrous reflex influence on its possessors. This fact is overlooked by those who regard the rapid progress which male education is making in the country with the warmest feelings of self-complacency. They do not stop to waste a single sigh in view of the slow, creeping and almost imperceptible advance of which Female Education in India can boast. They forget that the gap, which our College education is day by day widening

But it is to be observed that female education is, not merely a peculiar element of modern civilisation, not merely one of its brightest jewels, but its life-blood, that vital power without which it cannot possibly exist. Female Education, or the education which involves the emancipation and elevation of women, is the life-blood of modern civilisation. Take it away, and our glorious civilisation becomes, not only shorn of its ornament and glory, but positively lifeless. Without female elevation, it will become positively demoralizing and end in gross vice and barbarism. This fact has not been prominently brought forward in treatises written in favor of female education, and is ignored or overlooked by our educated countrymen generally speaking. And yet a glance at the history of the world is enough to convince us of the fact in question, and assure us of the absolute necessity of making female education keep pace with that imparted to males in our Colleges and schools.

Mr. Grote shows that one of the most brilliant ages in the history of civilisation was that in which progress was wholly and exclusively confined to that which the stronger sex. The history of Athens in the age of Pericles presents a picture which, in the glories of material and intellectual civilisation, has rarely been paralleled, certainly not surpassed in the annals of progress. The city itself was a cynosure in which all that was magnificent in architecture, painting and statuary, was concentrated. Magnificent theatres and temples that were models of architectural skill, in the midst of which, together with the brightest products of the pen and the chisel, the ideal of grace and beauty stamped on the marble and embodied in stone, made up its physical beauty. A constitution of the most glorious stamp, one eminently fitted to secure an equable distribution of the blessings of civil liberty, was its political triumph. The genius of poetry adorned the theatres and schools, philosophy was pushed up to aerial heights, its groves, and eloquence of the most effective stamp thrilled and electrified its senatorial and other public meetings; while the very markets resounded with plaudits elicited by successful demonstrations of speaking ability and

controversial skill. What a grand picture of progress and development does the city present? There is however in it a foul spot, to which the admiration with which we contemplate its salient features of glory may make us blind. There is a foul spot which, like a leprous sore, is destined to spread over the whole body and poison its vital parts. The progress we see here is one-sided, confined to one sex. The picture we see is something like the sight which Mirza saw on the opposite side of the shaking and crazy bridge before him. Mirza saw an adamant chain dividing the prospect before him into two regions, one of bliss adorned with picturesque valleys, romantic groves, beautiful orchards, glassy lakes and meandering streams, and the other of misery, full of dreary and doleful sights. This is the sort of prospect which the history of Athens during her palmy days places before us. We see a huge wall separating male civilisation from female degradation, the public life of political activity enlivened by the fervour of poetry and eloquence, from the private dungeons of domestic ignorance and vice. The male civilisation was selfish, and failed to elevate one half of the population of the city, besides certain classes even the most favored. But its failure was accompanied with the partial success of its opposing barbarism. This one-sided, and limited civilisation, failed to influence for good the barbarism with which it came in contact. But this barbarism mightily influenced the neighbour for evil. In plain English, the educated male community failed to elevate the female community, but the female succeeded in first degrading it, and then extinguishing the male civilisation. The sad decay of Grecian civilisation sprang naturally or by necessary laws from its one-sided character or confined nature. Its boasted polish confined to favoured classes disappeared, leaving behind it a mass of vice and crime which it is very disgusting and sickening to contemplate.

These remarks are more or less applicable to the sort of civilisation which nourished and set forth the greatness and glory of Rome. During the pure ages of Roman history, there was scarcely any thing which might be called even an apology for a

grand system of education. Although learning was not of much consequence, certain virtues were prized, and certain elements of character extorted the admiration and applause of the public. These excellencies were appreciated and admired both by the male and by the female population; and so there was nothing like a wide and impassable gap between the sexes. But this heroic age was followed by an age of refinement, and education and culture made their appearance in the empire now grown to giant proportions. But the blessings of these intellectual forces were confined, in obedience to the dictates of prevailing custom, to one sex, and that the stronger one. A circumscribed, one-sided male civilisation developed itself, while the inmates of the zenana were left to groan amid the darkness and miseries of gross ignorance. The result was a separation between the more favored and the less favored sex, a gap which was bridged over only when both the sexes were on a par in intelligence; or when the less enlightened sex brought down, by its innate vitiating power, the more favored one to its own level. The process of demoralization was the same as in Greece. An age of partial, one-sided refinement gave place to an age of vice, by which the whole of humanity was plunged into that gulf of barbarism in which one of the sexes was left unmolested. A species of civilisation was placed in juxtaposition with a species of barbarism. The latter, being stronger than the former, overcame and extinguished it. Male degradation and female degradation do not go together; and if the male fails to extinguish its rival, it has itself to retire from the stage.

What has been said of Greece and Rome may be said of the great peoples who distinguished themselves or brought themselves into historical prominence in ancient times. The utter extinction of ancient civilisation, or the collapse in which its various forms found their premises to grove, arose in our humble opinion from two circumstances: want of moral earnestness, and its selfish and exclusive character. Ancient civilisation was as a rule destitute of religious earnestness. The refinement it could boast of was a refinement of the head, not of the heart. And it is of the

Fast importance to notice that mere refinement of the head, when not accompanied with a corresponding refinement of the heart, exerts a demoralizing influence. Literature and science are certainly good things in themselves, and are calculated, along with that which alone can direct them into a proper channel, to elevate and ennoble a people. But when dissociated from this life-giving moral power or principle, these blessings become curses, and positively demoralize those who possess them. We have not to go far in search of facts fitted to set forth the accuracy of this assertion. The modern history of Italy together with its present deplorable condition is enough to substantiate our position. Italy is the cradle of modern literature and modern science as decidedly as Greece was the cradle of ancient literature and ancient science in Europe. Dante was as decidedly the father of modern European poetry as Homer was the father of ancient European poetry, and he headed, so to speak, that grand revival of letters, the result of which has been the steady and even astounding growth of the literature and science of modern times. And Italy is the favored home of the fine arts—its palaces, cathedrals and picture galleries being unsurpassed rather unparalleled. But its bright literary glory has only betrayed forward its thorough demoralization, insomuch that its volatility of principle is proverbial, and its “light-likes” stink in the nostrils of all observers. Want of moral earnestness in the cultivation of which it can boast has been its ruin. But the second cause operated as disastrously as the first. The civilisation of Italy was confined to one sex, and presented the somewhat disagreeable though common picture of a narrow island of light surrounded by an interminable ocean of darkness. No wonder the waves of this endless mass of ignorance rolled over this bright spot, and consigned it to a watery grave. Male education in coping with female ignorance was overcome and extinguished.

It is not difficult to show how male education combined with female ignorance exerts a positively demoralising influence, and ultimately kills itself. It, in the first place, tends to destroy what may be called the fundamental principle of domestic felicity.

This principle is a community of feeling based upon a similarity of views and tastes. Mental equality, or parity of intellectual status, is an essential and indispensable element of domestic happiness. This is an axiomatic truth, and does not need a formal demonstration. Now, whatever tends to convert this equality into inequality, this parity into disparity, tends to impair, cripple and paralyze the happiness on which social morality, purity of conduct and elegance of manner mainly depend. Now, one-sided education, or more properly education confined to males and to males only, does produce a disparity between the mental conditions of the sexes. Before such education comes into operations the mental status of the male sex is similar to or identical with the mental status of the female sex. The same scale of knowledge, or rather ignorance represents the position of the sexes, and community of feeling based on similarity of views and similarity of tastes is, not only possible, but beautifully realised. But education steps in, elevates one of the sexes, and entails domestic infelicity by disturbing what may be called the equilibrium of mutual ignorance. The males are educated and civilised, whereas females are left undisturbed in the arms of ignorance and selfishness. A wide and impassable gulf is opened between the sexes, and the chasm is destined to go on widening for a time. The educated males are led by the impetus of their education to go on improving their minds, and the uneducated females are led by the impetus of ignorance, sinking downwards into the lowest depths. The result is—the gulf which separates the sexes becomes day by day wider and wider, and all friendly intercourse between males and females is nearly thrown beyond the borders of possibility. The softer sex is degraded, enslaved and demoralised. But its influence on society is immense, and therefore its demoralisation, instead of continuing confined to it, passes on to the other sex, and ultimately extinguishes the one-sided, or circumscribed civilisation in which the self-styled lords of creation pride themselves.

The conclusion we have now arrived at has a dreadful and ominous look about it. The civilisation, which our benevolent

rulers are naturalising in the country, is not without its glories. Already does the country present a resplendent aspect in consequence of its progressive and triumphant march. Modern architecture rears its triumphs side by side with those raised in by-gone times under different, though by no means inferior, principles of aesthetic culture. The astounding engineering skill of the age has already spanned many a river and tunnelled many a mountain; while the somewhat rough and indomitable spirit of enterprize, which is the soul of modern civilisation, is covering the country with a network of railways and telegraphs. Education moreover is reaping its harvests of glory, and the blessings of intellectual culture are being scattered broadcast. But though these glories are imposing enough to lead us to leap for joy, the fact remains that our rulers have transferred to the country the frame-work of civilisation without its *soul*. The two things which form the life of civilisation are moral earnestness and female culture. And these are the two things which the Government are not doing their best to bring in along with the external framework of civilisation. In the application of these principles, *viz.*, moral earnestness it can not possibly naturalise without going out of its own province, and deviating from what may be called a culpable latitude from its recognised policy of neutrality in religious matters. The Government therefore cannot be expected to naturalise in the country the highest, most glorious and most durable species of civilisation. In the civilisation it is maturing in the country may be made more durable and less demoralising, by a simple plan such as to extend its blessings to both the sexes, or raise the country without destroying the equality of the sexes in which domestic happiness and social morality so decidedly mingle. And let our countrymen remember that male education, without its counter-part female education, is really a curse, and will only demoralise the country and add to its vice and misery.

THE ZEMINDAR AND THE RYOT.

[As the subject of the relations of Zemindar and Ryot is a difficult one, we allow in these pages the ventilation of all sorts of opinions. Ed. B. M.]

The Zemindar and ryot system of Bengal at the present day affords good materials for discussion. Not long ago, His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor invited the attention of the several divisional commissioners to the fact that frequent disputes break out between the Zemindars and the ryots on account of the enhancement of rents, and His Honor asked them to make suggestions towards the framing of a general law regarding the adjustment of rents, that should not encroach upon the rights of either class. In fact, the state of the ryots of Bengal has been so affected by the spread of English real property notions among their land-lords, that cases not unfrequently occur, in which it would be very desirable to have fixed rules for the adjustment of rents for the future.

The present law between landlord and tenant is on the whole very defective, and supplies but an inadequate remedy for the grievances of the ryots, and, in some instances, those of the Zemindars. We propose to shew in this paper, that, in spite of various local customs, there might be found a method of adjustment of rents, which would adapt itself to the divers circumstances of the several parts of Bengal, and which could be embodied in law.

On inquiring into the growth in Bengal, of English proprietary rights in land, we find that from it has sprung a class of ryots having the right of occupancy—a class of men who have been twelve years and upwards in possession, and who are the most important section of the ryots. A glance over the decisions in the rent suits of Bengal will shew that really serious disputes arise between this class of ryots and the Zemindars who cannot disturb the former in their possession of the lands which their respective holdings contain even if they pay very low rents.

But be that as it may, if an inquiry were made into the history of the existing rents, it would be seen that the land-lords have never been slow in their endeavours to enhance the rents, and that, except for very particular reasons, there has been a gradual steady and general rise in the rents as there has been in the prices of the produce.

For the better understanding of the practical difficulties connected with the execution of the existing rent law, we give the Section 18 of Act VIII of 1869 in extenso.

"No ryot having a right of occupancy shall be liable to an enhancement of the rent previously paid by him except on some one of the following grounds, namely:—

1. That the rate of rent paid by such ryot is below the prevailing rate payable by the same class of ryots for land of a similar description and with similar advantages in the places adjacent.

2. That the value of the produce or the productive powers of the land have been increased other than by the agency or at the expense of the ryot.

3. That the quantity of land sown by the ryot has been proved by measurement to be greater than the quantity for which rent has been previously paid by him.

Of the three grounds stated above authorising an enhancement of the rent, the one, the existence of which in any given instance involves the greatest practical difficulty, is that contained in the second clause. It is on this point that the disputes in Eastern Bengal chiefly turn. And it is obviously a complex question, depending for its solution on its component parts, each of which is a difficult inquiry by itself. Besides, it is a purely economic and agricultural question, which cannot possibly be argued and discussed in a court of law with advantage. But though it be admitted, for the sake of argument, that the question may be satisfactorily decided by the law courts, the most difficult questions present themselves—such as, how much has the price of the produce increased? To what share in such increase is the land-lord entitled? Though it is the wish of His Honor the

Lieutenant-Governor to give land-lords some share in the increased value of the produce, His Honor has not yet been able to lay down some practical method by which such share can be determined once for all. In fact the wish of His Honor is to cause as little disturbance as possible in the present state of things, and to give the land-lord a moderate share of the profit derived by the ryots from an increase in the value of the land or of the produce by some simple and practical methods.

These methods His Honor noticed in his minute of the 25th May last. They are these:—

1st. That the share of the land-lord ought to be a certain proportion of the value of the gross produce.

2nd. That such proportion is to be ascertained from the proportion which the old rent bore to the then value of the produce. That is, former value of produce, : present value of produce
:: former rent : present rent.

3rd. That the land-lord's share is to be regulated according to the proportion which the land revenue bears to the rental of the land. Let us now consider the practicability of each of these methods.

The first principle, which gives the land-lords a certain proportion of the value of the produce, looks very fine indeed at first sight. To prevent any sudden and general rise or fall in rents, and to prevent disturbances, it will, under such a principle as this, be not only necessary, but even down different proportions for different districts, but even in different parts of the same district, and even then with doubt and success. Speaking, for instance, of Dacca, the proportion that would apply to the northern and the eastern parts would not suit the southern and the western. It would be no easy matter to fix the territorial limits of such proportions. As His Honor remarks, "it may well be that such diversity of the proportionate share exists in the several parts of the country, and is practically recognised in judicial decisions. But it is another matter to set it forth and stereotype it by legislation." Moreover, such a measure as this might suit very well the land-lords, but would not suit the ryots, to whom it would

prove very disadvantageous, how lenient soever the proportion might be in itself. For, even when the productive powers of the land have decreased or the expenses of cultivation have increased, the land-lord might, if so disposed, make use of the land to harass the ryots by suing them for his proportion.

The second principle is the rule of proportion laid down by the High Court which is to the following effects:—

Former value of produce : present value of produce
 :: former rent : present rent.

The greatest difficulty in practically fixing this proportion, is the finding of the *former* value of the produce, about which no data of a reliable character are found. Besides, this principle would also affect very injuriously the interests of the ryots in many cases, for, as His Honor remarks, “in some places, perhaps in the oldest inhabited and cultivated districts, it might be regarded, in respect to the just interest of the ryots, as too high to be accepted for the future.”

The very high rates prevalent in the western parts of Bengal, are owing to the too free application of this principle within a short time after the passing of Act No. 159.

The third principle is, that the ryots' share is to be regulated according to the proportion which the land revenue (as fixed in perpetuity by the permanent settlement) bears to the rental of the land. The effect of this would be highly injurious to the interests of the Zemindars, who would invariably have to give up a large portion of the rents hitherto received their due.

Thus, the non-practicability of the above methods is obvious. If they be ever fixed by legislation, they will tend rather to foment than allay the agrarian quarrels that at present arise in almost every part of Bengal.

But some method must be found out, which could be embodied in law, and which could be practically carried out, to protect the just interests of the ryots. At any rate, some such law ought to be framed for the welfare of the country and improvement of the condition of the ryots, who having, if such a law be passed, a new future to look to, would cultivate the virtue of economy,

and might thereby rise from their present indigent state, and class themselves among the rank of small capitalists. For, it is not too much to say that their present deplorable state is largely owing to the want of hope, as they at present see no opening through which they might be elevated in the social scale. We shall therefore make the following suggestions as to how a method may be found for the just and due adjustment of rents in future. They are these :—

1st. To ascertain the rates prevalent in each *Pergannah* or other territorial sub-division of a district.

2nd. How these rates will be enhanced after they have equalled the highest rates now existing.

3rd. Rent for increase in area.

In the first place, to ascertain the rates prevalent in each *Pergannah* or other territorial sub-division of a district. This could be easily done by the collectors from local enquiry, from the Revenue and Civil Court records under the rent law, and from the *kabulyats* and *pattahs* registered from time to time. This enquiry would not call into existence any new rates, but would simply record rates already existing.

The rates thus ascertained for the different kinds of lands, might be called the *Pargannah* or Divisional rates. They would have to be adjusted for each standard *biggah*, so that no difficulty might arise in applying them.

The *Pergannah* or Divisional rates, though often different in different villages in the same *Pergannah* or Division, will be found not to be very unequal for the same descriptions of land. Any land-lord wishing to enhance his ryot's rents, will only have to prove that the land of which the rent is to be enhanced is of the same description as another land in the same *Pergannah* or Division paying a higher rate. This equalization of the rents, which will work gradually, could not be felt as oppressive by the ryots, and would place the land-lords now under the disadvantage of low rates on an equal footing with those getting high rates. A *Pergannah* or other territorial division of a district is not a very large tract of country, and it is but fair that all the

parties connected with it should be under equal advantages and disadvantages. This equalization of rates for the same class of lands in a *Pergannah* or Division, would have the effect of placing the relation between the land-lords and tenants on a more satisfactory basis than the present uncertainty, and, as it is not contemplated to keep the rates fixed for ever, there can be no ground of dissatisfaction on the part of any one. Though the rates in a *Pergannah* are not now the same, there can be no doubt that the same rates prevailed in a *Pergannah* at the commencement, and that the present inequalities are the result of subsequent enhancements. The step here recommended would only restore what was lost in the course of a great length of time.

In the second place: having settled the *Pergannah* rates, the next thing to determine is, how the rates may be enhanced after they have equalled the highest rates now obtaining. We should apply the principle of proportion laid down by the High Court in the case of *Thacoorance Dasee vers. Bisheshur Mookerjee*, but with this modification, that is:—

Former value of the produce determined for the sixth or some other year, as may be deemed fit: Present value of the produce determined by the average of immediately preceding five or six or some other number of years which may be deemed fit :: Former rent: Present rent.

This would bring the principle of proportionate increase from the state of uncertainty which now exists to one of certainty, where the operation of the court would be practicable and simple. The advantages of the measures suggested are manifest. First, the land-lords would, in cases where they obtained no increase before, succeed in getting an increase up to the highest rates which have also been the effect of general increase prevalent in the *Pergannah*; and this would satisfy them. Secondly, the ryot's advantage, consisting in the increased value of the produce. In the next place: the future enhancements, after highest *Pergannah* rates have been obtained, should, unless there has been any great rise in the prices, be discouraged. And the limitation of the period of bringing the suit to five years from the date of

the alleged increase, would enable the court to ascertain, with some degree of accuracy, the actual fact of the case. There would then be no frequent resort to law courts on this ground. As the present prices are already very high, and as it is not likely that there will be any very great increase under the normal condition of things for a long time to come, the land-lords would not find it to their advantage to sue on very slight grounds of increase, seeing the very low ratio which the present highest ratio bears to the present value of the produce. In the last place, enhancement of rent for increase in area. This should entirely be disallowed, unless the question is a question of increase in the case of any *alluvion* or *wash land*. The *Pergannah* rate, which the collector will ascertain, will be for a standard *biggah*, and so there will be no necessity for determining the length of the measuring rod, which now also is a fruitful source of litigation.

To enumerate the various evils that have crept in to the Zemindar and ryot system, from the date of the permanent settlement, would carry us somewhat widely out of our present purpose; we shall therefore conclude this paper simply in the words of Mr. Justice Phcar. "In Bengal the permanent settlement, which gave an artificial right to the Zemindars, and the English civil courts which recognise that power of alienating every personal right capable of definition, have introduced disturbing forces of immense effect; and it would be rash, indeed, to attempt to foretell the ultimate result which may be expected in the course of progress, if the legislature shall not again interfere."

LAND TENURE IN BENGAL.

Third Paper.

In our last paper we had occasion to advert to the beneficial influence of competition upon the progress of society. We showed that the tendency of custom was to lead to social stagnation, while competition developed the resources of the country and contributed to the increase of national wealth. Though the Full

Bench ruling in Thaturani Dassi's case has arrayed custom against competition, still the effect of competition in the adjustment of rates of rent is not the less perceptible. If we refer to the statistics on the subject, and watch the course of human events with the aid furnished by the records of our Courts of Justice, we find that in spite of the iron rule of custom, competition has been instrumental in the raising of rates of rent. The old Pergunnah rates are daily becoming obsolete, and upon their ruins are rising rates commensurate with the spirit of the times and in conformity with the law of supply and demand. The rates of rent which obtained for a particular description of land ten years ago are not precisely those which obtain now. The rationale of this is not difficult to understand. It should be borne in mind that in almost every district a large quantity of land is in the occupation of ryots who are mere tenants at will. Their tenancy is determinable at the will of the land-lord; and it frequently happens that to avoid the contingency of an ejectment, they elect to pay higher rent to the land-lord. This circumstance keeps them unmolested in their holdings until for twelve years or more converts these holdings into occupancy holdings. At first, the rents of the holdings merely affect the Pergunnah rates and ultimately supersede them. In an estate where the old Pergunnah rates are thus displaced, the displacing rates become the ground work of future enhancement and thus the rates are increased all round.

Again, where the old Pergunnah rates have fallen through by lapse of time, and a re-adjustment of the rates of rent has become necessary, this re-adjustment is sometimes made according to the increased value of the produce. In other words, the old value is to the old rate of rent as the increased value is to the increased rent. The increase of value of produce, or, in common parlance, the rise of prices, depends upon the law of demand and supply—a law which is directly regulated by market competition, and thus we have competition influencing in an indirect manner the adjustment of rates of rent at variance with the intentions of our legislators.

These are merely instances to show that however staunch

advocates of custom our legislators may be, competition is daily encroaching upon its domains, and the time is not far distant when competition will become the sole regulator of rates and will place relations between land-lords and tenants on a more rational footing. The whole question of rates of rent forms a branch of the question of prices. It is therefore as much reasonable to expect prices to remain unchanged and unchangeable as it would be to expect rates remaining constant.

Society in Bengal is daily progressing with the importation of new ideas and new-thoughts; the archaic notions of property are fast undergoing changes. The promulgation of the usefulness and the increased facilities of intercourse and intercommunication have roused a spirit of developing the latent resources of the country in the nation. In the midst of this economical revolution the value of landed property cannot remain stationary, and any law or administrative measure which has that object in view cannot but prove abortive in the long run.

That being so, our rulers ought seriously to consider whether they should not leave the fixation of rates to undergo the process of spontaneous adjustment—until course persons with anti-zemindar proclivities would not only strong and protest against such inaction. They would probably say that the Bengal peasant is too helpless a wight to be made the subject of such spontaneous action and without protection for our own part; we think, however, that the interests of the peasant would not in the least be thereby affected. We freely admit that in particular cases the ryot may be subjected to considerable hardship.

The zemindar's self-interest might no doubt prompt him to exact from the tenant the highest price for the land the latter holds, and this the tenants may sometimes yield to. But it would be at the same time to suppose that such an exaction will ever become permanent. We know that in the open market a grain dealer can not charge any price for his commodity; and if he does so, the intending buyer has to go to another dealer to effect a purchase at fair rates. If in the case of marketable commodities, fair play has sovereign dominion, we fail to see any reason why the

contrary should be the case in regard to the price of landed property. The tenant from whom an unprecedentedly high rent is demanded will have only to go to a neighbouring zemindar for land on moderate terms.

One reason why the agricultural classes are in a statical condition in this country is the cheapness of the land under their cultivation. Once you set a higher price upon the land you stimulate their industry, and with increased industry, the quantity and value of the produce are increased and the cultivator is made richer.

With the above observation we proceed to consider how far the law of enhancement as current in Bengal is susceptible of practical application. After a cursory glance of Section 18, one is compelled to denounce it as a piece of clumsy and unwieldy legislation. There is manifestly a vein of equity in it, but it becomes untraceable directly one has to deal with practical cases. It is a fact attested by the experience of all judicial officers that the administration of this law has been most disastrous to the interests of the landholder class, and the right to enhance rent has ostensibly been given to that class—^{to the} enhancement has almost become an impossibility. It would ^{be} ^{very} interesting if some one collected statistics on this subject. He would see that only a small percentage of enhancement cases proves successful. A zemindar seeking enhancement of his ryot's rent has thrown upon him such a terrible burden of proof as is impossible for him to bear. If the enhancement be demanded on the ground that the ryot's rent is lower than that paid by similar ryot's holding lands having similar advantages, the Zemindar has to prove the similarity of the holding and the similarity of the status of his ryot to those of the neighbouring ryots. This is certainly no easy task. Constituted as the Bengal peasantry are it is difficult to pick out two ryots having similar status. With the growth of the peasant community, they have branched off into several minor classes; each class having rights that differ more or less from those enjoyed by others. One ryot is a *pykust* ryot, another is *khoodkust*, while a third is *kudeemi*. One is an occupancy ryot,

another is not so, while a third though an occupancy ryot still vested with *mourusi* rights. In the midst of the diversity of rights and interests the Zemindar is called upon to single out particular ryots as being in the same class with the ryot whose rent he seeks to enhance. But this is comparatively an easier task compared with that of proving the similarity of the lands, and the rates at which rent is paid for them. It is patent to every body who has watched the progress of enhancement cases that ryot's holdings comprize lands of all sorts of descriptions. Each holding has a consolidated rental attached to it. A holding may comprize ten *cottahs* of homestead land, four biggahs of ordinary arable land and five biggahs of garden lands having a consolidated rent of rupees fifty. Can any body say from the above what is the rate of rent per biggah of garden land? And yet this is precisely the question which is daily asked to the witnesses of the Zemindar to answer in enhancement suits when he deposes to the rates paid by the neighbouring ryots. It will astonish the lay world to learn that questions similar to the above are daily answered by witnesses without the least hesitation and with the aid of the answers, concentrate assessment of rent upon ryots' holdings.

One may be tempted to ask how the witnesses feel competent to give such answers. The reply is, that they are taught to say so. That in making out a case of enhancement the Zemindar adduces a certain amount of false evidence is a fact known to all who have any experience in litigation and if the present law relating to enhancement be done away with, it will relieve the country of a great amount of perjury. Now, the question is, who is responsible for this disgraceful state of things? Who has given this incentive to false swearing? Surely it is the law which the Government in the plenitude of its zeal for the welfare of the ruled has promulgated.

The second ground of enhancement is based upon an increase of the productiveness of the land and of the value of the produce where the increment was brought about by causes other than the labour or capital of the tenant. This ground is more arduous

to establish than the prevailing rates, as the Zemindar has not only to prove the increment but also that increment is due to no interference of the ryot. In this manner the law casts upon him the burden of proving a negative. Where the productiveness of land has increased in consequence of alluvial deposits or of greater facilities of irrigation, it is easy for the Zemindar to make out his ground of enhancement. But cases often crop up where it becomes hopeless to distinguish between increase of productiveness with the tenants' aid and that without it. But supposing that that the line of demarcation is clearly drawn, the extent of increase is a matter of extreme practical difficulty. The ground of enhancement under review involves a rule of proportion. It says that the old productiveness shall bear to the increased productiveness the same ratio which the old rent bears to the increased rent. In order to find the three terms of the proportion, it becomes necessary to take the average productiveness for the five years next prior to the date of suit and of the five years preceeding them. In striking this average, Courts leave out of calculation years of unusual plenty and scarcity. To determine the productiveness for each year, the Judge is to note the number of crops grown and the quantity and value of each, and then to set off against that value the cost of cultivation and seed and the rental of the land.

Enhancement of rent can also be had under the law by showing that the prices of produce have increased irrespective of the labour or expense of the cultivator. This takes place where, in consequence of the opening of a new road or other means of communication, the produce raised by the cultivator can be more advantageously sold in the distant market, or where in consequence of a greater demand for a particular produce the market value of that produce has risen.

* The third ground upon which enhancement can be claimed is, where the quantity of land in his occupation has been found by measurement to be greater than what the ryot pays rent for. This may appear at first sight to be susceptible of easy application, but it is really not so. The great obstacle in the way is

the determination of the unit of measurement. The measurement is made with the Pergunnah pole, which is not the same in all places. In some districts the pole is 18 inches, in others it is 20 inches, and the Court has to determine in each case what the standard of the pole is. While upon this subject we cannot shut our eyes to another circumstance upon which a certain amount of uncertainty hangs, and which requires to be cleared up. It happens in some cases that the excess land in the ryot's possession was held without the permission of the Zemindar either express or implied. In Lower Bengal certain lands are possessed as *chhapi* or in a clandestine manner by the ryot. The *status* of the ryot in respect to such lands is anomalous. In some instances the High Court have ruled that the ryot is a trespasser with reference thereto, while in others he is viewed as a tenant by implication. Under these circumstances it devolves upon the legislature the duty of defining with precision the ryots' *status quod* such lands.

Before leaving the subject of enhancement, we can not help taking notice of the confusion which some of the recent rulings of the High Court have created with reference to the Zemindar's right to enhance the rent of homestead lands. These precedents had to show that enhancement can not be had in such cases. The theory upon which the precedents are based, appears to be of a questionable character. It is said that, as the provisions of the law of land-lord and tenant do not apply to such lands, and as there is no other law governing them; enhancement is not to be had. It is true, that there is no law upon which enhancement of the rent of homestead land can be claimed, but there can be no doubt that in the absence of such law courts are competent to administer the principles of equity and good conscience; in such cases, a competence which Indian courts by the very nature of their constitution, possess. Far better that the courts should enhance the rents of such holdings than adopt the alternative pointed out by the High Court and pass a decree for the ejectment of the tenant. The Indian home has a halo of sacredness about it the like of which can not be met with in any other country. Dear are the associations connected with it which it costs many a precious tear.

to forget and abandon. Any law therefore which arms the landlord with the right of ejectment, where his demand for increased rent is refused, must necessarily be very unpopular with the community.

Intimately connected with the topic of enhancement is that of recovery of *kabulyats* at increased rates of rent. Where a suit of that nature is instituted, the difficulty of proving it is immense. In the first place, all those grounds or any one of them mentioned in Section 18 must be proved, and further the rate claimed must be shown to be identical with that substantiated by evidence. If the Zemindar claim Rs. 40, and it be proved that he is entitled to Rs. 39-15-9 his suit will be dismissed. This was the decision of a Full Bench of the High Court in the case of Golam Mahmud reported in 10 Weekly Reports page 14. With due difference to the opinions of the learned Judges who sat upon the case, we venture to think that the decision was based upon the purest technicality, and it would be well for the interest of all parties concerned that it should be replaced by one consistent with common sense.

SOME THOUGHTS ON CONSCIENCE.

Philosophers the most sceptical have not attempted to deny the existence of a moral susceptibility in man. However varied and self-contradictory their theories to account for this phenomenon may have been, the fact of the existence of a moral nature in man, is admitted by almost all of them. How could it be otherwise? Their own consciousness would belie their assertions. The verdict of a dissenting world would stamp untruthfulness upon their sayings. For the civilized Briton and the unlettered Esquimaux, the polite Frenchman and the savage Hottentot, the gay Italian and the rough Scythian, the persevering Dutch and the volatile Hindu, the black Negro and the snowy Circassian, all have

a moral nature in different degrees of developement. The universal consciousness of all men establishes this point beyond the possibility of a doubt.

That there *should* be a moral nature in man, the *law of gradation of powers and natures* that runs through all creation, perhaps requires. Creation may be viewed as a mighty chain descending from the throne of the Great Eternal. The first link of this chain is the exalted archangel that stands fast by the throne of God. Ordinary angels, men, quadrupeds, birds, fishes, reptiles, insects, zoophytes, vegetables, minerals &c. are several links of this immense chain. There is a *progression of powers and susceptibilities* in these links. The vegetables have functions larger in number and fuller in developement than the minerals, the quadrupeds than the vegetables, and men than quadrupeds. To be consistent, this theory ought to hold the possibility of the existence of other faculties in beings superior to man, faculties larger in number, brighter in manifestation, and it may be, of a different *species* altogether. But this is not impossible. Angels, for aught we can tell, may have faculties numerically and specifically distinct from those possessed by man. In this way, God, the Fountain of all being, from whom this chain of creation proceeds, may be supposed, not only to possess all the faculties which men and angels possess, in their brightest, fullest, and most glorious manifestation, but in addition to this, other faculties essentially and generically distinct from those which either men or angels possess, and which are infinitely removed from our limited conceptions. With what ineffable and unfathomable mystery does this account of the matter, clothe those remarkable words in the book of Job; "*Canst thou by searching find out God, canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection? It is as high as heaven, what canst thou do? deeper than hell what canst thou know? Its measure thereof is longer than the earth and broader than the sea.*"

Again, there might be, for aught we know to the contrary, an utter impossibility of a dissociation of the *rational* with the *moral* nature. For aught we can tell, there might be an eternal

law of *metaphysical necessity* binding the moral to the rational nature. A disjunction of the moral from the rational might be one of the impossibilities in nature. For any thing we know to the contrary, this may be the case. But these are what some would call vagaries of the imagination and at best *not impossible speculations*.

The fact of the existence of a moral nature in man is confirmed by Revelation. Religion addresses man as a moral being. But for this, religion were an unmeaning term. But there is a diversity of moral sentiments among men. One crime is not felt to be equally vicious by all men. There is a diversity of feeling. More than this, an action looked upon by one section of the world's population as invested with celestial charms, and as entitling its perpetrator to unfading glories, is regarded by another section as positively immoral, and as entitling its perpetrator to endless misery. From this diversity of moral sentiments, some so-called philosophers have come to the strange conclusion, that the moral susceptibility is not universally diffused throughout the whole of the human species. Strange conclusion this! Pursuing the same line of argumentation, one might argue with as little shadow of truth, that, since the judgments of all men concerning some matters of opinion, do not agree, that therefore rationality cannot be predicated universally of the whole species. The cases are quite analogous. Diversity is no contradiction. Universal rationality is quite consistent with differences of intellectual judgments; so universal morality, if we be allowed the term in this sense, perfectly consists with differences of moral judgments or emotions.

Moreover, all this diversity of moral judgments can be accounted for. Dr. Brown has proposed three limitations by which all this can be explained. These limitations are *first*, the predominance of some passion in the mind which hushes into inglorious repose the voice of conscience; *secondly*, differences of moral judgments arising from the *complex* nature of actions; and *thirdly*, those arising from the principle of association both of words and of things. Every reflecting mind perceives the justness of these limitations. From all this it is evident that there is in man such a faculty

as the moral principle. It is *inherent* in man as such. It is as inherent, as are the powers of perception, conception, abstraction, memory, and judgment.

There is a garden before us. There are in it trees, plants and flowers of every description. We cannot help seeing them as we pass by them with open eyes. This is perception. We can not look at any two objects for any length of time without comparing the one with the other. As the result of this comparison, we say, that the one tree is larger, stronger, taller than the other. This is judgment. We cannot, at the sight of the trees before us, help bringing before our mind's eye some other trees which we have seen elsewhere. This is imagination. When we enter our closet after a short survey of the garden, we cannot help remembering some of the objects we have seen there. This is memory. We do all this because it is impossible not to do them.

In like manner the excitation of moral feelings in the mind when proper objects are presented to it; is unavoidable. We read of Regulus, the far-famed Regulus of Rome, and of his promise to the Carthaginians to return to them after a short stay at the "mistress of the world." We read of his going to it and of the defeat of the object for which he goes. If he returns to Carthage he is sure of being put to death by the most excruciating tortures which an almost demoniacal ingenuity can invent. If he stays at Rome, he is as happy as the proudest Roman could be. The reverend assembly of the senate, composed of the concentrated intelligence and worth of the then known world, entreat him to stay at Rome. Their entreaties do not move the rigidly righteous Regulus. We see his mother, a venerable, grey-headed matron, bathed in tears, approach and beseech him with all the tenderness of a parent;—we see his wife, the sweet partner of his life, with furrowed cheeks and eyes suffused with tears, with hair dishevelled and hands smiting the breast, fall prostrate at Regulus' feet, touching the tenderest chords of his heart, and entreating him not to return; we see, moreover, to add to the melancholy of the scene, his infant boys touch the hem of his toga, and in sweet compulsion drag him towards

them. Notwithstanding all this which was sufficient to melt and bend the hardest and stoutest of hearts, and dissolve the gravest of the assembly in tears, Regulus stands unmoved and unshaken as to his resolution. His determination is fixed. *Affection* bows down before the altar of *principle*. He kisses and embraces his dear children, takes farewell of his wife and mother and steps into the boat. We envy not the man who can read such an affecting piece of history without giving vent to tears, without admiring the sternness of the principles of the man, and without being caught up into the region of the *moral sublime*.

On the other hand, when we read of the monstrous atrocities of Nero, the turpitude of his moral character, his cruelty in putting thousands and tens of thousands to death in the most infernal manner for nothing but a profession of Christianity, we cannot help abhorring his character. This too is natural and inevitable from the nature of our moral constitution. Now, this susceptibility of the mind which leads us to approve of the one and disapprove of the other is called by some the *moral principle*, by others the *moral sense*, and by others still *conscience*.

Before proceeding further, it may be proper perhaps to enquire whether conscience is an original faculty or not. This is an enquiry which is involved in much metaphysical obscurity. There are some philosophers who maintain that conscience is a *composite* principle, and others, that it is an *undivided, original, and primary* faculty of the mind.

Discarding all other attempts at analysing the moral principle as nugatory, futile, and partial, that proposed by Sir James Mackintosh deserves to be noticed. Sir James had a mind of the highest order, and was one of the acutest and most clear-headed reasoners that ever lived. His "singularly acute" analysis of the moral principle may be briefly stated in the following words; The social and the private affections, he says, are produced by the principle of association. These affections address themselves to the *will*, the master-faculty of the soul. The *will* is charmed and captivated, as it were, by the delight inevitably attached to the affections, and becomes for ever associated with

them. It is the affections both social and private in close proximity to, and intimate association with, the will, that constitute the moral sentiments, the moral principle or conscience. A drop of the will, as if he had said, let fall upon the affectional moralizes the whole of them. The objects of these moral sentiments are nothing else than voluntary dispositions of the heart that originate actions, and the actions themselves. This, if we understand aright is the celebrated theory of Sir J. Mackintosh. This reduction of the moral principle is elegantly and beautifully set forth in the conclusion of his justly celebrated treatise "On the Progress of Ethical Philosophy"—a work which may be characterized as "the finest work of philosophic genius which this age has seen."

A theory coming from so great a person perhaps carries conviction home into the understandings of many men. But, if we understand the theory aright, we are not convinced of its truthfulness. With much diffidence, however, we make the following remarks.

In the *first* place, we confess we do not understand fully the efficiency of the associating principle to form the social and private affections. In fact were we to reflect a little we think we would see, that this is based on a selfish or at best on an utilitarian foundation.

In the next place, we do not understand the *metaphysico-chemical* process, as it may be termed, by which a drop of the will is made to moralize a whole compound of the affections. We are accustomed to think that the will is no more moral in its essence and inherent constituting substratum than it is black or white. *I will to move my arm* is surely not in its nature moral. But Sir James would perhaps turn round and say ; But stop, the compound formed by the aggregation, so to speak, of the desire to move my arm and the will, is quite different from the compound formed by the combination or rather by the metaphysico-chemical union of the affections and the will. Or to speak mathematically, the product obtained by the multiplication of the desire to move my arm with the will, is not equal to the product obtained by the multiplication of the affections whether

social or private with the will. In the former case, the *terminus* of the desire to move my arm does not rest on the will, but on something extrinsic to the will, *viz*, the motion of the arm. While in the latter case, not only is there no interval between the affections and the will, for they are metaphysico-chemically combined, but the terminus of the affections is the will itself and nothing extrinsic to it.

To this supposed objection of Sir James, we should be inclined to answer thus; We admit the difference that obtains between the two cases, but at the same time maintain, that this difference is owing to the nature of things; and further, that this proves nothing in favour of the question under consideration. Let us grant all that Sir James could reasonably demand. But what does it amount to? The real difficulty remains as ever, *viz*, whence does the element of morality come? This question is not answered. *Thirdly* and *lastly*, Sir James makes too much of the will. The will is created the Lord Paramount, the Autocrat of the soul. But there is a Magistracy more venerable and of greater authority than the will itself; and that is the *immutable Law of Right and Wrong*.

It may not be amiss to quote here the words of a late writer on the subject. "But it, the theory of Sir J. Mackintosh regarding conscience, seems defective and imperfect in the very particular in which all moral systems based exclusively on observation must be so; it leaves the will seated on the throne of arbitrary power, listening to the various representations which the various parts of the constitution make respecting the object of choice which solicit, and determining which is preferable on whatever ground it may select; or, in other words, it does not sufficiently bring into action the paramount and antecedent sovereignty of *Law* in its immediate bearing on the will."

There are others who maintain that the moral principle is an *affection* of the intellect, or a *modification* of reason. Conscience, say they, is *reason applied to moral subjects*. We are inclined to think that this opinion is quite erroneous, and that from the few following reasons.

In the *first* place, it is possible that the reasoning faculty may be directed to moral subjects with all its energies; and yet the moral principle, or what is called so, may not at all be exercised. Satan possesses the highest intellect that any creature perhaps has. And this vigorous intellect is constantly directed to moral subjects, (for he has not to do with machines but moral beings); and notwithstanding all this he is an infinitely malignant being. In the *next* place, there are little boys and illiterate grown up men whose reasoning faculties can scarcely be said to have developed themselves who yet exercise their consciences. In the *third* place, when a boy is asked whether it is bad to utter an untruth, does he by his reasoning faculty weigh the advantages or disadvantages on both sides before answering? No such thing. The boy instinctively as it were says, 'it is sinful to utter an untruth.' To say that reason must be sought for to go through the calculation of the advantages or disadvantages, would be to advocate the rankest utilitarianism. *Lastly* that which is *rational* is *rational*; it is not *moral*, there being nothing to make it so.

In opposition, however, to the above theories of Sir James Makintosh and perhaps of Dr. Cudworth, and innumerable others, which make conscience a *composite* principle, we maintain that it is an *ulterior* and *primary* faculty of the mind. Man is composed of three distinct departments, the *sensitive*, the *intellectual*, and the *moral*. We think it is as foolish and unwise to resolve the moral into the intellectual, as it is to resolve the intellectual into the sensitive. Akin to the doctrine of materialism which attempts to reduce the intelligent principle from the vibrations and vibrations of the brain, is the doctrine of *intellectualism*, as it may be termed, which pretends to reduce the moral principle from merely intellectual principles. Hitherto all attempts of this sort have proved vain and worthless, and they will probably do so in all future ages. *Materialism*, *intellectualism*, and *moralism*, are three distinct things; and any one of these must not be sought for in another. *Moralism* is not *transformed intellectualism*, but something separate from it. *Intellectualism* is not transformed

materialism, but something distinct and separate. Talking at this rate we may with like shadow of reason say, that materialism is transformed non-entity. Incipient moralism is distinct from intellectualism in perfection; incipient intellectualism from materialism in perfection; and incipient materialism from non-entity in perfection. These three are separate and distinct principles, and no compounder of metaphysical abstractions can so combine them as to make them palpable to the minds of others. What the author of our nature seems to have separated and put asunder, it is unwise, we have almost said, impious to join. Unconsecrated hands ought not be laid upon the three distinct temples of *soma*, *psuche* and *pneuma* to resolve them into one. Thus much we have thought proper to speak on the constituting essence of conscience.

But there are *several ideas* which seem to be inherent in the conception of the moral principle. These are superintendency and independence. "You cannot form a notion," says Bishop Butler, "of the faculty of conscience without taking in judgment, direction, and superintendency. This is a constituent part of the idea, that is, of the faculty itself; and to preside and govern, from the very economy and constitution of men belongs to it." This is a very important part of the subject, and this seems to be the proper place for introducing it.

Bishop Butler seems to have been the first to illustrate this subject by the brilliance of his talents. His three sermons on human nature contain the whole of what he published on the subject. These sermons or rather philosophical dissertations (for sermons they can scarcely be called) are perhaps the best ever written on the subject. Subsequently the glowing eloquence of Dr. Chalmers has thrown a halo of delightful interest around it, and invested it with inexpressible charms. The "Supremacy of Conscience" forms the first chapter of his excellent Bridgewater treatise. It is there illustrated with all the enchanting eloquence of which he was possessed. The illustrations are bold, original, and full. And the use made of this to the purposes of Natural theology, is striking, beautiful, instructive, and edifying.

It may be remarked, in the *first* place, that the human mind, just as the body, is an exquisite mechanism. It is not one thing, so to speak, but a system of things; it is a system of parts. These parts are the *sensitive*, the *intellectual*, and the *moral* faculties. Besides these, there are the *affections*, both social and private, *desire*, and *will*. All these are different parts of the mental constitution. But they are not huddled up in confusion. There is an *order* that regulates them. There is a principle of *subordination* of rank in the powers and susceptibilities of the mind. That there is such an order and subordination in the mind is evident, *analogically*, from the fact that these obtain in the physical world, and *a priori* from the abstract principle that things which are dissimilar must subsist in some order or other.

The different powers and susceptibilities therefore of the mind must possess different degrees of strength and authority. In the kingdom of the mind every power or susceptibility cannot be vested with equal degrees of authority. For else, the faculties, the affections, the desires &c. being nicely neutralized, the result would be no-action. The immediate effect of such a disposition and investiture of the powers of the mind would be indolence, sloth, and perfect stupor. The question then naturally comes to be asked, what is that order or subordination of ranks among the faculties which obtains in the mind? Which is the supreme in authority if there be any supreme at all? Or if it be a Roman Republic which is the Consul or Dictator, or of an American republic, which is the President? To the ascertainment of this we presently proceed.

The evidence for any mental phenomenon is not so much a question of *a priori* reasoning—a question on which the highest reason and the most fervid imagination are called forth, but a question of matter of fact, of internal observation and consciousness. We therefore appeal to the consciousness of men on this point. Which faculty or congeries of faculties do men in their sober moments of reflection call superior and which inferior? To what power or operation of the mind do all the other powers and operations render homage? What faculty is placed by the

universal consent of nations at the head of the empire within? Which faculty is invested with the highest authority to bear rule over all the others? or rather which *ought* to do all this? Let us view human nature part by part. All are acquainted with the fact that the eye, the ear, and the senses of touch, taste and smell, are ministering servants to the intellectual powers. They are the proper inlets of knowledge. They are ever on the alert to catch the slightest information they can get from any quarter. Their importance and service are so much acknowledged and valued by all, that Mr. Locke went so far as to maintain that they were the *only* sources of knowledge. Besides this their general ministration to the mind, they evidently acknowledge the authority of the desires and the affections, the intellectual and the moral powers. I hear that a grand exhibition of the products and effects of the skill, ingenuity, and superior tact in needle-work of all the most respectable ladies in the Presidency is to take place in the Town Hall. I desire to see this. Accordingly this desire puts all the senses into active operation. By my muscular power, I became transported thither. I am gratified at the sight of the effects of superior skill in needle-work, at the handling of the fancy articles which the ladies officiously put in my hands, at the smell of the perfume that is gaily sprinkled upon their dresses, and at the hearing of an eloquent speech delivered on the occasion extolling in the most extravagant terms the superior fineness and exquisiteness of the fabrics.

Now, it is evident that my desire to witness the exhibition has led to the exercise of the senses. Thus in the above example the superior authority of the desires over the senses is evinced. From a calculation of the consequences that would flow (which calculation must be gone through by reason) I refrain from attending a party of pleasure where I would witness the most exquisite and enchanting music that was ever performed. This is reason checking desire. And if we thus go over all the parts of the mind we would find an order regulating them.

It ought to be remarked that we by no means insinuate, that the powers and susceptibilities of the mind preserve the same

rank and the same order among them. All that we mean is that they are *auxiliaries* to one another. To proceed; the desires and the affections are subject to the voice of conscience. I desire to wreak my vengeful feelings upon a certain individual. The moral principle interferes, and shews to me the awful criminality of the meditated deed; and it is obeyed. Even the intellectual powers are or ought to be subject to the moral faculty. By the foul energy of my powers of conception and imagination, I particularly dwell on vicious and polluted scenes. Conscience with a magisterial and dictatorial air rebukes the vitiated intellectual powers, and presents before the mind's eye the awful turpitude of the crime; and the warning is taken. All this ought to be the case in a sound and sane state of the mind.

There is no principle superior to *conscience* in *sacredness* or *authority*. It is the *sovereign faculty* of the mind. It is the *supreme*. But it will be said that all this is mere theory; for the above description is not consistent with stubborn facts. Where, it is said with an air of triumph, is the boasted supremacy of conscience? Where is the sovereign, the magisterial, and dictatorial authority of conscience? Where is the dominion of the moral sense, the so-called Lord Paramount of the soul, to be found? Where is his capital city? Where is his throne? Where are the badges, the ensigns, and the armorial bearings of his self-arrogated sovereignty? Where is the potency of his voice that is fondly said to carry conviction in the human mind? All this surely must be sought for in the heated brains of some frenzied dreamers. Look at human nature as it is. Look at the vast population of the globe. Where is the supremacy of conscience acknowledged. Do we not see every day in point of fact that the voice of the moral principle is drowned amid the deafening revelry of the appetites and passions? Can any passion even the vilest, any affection or desire even the weakest, be named which does not rule over conscience? Ambition, lust, avarice, anger, revenge, &c, and the whole family of the malignant passions bear rule over the moral sense. To the above objection we offer the following remarks. In the first place,

it is of essential importance to show the common distinction between *power* and *authority*. In a proper state of things *power* and *authority* ought to be and are conjoined. In an improper state of things, the one is often disjoined from the other. We will illustrate this by reference to a kingdom. Now, in ordinary circumstances, the throne of the kingdom is possessed by the rightful heir. In this case power and authority are conjoined in one person. But in times of confusion, anarchy, misrule, and revolutions, the throne is taken possession of by one who has *might* but no *right* to the throne. In this case *might* and *right*, *power* and *authority* are disjoined the one from the other. The reigning monarch has not the authority, though he has the power, has not the right, though he has the might, to reign. The dispossessed sovereign, on the contrary, though he has not the might yet has the right, though not the power yet the authority to rule. Might and no right in the one case, and right and no might in the other. Or borrowing the language of lawyers, which is so felicitously and eloquently applied to this very subject by Dr. Chalmers, the reigning sovereign, in times of revolutions and misrule in the case supposed above, is sovereign *de facto* though not sovereign *de jure*, and on the contrary the deposed monarch is sovereign *de jure*, though not sovereign *de facto*. Thus is illustrated the common though essentially important distinction between *power* and *authority*, *might* and *right*, *sovereign de facto* and *sovereign de jure*. Now let us apply this distinction to the subject in hand.

At the time of the creation of all things, man was made in the moral likeness of God. Man's soul was a mirror, in its own dimension and kind, of the moral intelligence of the Deity. The several elements of the human constitution were adjusted by the balance of the sanctuary. The exquisite harmony and concord of the mental mechanism were the admiration of angels. All the elements were disposed in due order and proportion. The principle of the subordination of ranks was in due prevalence. Conscience was consecrated king of the realm. It was then that his voice was felt with an irresistible effect from the Cornwall to the Shetland of the mental kingdom. It was then that the intellec-

tual powers, though holding important situations, rendered due and reasonable homage to the Supreme Sovereign.

It was then that the whole tribe of the desires and affections were in complete subjection to the authority of conscience. The *will* was then the Prime Minister of the State. He could do nothing but what was bidden and approved of by conscience. It was then in short that the human mind exhibited the perfect pattern of an well-organized government. Or varying the figure, the seat of conscience was the inner Sanctury—the Holy of Holies. It was inaccessible to the encroachments of the other inferior and unsanctified affections and desires, not one of the dwellers of the outer court had the audacity to tread that holy ground where the High Priest conscience could alone enter. In fine, the human mind exhibited a perfect pattern of the tabernacle afterwards set up by the Sense. Confusion, disorder, discord, dispeace, and revolutions had no place there.

While the human mind exhibited such a beautiful, pleasing, and ethereal spectacle, Satan, the author of all moral confusion and anarchy, was grieved at it. Presenting in himself a most doleful picture of the upturning and derangement of the moral economy—the veriest moral French Revolution, in which conscience was guillotined and the benevolent affections subjected to the horrors of inquisitorial fire, he could not possibly bear the sight of an inferior creature as man reflecting the moral effulgence of his thrice-glorious Author. Forthwith therefore he left his black domains—the infernal regions, and ascending to the beautiful Garden of Eden, infused an *insurgent* principle into the constitution of man. By fair speeches and fine flatteries he decoyed one of the passions, which before being sanctified always served as handmaids to the reverend sovereign. This passion, then known by the name of *self-love*, but afterwards by the odious appellation of *selfishness*, being electrified with an overwhelming torrent of infernal energy and persuasiveness, entered into the peaceful kingdom of the mind, and easily succeeded in gaining over to her own side the whole race of the *desires, affections, and passions*. Her next object was to decoy the *intellectual powers* ;

and this she did by semblances and seeming arguments. But she has not as yet succeeded in gaining the *Will*, the Premier of the State. For this purpose, and it was a difficult undertaking in those days, she with her sister-affections, arrayed with all that it is outwardly fair, alluring, captivating, blandishing, and bewitching, in the universe, drives her golden tandem to the Premier's palace. She with her now infernalized sisters goes up to the private chamber of the *Will* and there pleads with unheard of earnestness and pathos. Her pathetic and bewitching appeals, joined with the blaze of exterior beauty and charm which peeped forth from her golden vestments, strike the premier with temporary madness. The will becomes spell-bound. Unable to break the charm, he submits and becomes a slave to her and her associates.

The old venerable king having lost his much endeared *family*—the affections, his *militia*, the intellectual powers, and his *premier*—the will, thus bereft of every thing and destitute of any assistance, and too weak to stand against the concentrated forces of the kingdom headed by an infernal king, is made to quit the throne and drudge a miserable life in a remote corner of the kingdom. This is the beginning of the dominion and reign of the malevolent passions over conscience; and to this day this dominion extends itself among a considerable part of the human species. And it may be remarked here in passing that one of the chief objects of the introduction of Christianity into the world was the deposition of the passions and the re-enthronement of conscience.

But the above *natural history*, so I speak, of conscience, may be objected to as being drawn from Revelation. How then can it be shewn that the moral faculty ought to be the Governor of the soul? How can it be shewn apart from revelation, that it has inherent authority in itself? This can be shewn, *a posteriori*, from the consciousness of men, and *a priori*, from the nature of the human mind.

It is indeed true as a matter of fact, that in most men any passion almost gets the mastery over the moral principle. It is true that when a red wine glass of brandy is put temptingly

before some men, its contents are emptied and wholly drunk notwithstanding the monitions of conscience. It is true that the desire to get riches, by fair or foul means, is gratified notwithstanding the clamours of the moral faculty. But then it ought to be remembered that the very supposition that the moral principle interferes with, and forbids the gratification of the passions proves its former sovereignty. Why does not any other passion or intellectual power interfere rather than conscience? Besides, is there not felt in the mind a conflict between the passions and conscience? We appeal to every sincere and candid man; does not the mind feel distressed when any passion is gratified in spite of the dissenting voice of the principle of right and wrong? Has not every person felt the almost intolerable weight of misery and wretchedness after such a gratification? Is not the *biting* of conscience felt? Does not *remorse* fill the soul with excruciating pain? Now, what is the meaning of this felt *remorse*? It is, we apprehend, a judicial retribution at the hand of an offended God for violating the eternal law of right whose assertor conscience is. It is a punishment inflicted for setting at nought the sacred authority of conscience. It is a notice, a general proclamation, that in the mind all is not well. It is a remonstrance of the sovereign of the mind on his dethronement. To illustrate the subject a little further, let us take an analogous case. Suppose a watch, the office of which is to keep time, to be disorganized, and all its parts to be not entire. Suppose we look at the remaining fragmentary and disordered parts, and observe especially the part called the Regulator. We observe its position, its construction, and its capabilities, and from all this, although the watch is not going, we conclude that the final cause of this particular part was to regulate time when fast or slow. Precisely parallel is the case in hand. The human mind is disorganized. The harmony of its several parts is lost. It does not possess any more that beauty the sight of which made the sons of God shout with joy, and the Creator to say "it is good." It exhibits a government eaten up by intestine divisions and revolutions, and distracted by the wildest anarchy. It exhi-

bits the spectacle of a fair and mighty tree torn up by the roots by the overwhelming force of a fierce hurricane, an edifice tottering into ruins, a calm and unruffled sea broken into ten thousand mountain waves by the violence of a tempest. In this state of derangement and almost utter ruin, we observe amongst other things, a certain faculty called conscience. We observe its position, so to speak in the mind, its capabilities, and particularly its disposition to reign supremely, and from all this we conclude that it is naturally endued with authority to bear rule over the other faculties of the soul. We think that the two cases are parallel, and the conclusion therefore is legitimate.

Moreover, every object in the physical world has its particular end and use for which it was created. The same principle holds true in the mental as well as in the moral world. There are the various passions and affections; and they have their objects. The appetite of hunger is satisfied with nought but food; food is therefore the object of hunger. The malevolent passion of malice is satisfied with nothing but the hurt of the person against whom it is conceived. The object of the passion of avarice is the collection of money by any means fair or foul. Truth in general is the object of the discursive faculty; and so of every other principle in the mind. Now, it is evident that the principle of right or wrong must also have an object. Now, what is this object? Does it rest merely on the decision that a certain course of action is right and a certain other wrong? No. Its language is, "I have decided that this line of conduct is right and is therefore to be acted upon; and that other line of conduct is wrong, and is therefore to be avoided." Until conscience attains this its object, its resting place, or terminus, it promises, entreats, threatens, roars, and when the wrong line of conduct is acted upon, it lashes the mind by the whip of remorse. Sovereignty is its proper object. Lastly, the arguments of the opponents of the supremacy of conscience prove too much. The whole mind is disorganized. Reason also is disordered. It is admitted that reason should have command over the appetites. But is this the fact? Are the decisions of

reason in every case obeyed by the appetites? Do the passions never gain conquest over the faculty of reason? How many cases are there of this? Yea rather the cases on the opposite side are more numerous than those on this. All history may be regarded as a continuous commentary on the fact that lust, ambition, avarice, and indeed every passion even the weakest, gets the mastery over reason. Notwithstanding this we admit the supremacy of the discursive faculty over the passions. Why then not apply the same argument to the ascertainment of the supremacy of conscience? Before concluding this part of our subject, it may not be unnecessary to enquire into the cause of this supremacy.

Sir J. Mackintosh in his excellent treatise "On the Progress of Ethical Philosophy," when speaking of Bishop Butler—the discoverer, as he has been called, of conscience, says that that eminent prelate does not even attempt to account for the supremacy of conscience; and then himself launches out a most ingenious solution. It is, he says in substance, the close proximity, the juxta-position, or the actual contact of the moral sentiments with the will, nothing intervening between them, that constitutes their sovereignty or supremacy. Our objections to this most ingenious but partial and defective solution we have already. Most modern philosophers, however, have justly come to the conclusion that this supremacy is inexplicable, that no account of it can be given, that it is a *fact* in the mental constitution of man. This conclusion seems to be arrived at after intense thought. It is one of those things which in the present state of things cannot be accounted for. Conscience is sovereign by its nature. It seems to be prince-like in the necessity of things. From its nature it is destined to command. Sovereignty seems to be as inseparable from the idea of conscience as space is from the idea of extension. Deny space to extension, and it is no more extension; so deny sovereignty to the moral principle, and it is no more the moral principle. Abstract the idea of space from the idea of extension, and it is extension no more. Abstract the idea of superintendency, sovereign authority, direction, and government from that of con-

ciency, and the result, whatever it may be, is not consequence. Supremacy is therefore an essential, inseparable, and necessary idea involved in that of conscience. We say *necessary* in reference to the appointed will of God. It is a *sine qua non* to its constituting essence. Abstractly the principle of right and wrong is supreme in the universe. We have almost said, it is sovereign notwithstanding all opposition, and apart from the will of God. It has, so to speak, a *mathematical* existence. Existing in any being anywhere throughout the illimitable domains of the universe it is destined to command. It is inherently and necessarily prince-like. This necessity, be it observed, lest it should be misunderstood, arises from its being a mirror which faithfully reflects the will of God, which being an affluence, emanation, or procession; or expression, of His eternally and unchangeably holy nature, is eternally and unchangeably holy in itself. As is the fountain so are its streams. Thus much for what is meant by conscience.

(To be continued)

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

In consequence of the passing of the Royal Titles Act by the British Parliament, the full title of our august ruler has become "VICTORIA, by the Grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen, Defender of the Faith, Empress of India." Her Imperial Majesty has in consequence issued the following Proclamation:—

"VICTORIA, R.

Whereas an Act has been passed in the present Session of Parliament entitled "An Act to enable Her Most Gracious Majesty to make an Addition to the Royal Style and Titles appertaining to the Imperial Crown of the United Kingdom and its Dependencies," which act recites that, by the Act for the Union of Great Britain and Ireland, it was provided that after such Union the Royal Style and Titles appertaining to the Imperial Crown of the United Kingdom and its Dependencies should be such as His Majesty by his Royal Proclamation under the Great Seal, of the United Kingdom should be

pleased to appoint; and which Act also recites that, by virtue of the said Act and of Our Royal Proclamation under the Great Seal, dated the 1st day of January, 1801. Our present Style and Titles are "Victoria, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen, Defender of the Faith:" and which Act also recites that, by the Act for the better Government of India, it was enacted that the Government of India, therefore vested in the East India Company in trust for Us, should become vested in Us, and that India should thenceforth be governed by Us and in Our name, and that it is expedient that there should be a recognition of the transfer of Government so made by means of an addition to be made to Our Style and Titles: And which Act, after the said recitals, enacts that it shall be lawful for Us, with a view to such recognition as aforesaid, of the transfer of the Government of India by Our Royal Proclamation under the Great Seal of the United Kingdom, to make such addition to the Style and Titles at present appertaining to the Imperial Crown of the United Kingdom and its Dependencies as to Us may seem meet; we have thought fit, by and with the advice of our Privy Council, to appoint and declare, and we do hereby, by and with the said Council, appoint and declare that henceforth, so far as conveniently may be, on all occasions and in all instruments wherein Our Style and Titles are used, we will and do save and except all Charters, Commissions, Letters Patent, Grants, Writs, and other like instrument, not extending in their operation beyond the United Kingdom, the following addition shall be made to the Style and Titles at present appertaining the Imperial Crown of the United Kingdom and its Dependencies; that is to say, in the Latin tongue in these words: "Indiæ Imperatrix." And in the English tongue in these words: "Empress of India."

And Our will and pleasure further is, that the said addition shall not be made in the Commissions, Charters, Letters Patent, Grants, Writs, Appointments, and other like instruments, herein before specially expected.

And Our will and pleasure further is, that all gold, silver, and copper moneys, now current and lawful moneys of the United Kingdom, and all gold, silver, and copper money which shall, on or after this day, be coined by Our authority with the like impressions, shall, notwithstanding such addition to Our Style and Titles, be deemed and taken to be current and lawful moneys of the said United Kingdom, and further that all moneys coined for and issued in any of the Dependencies of the said United Kingdom, and declared by Our Proclamation to be current and lawful money of such Dependencies, respectively bearing Our Style, or titles or any part or parts thereof, and all monyes which shall hereafter be coined and issued according to such proclamation, shall, notwithstanding such addition, continue to be lawful and current money of such Dependencies respectively, until Our pleasure shall be further declared thereupon.

Given at Our Court at Windsor, the twenty-eighth day of April, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-six, in the thirty-ninth year of Our Reign.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Dukhasangini. Calcutta: New Bharat Press. 1282. B. E.

Why the author of these poems has not put his name to them, we do not know; but of this we are certain, that there is no Bengali poet living who would be ashamed of them. They are lyrical compositions of no mean order; they are not unworthy of that noble school of lyrical poetry of which Jayadeva must be acknowledged to be the master. The author has caught not a little of the spirit of Jayadeva, his melody, his vivacity, the rhythmical flow of his language, his poetical gaiety, his mysticism, his refined feeling. Indeed, we do not remember having read for many a day such odes in the Bengali language as are contained in this unpretending volume. The only fault in these otherwise excellent lyrical pieces is, that the expression in some of the odes treating on love are somewhat brawly, we say almost said course. But probably we are judging them by too high a standard, Bengali lyrical poetry, like all eastern poetry, is a good deal warmer and more passionate than English lyrical poetry. But however this may be, there can be no question that our author is one of the best lyrical poets in Bengal.

Bharate-Suka. By Harishchandra Narayan. Calcutta: Stanhope Press 1282. B. E.

This is another lyrical piece: it is an ode on the visit to India of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. We do not think that this ode equals, in melody, in felicity of expression, in poetic feeling, any one of the lyrical pieces contained in the volume noticed above. Probably the subject has something to do with this failure.

Ashtavimsati-tatva-Smriti. Tithitattva. By Raghunandan. Published by Kisori Mohan Raya Chaudhuri. Calcutta: Bharat Press. 1282. B. E.

ghunandan Bhattacharjya is acknowledged on all hands to have been the most profound jurist or rather canonist in Bengal. He is the highest authority in Bengal on all points relating to Hindu ecclesiastical law. We therefore rejoice to see an attempt made not only to reprint his great Sanskrit work, but to translate it into Bengali. The work is to be issued in monthly parts. The present part contains the text and a Bengali translation of the celebrated chapter called *Tithitatra*. The translation, so far as we have seen it, seems to be faithful. We wish the enterprising Editor all success.

Elakini. By Yasoda Nandan Sarkar. Calcutta : Samaj Darpan Press. 1876.

We have received three parts of this book which is said to be a novel. The author modestly tells us that the publication of the entire novel will take about ten years. As we have received only an infinitesimal fraction of the book, we cannot pronounce on its merits; we may do so at the end of the decade, should Providence be pleased to prolong our lives to that period.

Jayapal. An historical Novel. By Pramoth Nath Mitra. Calcutta : Albert Press. 1283. I.

Jayapal, the King of Lahore, had a beautiful daughter of the name of Svarnakuntala, whom he wished to give in marriage to Sangram Sinha, the prime minister of Nandanpur, then in the service of the Lahore King as the Commander-in-chief of his army. The princess, however, was of another mind. She had set her affections, not upon the Commander-in-chief, but upon the Deputy-Commander-in-chief, Vijayaketu. Strange to say, this Vijayaketu was not a man but a woman. She was the daughter of Birpal, the brother of Jayapal, who had been killed in a battle with Sultan Mahmud, to wreak vengeance on whom she had assumed the garb of a man and taken service in the king's army under the name of Vijayaketu, her original name having been Vijaya. The Deputy was desperately in love with her chief, who was mad after Svarnakuntala, who again was longing for the hand of the Deputy. In the mean time Sultan Mahmud attacked Lahore; the King was taken prisoner, and his general Sangram Sinha was killed.

Vijayaketu, losing the object of her affections, threw off her disguise, fought with a Muhammadan chief and was killed. Jayapal, escaping from prison, agreeably to the advice of his counsellors burnt himself to death on a funeral pile into which his wife and his daughter Svarnakuntala threw themselves. Thus ended the appalling tragedy.

We wonder the king did not recognize his own niece in the person of the Deputy Commander. But however that might have been, the play has considerable merit, especially in the descriptions which are lively and graphic.

The Vedarthayatra, Or an attempt to interpret the Ved. s. Bombay. 1876.

This is a very laudable attempt to make the contents of the Vedas known to the Mahrathi-speaking population of the Bombay Presidency in their own mother tongue. The Mahrathi version is also accompanied with an English translation.

Report of the Alexandra Native Girls' English Institution for the year 1875. Bombay: Education Society's Press. 1876.

We are glad to find that this institution is not only maintaining its high character, but increasing its efficiency. It is one of the most important institutions in the country. We wish for it what Father Paul wished for his country, *Esto perpetua.*

The Eighth Annual Report of the Choral Female School. Calcutta: Presidency Press. 1876.

The originator of this Girls' School was the late Baboo Peary Churn Sircar, with a well-merited eulogy of whom the Report begins. We wish the school all prosperity.

A Free Enquiry After Truth. By Kisore Lal Roy. Calcutta: School Book Press.

In these days when there are so many "jesting Pilates" who care not to enquire after truth, it is refreshing to come across a tract with the title, "A Free Enquiry after Truth." Not that we agree with the writer in all his opinions, but we rejoice that there are some amongst our educated countrymen who enquire after truth. Our prayer is, that they may find TRUTH and receive it in the love of it.

THE BENGAL MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1876.

THE NATIONAL CHARACTER OF THE HINDUS OF BENGAL.

By A Hindu.

(Continued from page 349.)

We shall now consider the system of education pursued in the above institutions, with special reference to its influence on the characters of the recipients of the instruction imparted in them. In the Colleges and Schools supported wholly or in part by the Government, and which form the great bulk of the educational institutions in the country, instruction in the elements of general knowledge or of some particular sciences is given to the pupils through the medium of English, or of some of the vernacular languages of the people, by a point which, in the case of the Colleges, prepares the alumni for the general business of life or for particular professions, and in the case of the Schools affords means for such preparation. As instruments of mental discipline these institutions are almost wholly directed to the cultivation of the intellectual faculties of their students, and have not much to do with the culture of their moral and spiritual powers. Herein lies the great defect of the system of education which obtains in these institutions, and which for shortness sake we shall call the Government system of education, having been inaugurated and enforced by Government as being in accordance with its general policy. The great object of all systems of public education is, or ought to be, to qualify and enable a nation to accomplish the highest end of its existence,—the promotion and security of its highest

happiness. For the accomplishment of this end it is indisputably necessary to inculcate certain principles on the members of the nation, to form certain habits in them, and to communicate a certain kind and amount of knowledge to them. To the inculcation of such principles, the formation of such habits, and the communication of such knowledge it is essential to call forth and develop all the faculties and powers of the nation, that is, of its individual members, whether intellectual, moral, or spiritual, or, in other words, to educate the members. We say, "all the feelings and powers," for the cultivation of any one or of any one kind of these faculties and powers to the exclusion of the rest is worse than useless. Such cultivation is calculated to impair the usefulness and endanger the happiness of the members, and thus to defeat the highest end of the nation. There is a balance, an equilibrium, as it were, among the various faculties and powers of the human mind, established by nature, and which in its original state is conducive to a fair degree of happiness. The conditions of this equilibrium are so arranged that if proportional forces be applied to these faculties and powers to draw out and improve them, the resultant is an elevation of man's nature and an accession of his happiness. But if the forces applied be disproportional, or if some of the faculties and powers be suffered to lie dormant while the others are acted upon, the equilibrium is seriously disturbed, and the result is a distorted and awkward frame of the human mind, alike detrimental to the usefulness and happiness of man. Such a partial cultivation of the mind gives an undue development and preponderance to some of its faculties, which, to vary the figure, like overgrown trees in a forest, overshadow the rest and stint their growth. The culture of the whole mind, of all its faculties and powers, is as necessary to its healthy and useful development, as the exercise of the whole body, of all its limbs and parts, is to its vigorous and beautiful growth. We thus see how necessary it is that every system of public education should be such as can give due exercise to all the mental faculties and powers of those who are brought up under it. We also see how defective the Government system of education in this country

is. Under this system it is not the whole man that is educated, but a part of him. The intellectual powers of the pupils of the Government and aided schools and colleges receive by far the greatest share of the culture effected under this system, their moral faculties receive a very small share of it, and their religious principles are totally neglected. All that is cared for is a certain amount of knowledge, in the pupils, of certain specified subjects of a purely secular nature, and the passing by them of certain prescribed tests. When this amount is acquired, or appears to be acquired, and these tests are passed, the education of the passed pupils is considered as finished, and they are sent out into the world to shift for themselves. How their characters are formed, what habits they contract, what propensities they show, what their general conduct is while they are at school, what indication they give of what they may become in their after-life, what sort of men they turn out to be after they have entered the world, and how far they succeed in securing their own happiness, and the prosperity of the community to which they belong, are matters which this system wholly ignores, practically if not theoretically. It thus ignores the necessity for the moral and spiritual perfection of our nature. It is a sort of intellectual gymnasium, but is not what it more properly ought to be—a moral and spiritual palestra. Intellectual advancement is undoubtedly a very great thing, but only when pursued as a means to moral and spiritual culture. It is a shallow and mischievous notion that high literary and scientific attainments are by themselves great and worthy objects, and that they excuse the neglect of moral and spiritual improvement. Such attainments are very brilliant, and are very desirable embellishments to a morally and spiritually good and great man, and when subordinated and made subservient to moral goodness and spiritual excellence their utility and necessity to our happiness both here and hereafter are undeniable. But *per se*, that is apart from moral excellence and spiritual worth, the highest triumphs in literature and science are of little value, and may be productive of positive evil. Among the causes of the first French Revolution, whose horrors are perhaps “within the memory of

men still living," are mentioned "the infidel writings of Voltaire and Rousseau," men whose infidelity was not, we suppose, owing to want of all mental cultivation, but to intellectual cultivation exclusive of proper moral and spiritual culture. Again, there is a very strong moral reason why we should not neglect to improve and turn to the best account every faculty and power with which our Maker has endowed us. The faculties and powers whether intellectual, moral, or spiritual, with which we are furnished, are so many talents—we use the word talent here in its original etymological sense—with which, as with so many pieces of money, we have been sent to this great market of the world, where we are to spend them, and on our return to the great Master who has sent us we have to render a faithful account of them to Him. While in this market we can make what use or abuse of these talents we please. We can spoil them on objects that will make us happy while we are in the market, and, by securing the approbation of our Master, will also make us happy after we have returned from it; or on objects whose extrinsic appearance is tempting enough to deceive us into buying them, but which intrinsically are worthless, and like the Dead Sea apples disappoint and mortify us, and which make us unhappy for ever; or we can omit to make any use of market them, whether good or bad. But the consequences which the use, abuse, or omission of use, involves, are very serious, being in the case of their good use our Master's smile of approbation which is eternal bliss to us, and in the case of their abuse or neglect His frown of displeasure which is eternal misery to us. If such being the case, ought it to be a matter of indifference to us whether the faculties and powers we possess are drawn out, improved and used to the best advantage, or are suffered to lie dormant and be wasted unprofitably? Is it not clearly our duty and interest to make the best practicable use of them, to turn them to the best account—to spend them in the purchase of articles the sight of which will please Him whose we are, and thus procure us everlasting felicity?

• But though we have been finding fault with the Government system of education in this country, we do not mean to say that

the Government is to blame for having adopted and enforced it. On the contrary considering the peculiar and difficult position in which it is placed we hardly see how it can safely pursue a better, a more complete system. As regards religion, customs, manners, prejudices, and social and domestic arrangements, the governed race has very little in common with the governing, and it is a mixed and heterogeneous community. The forming of measures affecting such a community under any circumstances is extremely difficult. A minister of religion experiences great difficulty in preaching to a mixed congregation, and a public speaker in speaking to a mixed audience. The difficulty in these cases arises chiefly from the necessity of making the sermon or the speech suitable to the different sects or parties that compose the congregation or the audience, so that it may inform the understanding, please the imagination, move the passions, or influence the will of every one of these sects or parties without hurting the feelings or prejudices of any one of them. Great as this difficulty is, it is often not insuperable, and the consequences of a failure to meet it are not ordinarily very serious. But the difficulties which a civilised and enlightened government has to encounter in devising and carrying out plans or systems, balancing the interests of a mixed alien population, are very often formidable, and the consequences of a failure to guard against them are not unfrequently disastrous. Of such a nature are the difficulties that the British Government of India has to face in attempting the moral and spiritual training of the people of this country, and it is, therefore, in our humble opinion justified in pursuing the system which it has hitherto pursued in educational matters.

The Missionary Colleges and Schools in this country are the only institutions where religious instruction is given to the pupils. While the Government and grant-in-aid institutions cautiously avoid direct interference with the religious prejudices of their pupils, these Colleges and Schools boldly address themselves to the task of removing such prejudices, and require their students to devote a portion of their time to the study of the Bible. This, we need hardly say, is the distinction that we alluded to in a

former part of this paper, as existing between the colleges and schools supported by the Government and the people of the country, and those maintained by missionary bodies. There is not, however, a strong desire in the pupils of these missionary colleges and schools to benefit by their religious teaching; and they are resorted to by native boys more for the secular knowledge they communicate than for the religious instruction they offer to convey.

We have thus far spoken of the institutions whose professed object is the instruction of the youth of the country, and whose influence on their character is direct and immediate. Besides these there are other institutions, which exercise an indirect but real influence, whether for good or for evil, on the formation of habits, and thus affect the national character of the people. Among such are the political constitution of the country—the peculiar arrangement of the three great branches of its sovereign power, the executive, the legislative, and the judicial,—the public offices, the courts of justice, the institutions and laws relating to life and property, the Telegraphic and Railway lines, the mercantile firms and shops &c. These institutions have, besides their direct effects, an indirect but decided influence on all persons whether young or old, and are thus institutions of public instruction in the widest sense of the term—the instruction, namely, of not only the young but of persons of all ages. “The bearing of the constitution of a country upon its internal life,” says Dr. Arnott, “is twofold; direct and indirect. For example, the effect of any particular arrangement of the judicial power is seen directly in the greater or less purity with which justice is administered; but there is a further effect, and one of the highest importance, in its furnishing to a greater or less portion of the nation one of the best means of moral and intellectual culture, the opportunity, namely, of exercising the functions of a judge. I mean that to accustom a number of persons to the intellectual exercise of attending to, and weighing, and comparing evidence, and to the moral exercise of being placed in a high and responsible situation, invested with one of God’s own attributes, that of judg-

ment, and having to determine with authority between truth and falsehood, right and wrong, is to furnish them with very high means of moral and intellectual culture, in other words, it is providing them with one of the highest kinds of education. * * * So in the same way different arrangements of the executive and legislative powers should be always regarded in this twofold aspect; as effecting their direct objects, good government and good legislation; and as educating the nation more or less extensively by affording to a greater or less number of persons practical lessons in governing and legislating." The twofold bearing of the rest of the institutions we have just mentioned, their effect, namely, in accomplishing their direct objects, and their tendency to influence the habits and to modify the character of the people, and thus to educate them, may be explained in the same way, but it is needless here to do so.

Let us now consider what results the institutions we have spoken of, and the system we have discussed, have produced; what influence they have been exercising on the national mind of the Hindus of Bengal, what modification of their national character they have effected. It is patent to all, even to the most careless observer, that since the period at which exertions for the education of the people of this country began to be made under the British Government, a great radical change, a mighty revolution, in fact, in the intellectual, moral, spiritual and social status of the population has been silently but steadily going on all over the country, similar in kind, though not in the mode of its occurrence and progress, to that which began to take place in Europe after the dismemberment of the Western Empire and the settlement in its provinces of the barbarian tribes who had brought about its destruction, and which having resulted in the state of things that we at present see in that quarter of the globe, has made the fall of that empire the line of demarkation, as it were, between the two great divisions of its history, respectively denominated *Ancient* and *Modern*. Our readers will perhaps understand us to mean, at any rate to imply, that the

revolution to which we are here alluding as going on in this country has, like the one to which we have compared it, divided our history into two distinct parts, ancient and modern. We do not mean, however, quite so. Our history up to this time is not, as the history of Europe certainly is, partly a record of a state of things that has long gone by, and partly a record of a state of things that still is going on,—partly a biography of nations long since dead and gone, and partly that of nations still living. Our history, on the contrary, is the history of a nation whose identity has continued unbroken through a series of ages, which began nobody knows when,—a nation which, from its hoar antiquity and peculiarity of character and institutions, stands out in bold relief, as it were, in the midst of the other nations of the world. True, a portion of our history has been called ancient by some European writers, but evidently not in the sense in which the earlier portion of the history of Europe is called ancient. These writers must have applied the epithet ancient to a portion of our history only because the events narrated in that portion took place in the period denominated ancient in the history of their own continent. But we do not see that, if the revolution under notice be allowed to take the course which it seems very likely to take, if it should bring about a fusion of races such as the European revolution we have referred to brought about, and by such fusion should give rise to a state of things similar to what has arisen in Europe, then our history will be divided into ancient and modern in the European sense of the words. But who can tell what a day may bring forth? Human foresight is limited, remarkably limited, and human calculations are not to be relied upon. Man proposes, but God disposes. Napoleon went to bed “that memorable night of frost” on his retreat from Moscow the virtual monarch of all Europe, but rose in the morning the commander of the shattered remains of his mighty army destroyed by the frost overnight, to be eventually defeated, captured and shut up as a close prisoner in a little island. But whatever may be the future course of the revolution going on in this country, and whatever may be its ultimate results, there is a singularly

fortunate and gratifying feature in it—it is unattended with civil disturbances and bloodshed. Civil wars have so generally marked the commencement and progress of revolutions and reformatations that it has been said that “the ear of civilisation has dripped with blood; the throes and throbblings which mark every new birth of society have been wars.” But revolution in Bengal is a happy exception to the general rule of revolutions, a singular phenomenon in human history, and may well be held up to the admiration of the world as an agreeably surprising achievement, and to future revolutionists and reformers as an instructive lesson. Society in Bengal generally, and the Hindu society in it especially, is being revolutionised,—sacred rights are being invaded, immemorial customs are being violated, long established institutions are being abolished, long enjoyed privileges are being withdrawn, long standing prejudices are being outraged; tender feelings are being wounded, fondly cherished associations are being broken, ties of tender affection are being rudely torn asunder, dearest friends and dearest relatives are being separated, not locally but socially, Mothers from brothers, sisters from sisters, husbands from wives, parents from children—but all the country is quiet, the routine of the life is quietly followed, and scarcely any body seems to take notice of what is going on around him. To what, the question naturally arises, is this singularity, this exceptionality, of our revolution owing? It appears to us to be owing partly to the strength and prestige of the Government we live under, partly to the fact that the revolution is being brought about by intellectual and moral instruments, but chiefly, we make bold to say, to our moral and physical degeneracy. This great and exceptional revolution is the chief result achieved by the institutions and the systems we have noticed above; or, in other words, the educational measures that have been in operation in this country for the last fifty years have altered, either for the better or for the worse, the intellectual, moral, spiritual, and social condition of its people. The Hindus of this country have availed themselves of these measures the most, and, as a natural consequence, the change in their national cha-

racter has been the greatest and the most marked. Our business now is to trace this change.

(To be continued.)

WHEELER'S HISTORY OF INDIA.

VOL. IV. PART I.

The scope of the fourth volume of Mr. Wheeler's History of India is variously stated in the preface to be "to trace the history of India under Mussulman rule," and "to treat of the Mussulman people." In the opening sentence of the book it is further stated, that "the history of Mussulman India is the record of a collision between two races, the Turks and the Hindus;—these different statements may not at first sight appear very much to militate against one another, but a perusal of Mr. Wheeler's book will shew that he has made the treatment of the history of India under the Mussulman rule quite subservient to a narration of the collision between the Turk and the Hindu. This collision, Mr. Wheeler conceives, is the cause of bringing about "four different stages in the development of the religion of the Koran—the Sunni, the Shiah, the Sufi and the Surati revival." Mr. Wheeler labours to bring out prominently the characteristics of the four stages, and we must at the outset admit that, as a dissertation to prove the succession of these stages, his work is beyond all praise. It possesses all the merits, and we are sorry to add, most of the defects of a masterpiece of special pleading. All the facts which can in any way be made to prove the sequence are prominently and picturesquely set forth, while all others of whatever value as materials for histories of either the "drum and trumpet," or the social development class, are hurriedly swept out of view. Whole dynasties are passed over with scant, and in most cases, contemptuous recognition. Despots of the beneficent and the ogre type alike fail to attract attention, and the progression or the retrogression of the Turk or the Hindu, unlike their supposed collision, scarcely finds any place in the book.

another division of the subject which Mr. Wheeler makes, that into the Mussulman and the Moghul period. We will not say that there may not be some slight foundation for this division; but Mr. Wheeler's habit of making too much of a good thing betrays him here as elsewhere into arguments which it would be too ridiculous seriously to consider, were it not for the deliberate nonchalance with which he propounds them. A smile involuntarily rises to the reader's lips as he lights on one of Mr. Wheeler's model arguments; but he is staggered by the author's assurance, and thinks twice before he allows it full play. The arguments which Mr. Wheeler brings forward to prove that the Moghuls were no Mussulmans, are eminently of this description. They resolve themselves into the following. Taimur was no Mussulman, Baber was none, nor was Humayon, or any of those that succeeded him till we come to Aurangzeb. Taimur was no Mussulman, "because," says Mr. Wheeler, "no strict Mussulman would have made war upon a brother Mussulman. No strict Sunni would have attacked a brother Sunni. Taimur made war upon the Sultan of Aelhi. The Sultan was a Sunni; he was maintaining the rule of Islam over idolators." (p. 126). The syllogism is completed in Mr. Wheeler's best manner; but it has one vital defect: it is not based on a true major premise. It will be enough to say that, were Mr. Wheeler's assertion correct, the best part of his occupation, as far as this volume is concerned, would, like Othello's, be "gone." It may also be added that, on this supposition, the millennium will come not when Christ shall rule on earth, or when the Peace Society should have attained its goal but when the religion of the most red-handed of impostors, as Muhammad has so often been called, should overshadow all others.

Baber also was no Mussulman for the same reason. "He made war against Mussulmans and Sunnis. He confederated with the idolatrous Rana against Mussulmans. If ever he professed himself to be a Sunni, it was to ingratiate himself with the Afgans." (p. 131). This argument requires no answer, but, in connection with it, it may be proper to show with what coolness

Mr. Wheeler can throw a fact overboard when it does not square with the place he would have assigned it in his theory. Mr. Wheeler makes sad havoc among the Mussulman historians of the Moghul period, yet he does not impeach the veracity of Baber's autobiography, and he expressly states that his history of Baber's reign is based on it, Ferishta and the fourth volume of Elliot's history. Now, in these memoirs Baber narrates that at a critical point of his conflict with the Rana of Chitor, "he broke up his drinking vessels—he swore that he would never take wine." This fact, as far as it goes, would be a fatal blow to Mr. Wheeler's theory; and like many authors of his class, he does not, to prevent such a catastrophe, hesitate to say "so much the worse for the fact." "The fact is open to question" is Mr. Wheeler's dogmatic verdict, for no other reason than that it has the misfortune not to fit into his theory.

Next we come to Humayun. Mr. Wheeler's verdict is the same with regard to him as with regard to his two predecessors. This time the verdict is founded on Humayun's "hankering after the religion of his Moghul ancestors. He divided his household affairs according to the four elements of fire, air, water and earth. He built a pavilion with several apartments of different colours to represent the sun, moon and planets; he sat each day in a different apartment; he transacted business or took his pleasure according to the reigning luminary." It must be admitted that this is a stronger argument than any we have yet had the good fortune to meet with in our review of Mr. Wheeler's book. Humayun certainly was wedded to superstitions incompatible with a strict adherence to the religion of the Koran, though Mr. Wheeler will find it difficult to point out many Mussulman Sultans who did not on important occasions act in accordance with the advice of their astrologers. Whether Humayun's particular superstitions formed the old religion of the Moghuls, we are not sufficiently versed in the latter to decide. Mr. Wheeler has found various suggestive passages in the works of travellers, whereby he hopes in a subsequent work, to prove the Moghul origin of the Hindu people and the Vedic conceptions; and we have no doubt that he will per-

form his task as plausibly and as picturesquely as the one we have now before us. In the mean time we can only say that, we expected a different description of the Vedic people from one who has, not without some success, made the history of ancient India his special study. "The Vedic people," says Mr. Wheeler, "worshipped a thousand gods in turn; they prayed to one and all for the material blessings of this life. They did not pray for righteousness; they did not seek righteousness; they did not pray in behalf of others." (p. 125).

To return to Humayun, there was one passage in his life, which would to all but Mr. Wheeler have furnished a crucial test to ascertain his religious tendencies. When a refugee in Persia, Humayun was required by Shah Thamasp to adopt the Shiah creed. If he had been the nominal or no Mussulman, which Mr. Wheeler asserts all Moghuls to have been, he would not have exposed himself to all the indignity and danger that he did, before abjuring the Sunni tenets. Mr. Wheeler, of course, has nothing to do with this. No fact counts with him for anything, unless it can lend itself in support of his particular theory. The circumstances are fully narrated in the memoirs of Humayun, which he contemptuously throws aside, not teaching "little respecting the man." His acquaintance with the work may however be judged from the fact that he believes it to have been written by Humayun himself. (p. 131, note 15.) He would not have been betrayed into this egregious blunder, if he had condescended to read even a page of the work on which he passes such a summary judgment.

We will conclude this lengthy discussion of Mr. Wheeler's division of his subject with a few words on the religious tendencies of Akbar. Akbar was certainly not a strict Mussulman; and, were it not presumptuous on our part to analyse the causes which led Mr. Wheeler to make this unfortunate division, we should say it was the hope of erecting a superstructure on the comparatively slight foundation of Akbar's heterodoxy, whereby to bring into prominence his European authorities and utterly to discredit all Mussulman historians who flourished in the Moghul period. Mr. Wheeler has laid his hand on certain European works, and unfor-

unately considers himself bound entirely to remodel the history of Moghul India as it has hitherto been fashioned. That he can not however do unless he can free himself of the restraints imposed by the received conceptions on the subject; and he finds an easy way of doing this by saying, that Akbar's heterodoxy ruined the power and prestige of the ulama and rendered a trustworthy Mussulman history of India from that time forward an impossibility. We will not at this place compare the trustworthiness of the value of the European books of travel, and the Mussulman histories, but will only say that we congratulate Mr. Wheeler on the possession of his European authorities, but not on the use he has made of them.

We have not much to say against Mr. Wheeler's treatment of the period which he improperly designates as exclusively Mussulman. He has, of course, his theory of the sequence of the four stages, to which we have before alluded; to maintain, and according to his wont he does this by a prominent mention of the facts which support it and a total suppression of all others. All facts that he does mention, however, he narrates with a picturesqueness and an antithetic vigour which leaves little to be desired. But we have something to allege even against this antithetic vigour. His love for it frequently betrays him into sentences which do not possess the gravity proper for works of the class to which his belongs. We will take one example. Mr. Wheeler has to say that Subuktaghin was a real soldier, but cannot bear to say it in this bold matter-of-fact way. He drags an antithesis in and says that, slave or no slave, Subuktaghin was a soldier, (p. 24), as if there could be any doubt about Subuktaghin's original status, and as if there is any necessary connection between the facts which are brought forward in antithetic contrast. While speaking of the minor defects of the book we cannot forbear to say a word on Mr. Wheeler's method of spelling Indian words. To call the portion of India lying between Hindustan proper and the peninsula Dekhan, and neither Deckan, Dakhin, nor Dakshina, serves only to make confusion worse confounded. We can multiply examples of this kind, but they sink into utter insignificance.

when compared with the more radical defects of the book. Another defect of Mr. Wheeler's book arises from his ambition to write a very smart style—an ambition which certainly overleaps itself. Mr. Wheeler's style is smart enough for any other writer, but he is always eager to add to it by factitious means. A paragraph frequently begins with a sentence which promises much, and looks as if it were a prelude to a subtle disquisition, a striking parallel, or, what is Mr. Wheeler's principal forte or foible, a marked antithesis. Thus, after saying, that "the wars of Mahammad Ghorî and Kutubuddin may be likened to those of Mahmud," he impotently ends merely by saying that they destroyed idols and compelled the idolaters to pay *Jeziya* or tribute. Again, after being told with great pathos that the after-life of a particular Rajput Queen "can never be told," the reader while expecting to find between the lines something "more than meets the eye" as to her disastrous end, only discovers that she could not refuse to be the wife of her conqueror, and did indeed rise to that estate. Mr. Wheeler's parallels are also often most curious. The notable one between Asoka and Akbar which may hereafter be quoted as a counterpart of that between Alexander of Macedon and Harry of Monmouth will be noticed at its proper place. Another of a less startling character may be mentioned here. While speaking of the relations subsisting between the empires of Delhi and Gour, after Bakhtyar Khilji's conquest of the latter, Mr. Wheeler says that, "in one instance, which will appear hereafter, the Sultan of Gour (Sher Shah) conquered all Hindustan and the Panjab." Mr. Wheeler rather oddly adds "the case is curious," and then says, "The British Government in like manner conquered Hindustan and the Punjab from the side of Bengal." We may remark *en passant* that "Hindustan and the Punjab" hears uncommonly like "quadrupeds and horses."

We will pass over Mr. Wheeler's treatment of Islam before the conquest of India, and will at once come to Mahmud of Ghazni's invasions. Mr. Wheeler prefaces these by what he calls the characteristics of the Hindus, the Rajputs and the Mussulmans. An enumeration of the first, however, is entirely out of

place, as our author is fain to admit, in a note that the Rajputs were the first Hindus the Mussulmans had to encounter; and the characteristics he ascribes to the Hindus do not apply to them. The characteristics, however, were necessary to heighten the accounts of the collision with which Mr. Wheeler threatens us from the outset. The invasions are also selected with an eye to this, as those only find a place which resulted in the breaking of idols and the plunder of temples. Mr. Wheeler is however unwary enough to admit that, even in the first years of the collision, when Sunnism and orthodoxy were yet rampant, Mahmud spared Kanouj because the Raja made his submission; he even concluded an alliance with the Raja." It will be seen hereafter that this alliance with unbelievers forms a strong article in the indictment against the Moghuls.

The history of Mussulman India during the century and half which followed the death of Mahmud, Mr. Wheeler treats as a blank; and at this place we cannot do otherwise than follow him. Like the invasions of Mahmud of Ghazni, the conquests of Mahammad Ghorî are narrated very briefly. Mr. Wheeler, however, gives some facts which are not to be found in the authorities on which he generally depends, and this without mentioning any particular source from which he derives them. The second invasion of Mahammad Ghorî which resulted in the defeat of Prithvi Raja of Delhi in 1193 is said by one author to have been commenced at the instigation of Jaychande Roy of Kanouj. This is not however mentioned in the *Sabakat-i-Nasiri* or in *Ferishtah*, the only works to which Mr. Wheeler's research extends, and if we may judge from another case we have already mentioned, even with which his acquaintance is not of the deepest. The error, it appears to us, may be explained by the supposition that the author must have had a lingering memory of Mahamud of Ghazni's alliance with the prince who reigned at Kanouj in the time of the latter.

The reign of Kutubuddin Aibak and the establishment of the empire of Gour are hurriedly discussed, and then we come to a period "the annals of which are inexpressibly wearisome."

They tell of revolts which are without interest, and of reigns which are without significance." This 'significance' or 'interest' or 'association,' as it is variously termed, is merely another name to describe capability for use in illustrating and proving Mr. Wheeler's particular ideas. Altamsh, one of the emperors who reigned in this period, "suppressed," in Mr. Wheeler's own words, "all revolts and reigned supreme over both kingdoms of Delhi and Oor. He also established an ascendancy over the Rajpoots and brought the contests with the Hindus to an end." One would have thought that "association" and "significance" apart, there was a great deal for a historian to say about a reign which could merit such a summary. Altamsh was succeeded by his daughter Sultan Reziya, a woman who "throwing off the dress and veil of her sex" could, by her talents and capacity of government, surmount the inveterate aversion felt by all Mussulmans against female rulers, could suppress the revolts which sprung up around her throne, and, when worsted and imprisoned by her turbulent nobles, could induce her jailor to espouse her and her cause, would, under other circumstances, have been surrounded with all the glamour which attaches to the name of Mary Stuart, and would have had a whole literature written about her. Yet she is here dismissed with a statement remarkable alike for its inaccuracy and curtness. But it is our business here to follow Mr. Wheeler, and the next Sultan that we have to notice is Alaaddin Khilji.

The reign of Alaaddin Khilji is one after Mr. Wheeler's heart, and he narrates the events that took place in it with great vigour. Here he lays aside for a moment his brief and curt way of describing matters and runs out into general remarks. There is, for instance, one paragraph about the indifference with "which murder and usurpation are passed over by the masses in oriental countries." There is however a confusion of ideas involved in this. That the masses in oriental countries are apathetic we do not deny, but the apathy arises from a sense of powerlessness and not from any lust of blood. It is beyond all doubt that Indians feel a greater horror of blood than almost any other nation.

Mr. Wheeler finds three points in the life of Alauddin which are specially suggestive. "He is the first Sultan of India who married a Hindu Princess; he is the first who set aside the authority of the Koran as upheld by the 'ulama'; he is the first who sought to become a prophet and found a new religion. "Possibly," continues Mr. Wheeler, drifting into a sea of speculation, "this Hindu wife upset his religious faith; he drifted into a sea of speculation." It is necessary here to weigh well the magnitude of the cause and of the effect assigned to it. For a Sultan of India a wife more or less was like a drop in the ocean, and it certainly is "farfetched," as the author fears it will seem, to make her responsible for any changes in the faith of her husband. She does not seem to have had any great influence over him in political matters, and Alauddin was not the man to hold communion with his queens on points of faith and doctrine. The influence of a Hindu wife was not moreover considered at any period of the contact between the Hindus and Mussulmans to have been peculiarly dangerous or deleterious; for it will be remembered that two Hindu women were sent to the harem of the Amir-ul-Manminni himself as the first fruits of the Mussulman conquest of Sindh. But the cause is not only inadequate; it had nothing whatever to do with the effect. Alauddin set aside the authority of the 'ulama' because he was self-willed and could not brook restraint; because he was ignorant and could not comprehend the technicalities of the law. He set up for a prophet because he was elated with his success; because he knew no superior in temporal, and was unwilling to acknowledge any in spiritual matters. This we venture to think is a more rational explanation of the three points noticed by Mr. Wheeler than the one he offers. Deval Devi was a captive, and became an inmate of the seraglio solely on account of her personal charms. She is not credited with any mental superiority, and it is certain that she could not speak Alauddin's language with eloquence or even with the fluency which is necessary to produce conviction in the mind of a hearer. That her power over him, if she ever possessed any, was not of a permanent character, is evident from the fact that she was imprisoned

at the instigation of Malik Kafur towards the close of Alauddin's reign. That such a woman should have been instrumental in producing any change in the religious faith of Alauddin is, to say the least of it, extremely improbable.

It would be needless to notice the troublous times that followed the death of Alauddin, were it not for the strange inferences which Mr. Wheeler draws from the acts of a senseless mob. One sentence however will suffice to show the correctness of Mr. Wheeler's reasoning. Speaking of the marriage of Deval Devi with Khusru Khan who reigned rather than ruled for five months in Delhi, Mr. Wheeler says that "this marriage was contrary to Hindu usage; possibly it raised him in Hindu opinion." How an act contrary to Hindu usage can raise the perpetrator of it in Hindu opinion we are unable to discover.

Mr. Wheeler narrates the rule of the Tughlaks with tolerable accuracy, though even here there is much left to describe in his treatment of the subject. The eccentricities of Muhammad Tughlak are duly chronicled, but the beneficent rule of Firoz Shah which improved the resources of the country almost for all time, and raised the condition of the people has, according to Mr. Wheeler, no historical interest. Yet what this Emperor did is thus summarised by our author. "He defeated the Moghuls and drove them back to their own country. He abolished all unlawful cesses. He brought waste lands under cultivation. He dug canals and built many dams and bridges. The ryots grow rich and were satisfied. Every man had grain and horses; every woman had jewels and ornaments; every house had beds and furniture. Firuz Shah forbade all torture and mutilation of criminals. He put down heresy and false doctrine; he destroyed idol temples with all their books, vessels and images." (p. 74.)

There is one fact to be noticed in the reign of Firoz Shah. "Firoz Shah was very strict with the Brahmans. Hitherto they had been exempted from paying Jozya or pole tax; the Sultan declared that they were the keys to the chambers of idolatry, and could no longer be excused. . . . One Brahman especially kindled the anger of the Sultan. . . . The Sultan declared he must either

accept Islam or be burnt alive. The Brahman was obstinate and would not embrace the faith. He was bound hand and foot; he was burnt to death before all the people" (pp. 74-5). The general course of Mr. Wheeler's arguments is to prove that the religion of the Koran underwent a gradual deterioration in India which culminated in the reign of Akbar. Yet we find a Sultan almost at the close of the Afghan rule, who rigorously enforces all the penal laws against the Hindus, and who even burns one Brahman alive for not embracing Islam. It is also remarkable that this Sultan was the son of a Rajput mother, a fact which deals a fatal blow to all Mr. Wheeler's long drawn theories about the influence of Hindu women. Two apocryphal stories about his setting up two ancient stone pillars in Delhi and about his holding an umbrella over a Hindu idol do not in the least mend matters, and only serve to show, to what straits Mr. Wheeler is often reduced in fighting for his hobbies. We do not however wish to press this argument. We would be only imitating one of the cardinal defects of Mr. Wheeler's method if we attempted rashly to generalize from one isolated instance.

The third chapter is one of the most curious in Mr. Wheeler's book. The opening sentences lead us to expect some of Mr. Wheeler's peculiarities in a more than ordinarily exaggerated form. "So long," say Mr. Wheeler, "as the Mussulmans stayed in the Punjab and Hindustan, they were recruited from the hotbeds of Islam in Central Asia; they were held tightly together in the brother-hood of the faith; they continued to be orthodox, bigoted and intolerant. There was no tampering with Hinduism, no intermarrying with Hindu princesses, no development of Hindu influences at the court and capital at Delhi. From the moment the Mussulmans struck into the south, their political and religious life entered upon a new phase. Their history widened out into unexplored countries; they came in contact with fresh races and languages; they became isolated from their fellow Mussulmans of the Punjab and Hindustan; they probably formed connections with Hindu women of the South; they leaned towards Hinduism and Hindus." (p. 80). We will briefly

consider these arguments. Deoghar was not further from the hot-bed of Islam than Lakhnauti,* and yet Mr. Wheeler shows no reason why the events that took place in the former did not happen in the latter. Moreover, there was continuous intercourse between Delhi and Deoghar which were, up to the starting point of this chapter, under the same rule, whereas Lakhnauti was the capital of a separate empire. The only other argument deserving of notice in these sentences is that about the influence of Hindu women. We have discussed this topic on a previous occasion and it is difficult here to point out that our author is candid enough to say that the Mussulmans of the Dekan *probably* formed connections with the Hindu women of the south. The word "probably" proves that there is not a tittle of evidence for the surmise, which is hazarded merely because it serves to round off Mr. Wheeler's arguments such as they are. We do not notice the other arguments because they are mere platitudes unworthy of a writer of Mr. Wheeler's ability.

Now, for the history of the Deekan which is adduced in support of Mr. Wheeler's theory. We will narrate it briefly. In 1320 the Rajas of the Deekan rebelled against Delhi, and the army sent against Warangal fled from its neighbourhood in a panic. A second army was more successful, it captured Warangal. In spite of all that Mr. Wheeler has to say, we can see nothing extraordinary in this. In 1320 anarchy and misrule were the order of the day at Delhi; and nothing was more likely than that the newly conquered Rajas of the Deekan should endeavour to regain their liberty. The panic of the Delhi army is as easily explained. As soon as order was reinstated at Delhi under the Tughlaks, Warangal was captured and the Raja

* Mr. Wheeler says in a note that phenomena similar to those which occurred in the Deekan may be traced in Bengal. 'The Mussulmans of Bengal', says he, 'were quite as isolated as those of the Deekan, quite as ready to revolt against Delhi.' There is no doubt of this, Bengal was in fact a separate Mussulman Kingdom long before the Deekan was conquered, but the separation of both arose not from the influence of the Hindus, but because an empire comprising Bengal and the Deekan could only be kept together by an emperor of more than ordinary genius.

brought under subjection. The same phenomenon was repeated in 1347, under the eccentric rule of Muhammad Tughlak. But the results were vastly different. The panic of the Mussulman army was changed into mutiny, and Deekan became a separate Mussulman kingdom. Up to this point we have found no religious antagonism at play. But Hasan Ganga the first Sultan of the Deekan happened to be a Shiah. Mr. Wheeler eagerly seizes upon this fact, and makes it the point d'appui for an extensive system of theories. Hasan Ganga was "outwardly," says Mr. Wheeler, "a Mussulman and a Shiah. In reality he was perhaps half a Mussulman, half a Hindu." It must be admitted that facts are "fearfully and wonderfully" manufactured by Mr. Wheeler. "Perhaps" and "probably" are potent instruments in his hands. But let us see what evidence there is for doubting that Hasan Ganga was a good Mussulman. He had been brought up by a Brahman, and he made the latter his finance minister. So insignificant however was the influence of the Brahman that, as Mr. Wheeler himself admits, he is not once heard of after his installation as a minister. Then, at the outset of his reign, Hasan Ganga trimmed between the Hindu and the Mussulmans. This his position compelled him to do, and later on, as he felt greater security he "left off trimming." This is absolutely the whole evidence for proving Hasan Ganga a Hindu, and we need hardly point out that it is of the flimsiest description. But Mr. Wheeler has yet another resource left. If Hasan can not be proved to have been a Hindu, the whole of his sect can. "They (the Shiahs) we are told "believe in God as the supreme spirit. . . . They believe in a succession at once hereditary and apostolic through Ali and his two sons. Their distinctive dogmas then approximated to those of Brahmanism; they were worked upon by Bramanism." (p. 86) the metaphysical portion of this description will be new to most Shiahs, and will be indignantly disclaimed by them; and the fact that they resort to "fisticuffs, cudgels and swords" in their encounters with Hindus with certainly as much alacrity as in those with Sunnis, shows that the approximation of their dogmas

to those of Brahmanism, if it is at all a fact; is productive of no appreciable effect on their conduct.

Hasan Ganga was succeeded by a Sunni who "still maintained a show of friendship with his Hindu neighbours;" but this "was only to secure himself upon the throne." One could have thought that his father had more need to secure himself upon the throne. From the accession of Muhammad the son of Hasan, the very heading of the chapter "Shiah Revolt in the Dekhan" became a misnomer, and it is difficult to understand why Mr. Wheeler goes on with the "chronicle of the Sultans which can scarcely be called history," except on the supposition that he considers himself bound to make something of the title of the chapter. The successive Sultans were all orthodox Sunnis and went on waging sanguinary wars with the Hindus. Ismail Adil-Shah founder of the Kingdom of Bijapore, which rose on the ruins of the Bahmani empire, was the first potentate after Hasan Ganga who was a professed Shiah. But even in Bijapore the Shiahs were not predominant, and it was only after a doubtful struggle that they gained a short-lived triumph. Ismail Adil Shiah was however succeeded by a Sunni, and here, as in the annals of the Bahmani kingdom, the very name of Shiah disappeared. We can not but conclude our review of the third chapter with the remark that its title is as misleading and, we might almost say, as irrelevant as those of the three-volume novels of the day.

We have already discussed Mr. Wheeler's division of the history of Mussulman India into those of Mussulman India and Moghal India. It will be remembered by all, who have read Erskine's translation of Baber's Memoirs, that Baber was a Moghal only by the mother's side, and that he never spoke of the Moghal nation but with contempt and aversion. "Under these circumstances," observes Mr. Erskine, "it may seem one of the strangest caprices of fortune that the empire which he founded in India should have been called both in the country and by foreigners the empire of the Moghals" (p. 236) The reason is, says Elphinstone, that the Indians call all Northern Mussulmans,

except the Afghans, Moghals; but whatever may be the reason, the fact is clear, that 'Moghal', as applied to Baber and his dynasty, is a misnomer; and now that it ceases to be a mere name and acquires significance in Mr. Wheeler's hand it is necessary at once to correct it. But the question naturally arises what was Baber if not a Moghal, and the answer is clear. He was a Turk, being a lineal descendant of Taimur; about whose nationality there is little or no doubt. The line of demarkation between Turk and Moghal is very obscure and can only be traced with the greater difficulty. Elphinstone gives an excellent resume of all that can be said with certainty on the subject. Unlike him Mr. Wheeler has only got some confused notions on the subject. "The Moghals of historic times," he says in one place, "have three epochs in their history; three stages in their development. They may be distinguished as the Tartar, the Turk and the Persian." The paragraph in which this statement occurs is however headed "Three epochs in Moghal history—Tartar, Turk and Moghal," and in the next page we find that "the Moghals were the ruling tribe among the Tartars." These statements are difficult to reconcile, and demonstrate the hopeless confusion which prevails in Mr. Wheeler's Mongolian ethnology. There is however one point about the Moghals which Mr. Wheeler has grasped with a tenacious hold. It is their religion, in which Mr. Wheeler finds a striking resemblance to that of the Vedic people (Mr. Wheeler evidently is afraid of calling them Aryans), but fails to see that an equally striking resemblance may be traced between the religious ideas and ceremonies of nations which are ethnologically quite distinct. Moreover, even if Mr. Wheeler's premises were correct, the Moghals would be predisposed to Vedic institutions and customs and not to those of the Hindus. All Mr. Wheeler's examples, many of them fanciful enough, point to the latter conclusion, and thus do not in the least support his theory. Mr. Wheeler says of Taimur, "He feasted his court on roasted horse-flesh, after the manner of the Hindu Rajas of the Mahābhārat and Rāmāyana." He might with equal or perhaps even greater truth have said like the chiefs of the Arabian desert,

Were it even allowed to draw any inference from a custom so universal among all nomadic people, it would only prove that the Moghals were akin to the Hindus of the Brahman period, whom Mr. Wheeler conceives to have been essentially different from the Vedic people. In fact Mr. Wheeler seems to think that Brahmans formed a separate and posterior immigration into India (See Vol. III.)

We have already had occasion to notice the meagre details Mr. Wheeler gives of the reigns of Baber and Humayun. Sher Shah is also discussed in the compass of two pages, and in a note to this reign, Mr. Wheeler propounds a strange canon of historical criticism. He disbelieves in Sher Shah's reforms, because "experience teaches (him) that an Afghan like Sher Shah could not have been the beneficent sovereign he is described." Against this experience, the evidence not only of Abbas Khan the kinsman and historian of Sher Shah, but of Ferishta and other historians counts for nothing. Abbas Khan was a Sunni and a kinsman of Sher Shah, but there were plenty of Shiah historians, who would have found it to their interest to confute him, if he had unduly belauded the Afghan and usurping Sultan. Nor is Abbas Khan always laudatory. "The account," says M. H. Elliot, "which he gives of what the Governors did and did not, shew a fearful state of existing anarchy." Most of Sher Shah's improvements were moreover of the material kind, and could not have been palmed off on the historians of Akbar's reign. This is the evidence; the grounds of Mr. Wheeler's experience, he thus states.—"Sher Khan was an Afghan freebooter; he had seized an empire; he only reigned for five years; he was constantly at war with the Rajpoots. It is monstrous to suppose that such a man would have had the time or inclination to dig wells, to plant fruit-trees, or to build mosques and caravanserais. He did one thing which reveals his real character. A Rajpoot garrison had surrendered on condition of marching out with their arms and property. Sher Khan broke faith and slaughtered every man." To take this to pieces Sher Khan was never a freebooter; he did seize the empire, and he did reign only five years, being frequently engaged

in wars during that period. But the digging of wells and the planting of fruit-trees did not require the presence of the Sultan ; he had but to issue his mandate, and the improvements would appear as at the waving of a magician's wand. Other sovereigns equally occupied with wars have effected not only physical improvements, but also legal reforms, which demand more of the sovereign's time. There is also no reason to doubt that, in common with many of his Afghan predecessors, Sher Shah possessed an inclination for constructing works of public utility and convenience. The massacre of the garrison of Raisin is indeed a foul blot on his fair fame, but it ought to be remembered that it was perpetrated with the sanction of the Ulama, who adjudged the commander of the garrison to death for his cruelty towards Musulman prisoners.

Mr. Wheeler gives a pretty long account of the reign of Akber and does not by any means underrate its importance. "It is," says he, "one of the most important in the history of the world." This promises much, but the reader is in the next sentence startled with the statement that it bears a strong resemblance to that of Asoka. "Asoka was putting down revolt in the Punjab when his father died; so was Akber. Asoka was occupied for years in conquering and consolidating his empire; so was Akber. Asoka conquered all India to the north of the Nerbudda; so did Akber. Asoka was tolerant of other religions; so was Akber. Asoka went against the priests; so did Akber. Asoka taught a religion of his own; so did Akber. Asoka abstained from flesh-meat; so did Akber. In the end Asoka took refuge in Buddha, the law and the assembly. In the end Akbar recited the formula of Islam:—"there is but one God, and Muhammad is his prophet" (p. 136). The resemblance may be rendered still more striking as the *Saturday Review* has remarked. "Asoka begins with an A; so does Akber. Asoka is written with five letters; so is Akber." Arguments like these would have no need to be ashamed of themselves, if they were marshalled with those Mr. Wheeler brings forward. Mr. Wheeler somewhat mars the effect of these striking parallels by admitting that "some of these coincidents

are mere accidents," though he still comes by some occult process to the conclusion that "they add a new chapter to the history of mankind."

Mr. Wheeler gives a graphic and correct account of Akber's policy with regard to the Rajputs. He has however an evident dislike for the Rajput marriages, and he has no difficulty in making out that they formed the weak points in the system. There is no evidence in history to prove that they were disliked by the Mussulmans; but Mr. Wheeler has the faculty of inferring a great deal "more than meets the eye." He concludes that the Rajput marriages were disliked by the Mussulmans, because the Rajput brides are not named by the Mussulman historians. The only example cited is that of Jahangir who does not name his mother. If any dislike can be inferred from such an apparently irrelevant and unimportant fact, even that seems to have died out in the second generation when there was no more reserve in naming the Rajput brides. The consideration of Akbar's Rajput nobility leads to a description of the Moghal aristocracy; and here we are startled with the statement that preferment and power were in the Moghal system the rewards of a white complexion and not of ability or valour or loyalty. We can easily suppose that, as the Amirs and Mausavdars would be mostly drawn from beyond the North-Western frontier, white would be the predominant complexion among them; but Mr. Wheeler goes a great deal further than this. He says, that "in the third generation the complexion became brown. The grand sons of the greatest Amirs were thus ineligible for command." An astounding statement like this requires to be supported by the clearest evidence, whereas Mr. Wheeler furnishes no evidence at all. There is besides *prima facie* evidence that the system could not have existed at the beginning or indeed till the very end of Akbar's reign. The nobles who had accompanied Baber in 1526 could not have seen through their generations till after Akbar had ceased to reign.

The description of Akbar's military policy is followed by a disquisition on his religious system. Akbar was a typical Moghal, and consequently, according to Mr. Wheeler's theory, a lax Mus-

sulman. His latitudinarianism was converted into open hostility by Abul Fazl who had his own wrongs to revenge. Abul Fazl suggested that the Ulama should hold discussions in the presence of the Padshah, and thus lay bare their ignorance, bigotry and schisms and earn his contempt. After describing this preconceived and well-arranged plot, Mr. Wheeler is in the next paragraph fain to admit, that there is no evidence for it. It is entirely the outcome of his experience of human nature. The discussions meanwhile were carried on and Akbar's faith in Islam gradually faded away. He got the Ulama to sign a paper which broke up their power. Up to this point Akbar's opposition to Islam was only passive, but after removing his capital to Lahore he broke out into open hostility. Of this however there is no evidence except in the European authorities summarised by Purchas. Mr. Wheeler says Abul Fazl is directly silent, but does not give any reason why Badanni, a Musulman historian after Mr. Wheeler's own heart, should do the same. It is not intended to discredit the European travellers on whom Mr. Wheeler bases a portion of his history of Akbar, and nearly the whole of those of the subsequent Moghal emperors. Still one ought to remember the dictum of the Persian poet that "those who have seen the world tell many lies," or at all events much that is not true. It is simply absurd to expect that travellers who only sojourned in the country for a short time, who knew nothing of its language, and who were accustomed to scenes and events diametrically opposed to those they saw in the new country, should understand anything of the intricacies of its politics, or should be able to see any but the most superficial traits in the character of its leading men. Even at the present day, there is nothing more irritating than the learned ignorance of special correspondents and travelled bookmakers; but the sad havoc which they must have made with contemporary history at the period we are now treating of, it is almost too horrible to imagine. Even supposing that the travellers could understand the real character of the events and men they saw, what does their accumulated information amount to? One man lived at Jahangir's court for two years; and

another followed the same potentate about, in hopes of extracting a treaty on the principle now sanctioned by the practice of a country, of taking all and giving nothing. There was one indeed who resided in the country for forty-eight years and made extracts from the Moghul chronicles. But he has left us no historical legacy. There is indeed a French History based on his Portuguese translation of the extracts. But how much of the accuracy and freedom of the original has survived this double process can only be matter of conjecture now.

To resume the discussion of the last phase of Akbar's religious faith, nothing explicit can be gathered from Mr. Wheeler's text; but we read in a note that Akbar suffered himself to be worshipped as Deity. "The Portuguese saw the people worship Akbar." No inference can however be drawn from this as to Akbar's own thoughts on the subject. The writer of this article as an Assistant Magistrate of the latest importation can scarcely compare with Akbar in power and prestige. Yet he can remember having been addressed as "Diety" times out of number. There is nothing personal in this. It is merely an exaggeration, a very reprehensible one there can be no doubt—of the sentiment that every earthly ruler engaged in the administration of justice is a vicegerent of God, that he has something of what "is mightiest in the mightiest."

We may remark in passing that Mr. Wheeler brings a most foul charge against the character of Akbar without producing a tittle of evidence in support of it. He accuses Akbar with having not only "kept a prisoner in his pay," but with having with his own hand poisoned an "unknown" number of obnoxious Amirs. The paragraph in which this extraordinary accusation is brought forward wants even the vague and meagre reference which Mr. Wheeler generally considers sufficient. It is quite unnecessary to say that a statement so diametrically opposed to everything that is known of Akbar should not have been put forth except on the clearest evidence.

The history of the reign of Jahangir opens with an incidental disquisition on the bar which shuts the people of India

out of Christianity. "Christianity can not give him (a converted Hindu already married as a boy) a wife without breaking the law of marriage. Whether he marries or whether he refrains, the girl to whom he is bound for life is the sufferer. . . . When a Hindu becomes a Mussulman he makes no such sacrifices." It is difficult to see this. The law of marriage referred to in the first sentence is ignored by Protestant missionaries as Mr. Wheeler admits in a note; and the fate of the girl wife is the same whether her husband becomes a Christian or a Mussulman. The difference, therefore, in the proselytising success of Mussulmans and Christians, if any, must be referred to some other than the marriage difficulty.

The interest of Jahangir's reign circles round the intrigues and machinations of Nurjahan of which Mr. Wheeler gives a tolerably accurate account, though he falls into the absurd mistake of supposing that the Mahabat Khan who figured in those intrigues was a Rajput. This startling statement is made on the authority of Herbert, and it furnishes a notable illustration of what can be expected of the travelled tribe. Jahangir in his autobiography says that Mahabat Khan was an Afghan, but Mr. Wheeler decides that he must refer to some other Mahabat Khan, because "Mahabat Khan commanded Rajputs; the Rajputs would obey no one but their own Raja." Mr. Wheeler somewhere speaks of his fifteen years' official residence in India and Burma. In that time he may have heard of some thousands of Rajputs who are commanded by British officers in the British army. It will be seen hereafter (p. 253 text and note 6) that this mistake lands Mr. Wheeler on the horns of a dilemma.

Mr. Wheeler is specially strong in the history of Shahjehan. He depends entirely on his travellers, and the result is no better than it should be. He falls into mistakes which, however common in special correspondents, are quite unpardonable in one who boasts of fifteen years' official residence in India, and who pools philology so persistently. If he has learned as much of the history and people of India as of its languages, he can not have learned much. Following one of his learned guides, he

renders "begum" "free from care," because forsooth the begum of Shah Jahan's harem were supplied with cooked food. A mistake like this can only be compared with Miss Cumming's "Gram deotas" (*i. e.* gram-devata's), elegantly translated as "Corn Gods:" such mistakes are not only supremely ridiculous, but they undermine all confidence in the writer who makes them.

The history of Shah Jahan's reign opens with the usual discussion of his religious opinions. He at first affected to be a Mussulman. "He spit his hatred against Christians and Christianity." He punished the Portuguese at Hughli. It is curious to compare Mr. Wheeler's views on the attack on Hughli as expressed in the third and fourth volumes. In the former we were told that Shah Jahan was a "Mussulman Prince" who "could not be expected to permit foreigners to settle in his dominions, who persisted not only in enslaving his own subjects but in forcibly converting them to a religion which was regarded with hatred and contempt." (Vol. III. p. 252) But in the interval between writing the two volumes the veil has fallen from Mr. Wheeler's eyes. He sees things in a new light. He now opines that a prince like Shah Jahan could not feel for his subjects. The attack was instigated by Mumtaj Mahal, two of whose daughters had been converted to Christianity in the previous reign. It is remarkable however that there is no new authority whom Mr. Wheeler can cite. He depends on Bernier in both volumes. We have not much to say against the changes which Mr. Wheeler's views have undergone. One of them at least is of undeniable value. He has ceased to think that Aurangzeb was the elder brother of Sujah as he did, while writing the third volume (Vol. III. p. 253). It is however very discouraging to contemplate the uncertainty and worthlessness of history as conceived by Mr. Wheeler, when the same fact narrated by the same writer can be made the groundwork of such divergent theories, and that, be it remembered, by the same theorist.

The remainder of Mr. Wheeler's history consists of fragmentary notices of facts which "teach nothing," which "illustrate nothing" except perhaps his own crotchets. Shah Jahan

was growing despicable in the eyes of the Rajputs, though "the Rajpoots fought bravely against the Afghans." When Khan Jahan revolted, though they helped Shah Jahan when he rebelled against Jahangir, though "they paid him homage and mounted guard in their turn." Shah Jahan was daily becoming treacherous, cowardly, childish, imbecile. In support of this, Mr. Wheeler cites some absurd anecdotes. Catron comments on one of these in the following words: "the wisdom of the monarch was the admiration of the whole empire;" this is not agreeable to Mr. Wheeler, and he at once lays down that "neither Catron nor Manonchi, nor any other European would have written such nonsense." So that what agrees with Mr. Wheeler's standard of the sensible is to be ascribed to Catron and Manonchi, while every thing else is the foul flattery of an Asiatic, though Catron and Manonchi may claim it under their hand and seal. This is an example of another of Mr. Wheeler's many wonderful canons of historical criticism. It enables him to cull out the real sentiments of a writer and to reject those which he may not wish to consider as such.

After describing Shah Jahan's imbecility, Mr. Wheeler proceeds to trace its cause. It arose from his "unbounded sensualities." This furnishes a pretext for dragging in a long description of the harem, which contains the requisite piece of oriental etymology we have already noticed. From the harem Mr. Wheeler passes on to the Taj Mahal on which he passes a most unique judgment. The whole world has hitherto been unanimous about the chasteness of the design and the expression of this edifice; but Mr. Wheeler does not herd with the world. He finds the Taj Mahal "lovely beyond description. But the loveliness is feminine." So we thought was all loveliness. In the next sentence. Mr. Wheeler leaves solemn truisms aside. He becomes more than ever original. "It (the Taj Mahal) is not the tomb of a wife; it is the shrine of a mistress." So it may be in Mr. Wheeler's imagination. By way of putting the cornerstone to his description, Mr. Wheeler tells a horrible scandal with evident gusto; but ordinary people will fail to see what connection it has with the Taj Mahal.

The description of the Taj Mahal is followed by some more anecdotes, and the itineraries of John Albert' de Mandelslo, a very presentable young gentleman, and of Bernier the well known traveler, and the book closes with the evil days of Shah Jahan when he is immured in prison, by his rebellious son Aurangzeb. We will not enter into the contests of the rival brothers except to say that Aurangzeb was assisted by his sister "Royshan Rai Begum." This name is unique and may hereafter puzzle antiquaries. We believe it is intended for "Raushan Ara Begam."

BRAJENDRANATH DE.

P. S.—Mr. Wheeler has lately declared that as far as the *Saturday Reviewer* is concerned he can see no reason to blot a word or mar a line. (*Pioneer*, June 1st.) We cannot hope to receive more consideration than the *Saturday Reviewer*; but we will be sincerely pleased to see that Mr. Wheeler can uphold every word and line in his book.

B. D.

THE FOLK-TALES OF BENGAL.

By Mother Goose.

I. PHAKIR CHAND.

"The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!
A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw."

Kubla Khan.

There was a king's son, and there was a minister's son. They loved each other dearly; they sat together, they stood up together, they walked together, they ate together, they slept together, they got up together. In this way they spent many years in each other's company, till they both felt a desire to see foreign lands. So one day they sat out on their journey. Though very rich, the

one being the son of a king, and the other the son of his chief minister, they did not take any servants with them; they went by themselves on horse-back. The horses were beautiful to look at; they were *pakshirajes*, or kings of birds. The king's son and the minister's son rode together many days. They passed through extensive plains covered with paddy; through cities, towns and villages; through waterless, treeless deserts; through dense forests which were the abode of the tiger and the bear. One evening they were overtaken by night in a region where human habitations were not seen; and as it was getting darker and darker, they dismounted beneath a lofty tree, tied their horses to its trunk, and, climbing up, sat on its branches covered with thick foliage. The tree grew near a large tank, the water of which was as clear as the eye of a crow. The king's son and the minister's son made themselves as comfortable as they could on the tree, being determined to spend on its branches the livelong night. They sometimes chatted together in whispers on account of the lonely terrors of the region; they sometimes sat demurely silent for some minutes; and anon they were falling into a doze, when their attention was arrested by a terrible sight.

A sound like the rush of many waters was heard from the middle of the tank. A huge serpent was seen leaping up from under the water with its hood of enormous size. It "lay floating many a road;" then it swam ashore, and went about hissing. What most of all attracted the attention of the king's son and the minister's son was a brilliant *marikya* (precious stone) on the crested hood of the serpent. It shone like a thousand diamonds. It lit up the tank, its embankments, and the objects round about. The serpent doffed the jewel from its crest and throw it on the ground; and then it went about hissing in search of food. The two friends sitting on the tree greatly admired the wonderful brilliant shedding ineffable lustre on every thing around. They had never before seen anything like it; they had only heard of it as equalling the treasures of seven kings. Their admiration, however, was soon changed into sorrow and fear; for the serpent came hissing to the foot of the tree on the branches of which they

were seated, and swallowed up one by one the horses tied to the trunk. They feared that they themselves would be the next victims, when to their infinite relief the gigantic Cobra turned away from the tree, and went about roaming to a great distance. The minister's son seeing this bethought himself of taking possession of the lustrous stone. He had heard that the only way to hide the brilliant light of the jewel was to cover it with cow-dung or horse-dung, a quantity of which latter article he perceived lying at the foot of the tree. He came down from the tree softly, picked up the horse-dung, threw it upon the precious stone, and again climbed into the tree. The serpent, not perceiving the light of its head-jewel, rushed with great fury to the spot where it had left it. Its hissings, groans and convulsions were terrible. It went round and round the jewel covered with horse-dung, and at last breathed its last. Early next morning the king's son and the minister's son alighted from the tree, and went to the spot where the crest-jewel was. The mighty serpent lay there perfectly lifeless. The minister's son took up in his hand the jewel covered with horse-dung; and both of them went to the tank to wash it. When all the horse-dung had been washed off, the jewel shone as brilliantly as before. It lit up the entire bed of the tank, and exposed to their view the innumerable fishes swimming about in the waters. But what was their astonishment when they saw, by the light of the jewel, in the bottom of the tank the lofty walls of what seemed a magnificent palace. The venturesome son of the minister proposed to the prince that they should dive into the waters and get at the palace below. They both dived into the waters,—the jewel being in the hand of the minister's son,—and in a moment stood at the gate of the palace. The gate was open. They saw no being, human or superhuman. They went inside the gate, and saw a beautiful garden laid out on the ample grounds round about the house which was in the centre. The king's son and the minister's son had never seen such a profusion of flowers. The rose with its many varieties, the jessamine, the *bet*, the *malika*, the *king of smells*, the lily of the valley, the *Champaka*, and a thousand other sorts of sweet-scented

flowers were there. And of each of these flowers there seemed to be a large number. Here were a hundred rose-bushes, there many acres covered with the delicious jessamine, while yonder were extensive plantations of all sorts of flowers. As all the plants were begemmed with flowers, and as the flowers were in full bloom, the air was loaded with rich perfume. It was a wilderness of sweets. Through this paradise of perfumery they proceeded towards the house which was surrounded by banks of lofty trees. They stood at the door of the house. It was a fairy palace. The walls were of burnished gold, and here and there shone diamonds of dazzling hue which were stuck into the walls. They did not meet with any beings, human or other. They went inside which was richly furnished. They went from room to room, but they did not see any one. It seemed to be a deserted house. At last, however, they found in one room a young lady lying down, apparently in sleep, on a bed of golden frame-work. She was of exquisite beauty; her complexion was a mixture of red and white; and she was apparently in her sweet sixteen. The king's son and the minister's son gazed upon her with rapture; but they did not stand long when the young lady of superb beauty opened her eyes, which seemed like those of a gazelle. On seeing the strangers she said—"How have you come here, ye unfortunate men? Begone, begone! This is the abode of a mighty serpent which has devoured my father, my mother, my brothers and all my relatives; I am the only one of my family that it has spared. Flee for your lives, or else the serpent will put you both in its capacious maw." The minister's son told the princess how the serpent had breathed its last, how he and his friend had got possession of its head-jewel, and by its light had come to her palace. She thanked the strangers for delivering her from the infernal serpent, and begged of them to live in the house, and never to desert her. The king's son, and the minister's son gladly accepted the invitation. The king's son, smitten with the charms of the peerless princess, married her after a short time; and as there was no priest there, the hymeneal knot was tied by a simple exchange of garlands of flowers.

The king's son became inexpressibly happy in the company of the princess who was as amiable in her disposition, as she was beautiful in her person; and though the wife of the minister's son was living in the upper world, he too participated in his friend's happiness. Time thus passed merrily when the king's son bethought himself of returning to his native country; and as it was fit that he should go with his princess in due pomp, it was determined that the minister's son should first ascend from the subaqueous regions, go to the king, and bring with him attendants, horses and elephants for the happy pair. The snake-jewel was therefore had in requisition: The prince, with the jewel in hand, accompanied the minister's son to the upper world, and bidding adieu to his friend returned to his lovely wife in the enchanted palace. Before leaving, the minister's son appointed the day and the hour when he would stand on the high embankments of the tank with horses, elephants and attendants, and wait upon the prince and the princess who were to join him in the upper world by means of the jewel.

Leaving the minister's son to wend his way to his country and to make preparations for the return of his king's son, let us see how the happy couple in the subterranean palace were passing their time. One day, while the prince was sleeping after his noonday meal, the princess, who had never seen the upper regions, felt the desire of visiting them, and the rather as the snake-jewel, which alone could give her safe conduct through the waters, was at that moment shedding its bright effulgence in the room. She took up the jewel in her hand, left the palace, and successfully reached the upper world. No mortal caught her sight. She sat on the flights of steps with which the tank was furnished for the convenience of bathers, scrubbed her body, washed her hair, disported in the waters, walked about on the water's edge, admired all the scenery around, and returned to her palace where she found her husband still locked in the embrace of sleep. When the prince woke up, she did not tell him a word about her adventure. The following day at the same hour, when her husband was asleep, she paid a second visit to the upper world,

and went back unnoticed by mortal man. As success made her bold, she repeated her adventure a third time. It so chanced that on that day the son of the Rajah, in whose territories the tank was situated, was out on a hunting excursion, and had pitched his tent not far from the place. While his attendants were engaged in cooking their noon-day meal, the Rajah's son sauntered about on the embankments of the tank, near which an old woman was gathering sticks and dried branches of trees for purposes of fuel. It was while the Rajah's son and the old woman were near the tank that the princess paid her third visit to the upper world. She rose up from the waters, gazed around and seeing a man and a woman on the banks again went down. The Rajah's son caught a momentary glimpse of the princess, and so did the old woman gathering sticks. The Rajah's son stood gazing on the waters. He had never seen such a beauty. She seemed to him to be one of those *deva-kanyas*, heavenly goddesses, of whom he had read in old books, and who are said now and then to favour the lower world with their visits which, like angel-visits, are "few and far between." The unearthly beauty of the princess, though he had seen her only for a moment, made a deep impression on his heart, and distracted his mind. He stood there like a statue, for hours, gazing on the waters, in the hope of seeing the lovely figure again. But in vain. The princess did not appear again. The Rajah's son became mad with love. He kept muttering.—"Now here, now gone!" "Now here, now gone!" He would not leave the place, till he was forcibly removed by his attendants who had now come to him. He was taken to his father's palace in a state of hopeless insanity. He spoke to nobody; he always sobbed heavily; and the only words which proceeded out of his mouth—and he was muttering them every minute—were, "Now here, now gone!" "Now here, now gone!" The Rajah's grief may well be conceived. He could not imagine what should have deranged his son's mind. The words, "Now here, now gone," which ever and anon issued from his son's lips were a mystery to him; he could not unravel their meaning; neither could the attendants throw any light on the subject. The

best physicians of the country were consulted; but to no effect. The sons of *Æsculapius* could not ascertain the cause of the madness, far less could they cure it. To the many enquiries of the physicians, the only reply made by the Rajah's son was the stereotyped words—"Now here, now gone!" "Now here, now gone!"

The Rajah, distracted with grief on account of the observation of his son's intellects, caused a proclamation to be made in the capital, by beat of drum, to the effect that, if any person could explain the cause of his son's madness and cure it, such a person would be rewarded with the hand of the Rajah's daughter and with the possession of half his kingdom. The drum was beaten round most parts of the city but no one touched it, as no one knew the cause of the madness of the Rajah's son. At last an old woman touched the drum, and declared that she would not only discover the cause of the madness but cure it. This woman, who was the identical woman that was gathering sticks near the tank at the time the Rajah's son lost his reason, had a crack-brained son of the name of Phakir Chaud, and was in consequence called Phakir's mother, or more familiarly Phakre's mother. When the woman was brought before the Rajah, the following conversation took place:—

Rajah.—You are the woman that touched the drum—You know the cause of my son's madness?

Phakir's mother.—Yes, oh, incarnation of justice! I know the cause, but I will not mention it, till I have cured your son.

Rajah.—How can I believe that you are able to cure my son, when the best physicians of the land have failed?

Phakir's mother.—You need not now believe, my lord, till I have performed the cure. May an old woman knows secrets with which wise men are acquainted.

Rajah.—Very well, let me see what you can do. In what time will you perform the cure?

Phakir's mother.—It is impossible to fix the time at present; but I will begin work immediately with your lordship's assistance.

Rajah.—What help do you require from me?

Phakir's mother.—Your lordship will please order a hut to be raised on the embankment of the tank where your son first caught the disease. I mean to live in that hut for a few days. And your lordship will also please order some of your servants to be in attendance at a distance of about a hundred yards from the hut so that they might be within call.

Rajah.—Very well; I will order that to be immediately done. Do you want any thing else?

Phakir's mother.—Nothing else, my lord, in the way of preparations. But it is as well to remind your lordship of the conditions on which I undertake the cure. Your lordship has promised to give to the performer of the cure the hand of your daughter and half your kingdom. As I am a woman and cannot marry your daughter, I beg that, in case I perform the cure, my son Phakir Chând will marry your daughter and take possession of half your kingdom.

Rajah.—Agreed, agreed.

A temporary hut was in a few hours erected on the embankment of the tank, and Phakir's mother took up her abode in it. An outpost was also erected at some distance for servants in attendance who might be required to give help to the woman. Strict orders were given by Phakir's mother that no human being should go near the tank excepting herself. Let us leave Phakir's mother keeping watch at the tank, and hasten down into the subterranean palace to see what the prince and the princess are about. After the mishap which had occurred on her last visit to the upper world, the princess had given up the idea of a fourth visit. But women generally have greater curiosity than men; and the princess of the under-ground palace was no exception to the general rule. One day, while her husband was asleep as usual after his noonday meal, she rushed out of the palace with the snake-jewel in her hand, and came to the upper-world. The moment the upheaval of the waters in the middle of the tank took place,

Phakir's mother, who was on the alert, concealed herself in the hut and began looking through the chinks of the matted wall. The princess seeing no mortal near came to the bank, and sitting there began to scrub her body. Phakir's mother showed herself outside the hut, and addressing the princess, said in a winning tone—"Come, my child, thou queen of beauty, come to me, and I will help you to bathe." So saying, she approached the princess who, seeing that it was only a woman, made no resistance. The old woman, while in the act of washing the hair of the princess, noticed the bright jewel in her hand, and said—"Put the jewel here till you are bathed." In a moment the jewel was in the possession of Phakir's mother, who wrapped it up in the cloth that was round her waist. Knowing the princess to be unable to escape, she gave the signal to the attendants in waiting, who rushed to the tank and made the princess a captive.

Great were the rejoicings of the people when the tidings reached the city that Phakir's mother had captured a water-nymph from the nether regions. The whole city came to see the 'daughter of the immortals', as they called the princess. When she was brought to the palace and confronted with the Rajah's son of obscured intellect, the latter said with a shout of exaltation—"I have found! I have found!" The cloud which had settled on his brain was dissipated in a moment. The eyes, erewhile vacant and lustreless, now glowed with the fire of intelligence; his tongue, of which he had almost lost the use—the only words which he used to utter being, "Now here, now gone!"—was now relaxed: in a word, he was restored to his senses. The joy of the Rajah knew no bounds. There was great festivity in the city; and the people who showered benedictions on the head of Phakir Chand's mother, expected the speedy celebration of the marriage of the Rajah's son with the beauty of the nether world. The princess, however, told the Rajah, through Phakir's mother, that she had made a vow to the effect that she would not, for one whole year, look at the face of another man than that of her husband who was dwelling beneath the waters, and that therefore the marriage could not be performed during that period. Though the Rajah's

son was somewhat disappointed, he readily agreed to the delay, believing, agreeably to the proverb, that delay would greatly enhance the sweetness of those pleasures which were in store for him.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the princess spent her days and her nights in sorrowing and sighing. She lamented that idle curiosity which had led her to come to the upper world, leaving her husband below. When she recollected that her husband was all alone below the waters she wept bitter tears. She wished she could run away. But that was impossible, as she was immured within walls, and there were walls within walls. Besides, if she could get out of the palace and of the city, of what avail would it be? She could not gain her husband, as the serpent jewel was not in her possession. The ladies of the palace and Phakir's mother tried to divert her mind, but in vain. She took pleasure in nothing; she would hardly speak to any one; she wept day and night. The year of her vow was drawing to a close, and yet she was disconsolate. The marriage, however, must be celebrated. The Rajah consulted the astrologers, and the day and the hour in which the nuptial knot was to be tied were fixed. Great preparations were made. The confectioners of the city busied themselves day and night in preparing sweetmeats; milkmen took contracts for supplying the palace with tanks of curds; gun-powder was being manufactured for a grand display of fire-works; bands of musicians were placed on sheds erected over the palace-gate, who ever and anon sent forth many "a bout of dinked sweetness;" and the whole city assumed an air of mirth and festivity.

It is time we should think of the minister's son who, leaving his friend in the subterranean palace, had gone to his country to bring horses, elephants and attendants, for the return of the king's son and his lovely princess with due pomp. The preparations took him many months; and when every thing was ready, he started on his journey, accompanied by a long train of elephants, horses and attendants. He reached the tank two or three days before the appointed day. Tents were

pitched in the mango-topes adjoining the tank for the accommodation of men and cattle; and the minister's son always kept his eyes fixed on the tank. The sun of the appointed day sank below the horizon; but the prince and the princess dwelling beneath the waters made no sign. He waited two or three days longer; still the prince did not make his appearance. What could have happened to his friend and his beautiful wife? Were they dead? Had another serpent, possibly the mate of the one that had died, beaten the prince and the princess to death? Have they somehow lost the serpent-jewel? Or have they been captured when they were once on a visit to the upper world? Such were the reflections of the minister's son. He was overwhelmed with grief. Ever since he had come to the tank he had heard at regular intervals the sound of music coming from the city which was not distant. He enquired of passers-by what that music meant. He was told that the Rajah's son was about to be married to some wonderful young lady, who had come out of the waters of that very tank on the bank of which he was now seated, and that the marriage ceremony was to be performed on the day following the next. The minister's son immediately concluded that the wonderful young lady of the lake that was to be married was none other than the wife of his friend the king's son. He resolved therefore to go into the city to learn the details of the affair, and try if possible to rescue the princess. He told the attendants to go home, taking with them the elephants and the horses; and he himself went to the city, and took up his abode in the house of a Brahman.

After he had rested and taken his dinner, the minister's son asked the Brahman what the meaning was of the music that was heard in the city at regular intervals. The Brahman asked, From what part of the world have you come that you have not heard of the wonderful circumstance that a young lady of heavenly beauty rose out of the waters of a tank in the suburbs, and that she is going to be married day after to-morrow to the son of our Rajah?"

Minister's son.—No, I have heard nothing. I have come from

a distant country whither the story has not reached. Will you kindly tell me the particulars?

Brahman. The Rajah's son went out a hunting about this time last year. He pitched his tents close to a tank in the suburbs. One day while the Rajah's son was walking near the tank, he saw a young woman, or rather goddess, of uncommon beauty rise from the waters of the tank. She gazed about for a minute or two and disappeared. The Rajah's son, however, who had seen her, was so struck with her heavenly beauty that he became desperately enamoured of her. Indeed, so intense was his passion, that his reason gave away; and he was carried home hopelessly mad. The only words he uttered day and night were—"Now here, now gone!" The Rajah sent for all the best physicians of the country for restoring his son to his reason; but the physicians were powerless. At last he caused a proclamation to be made by beat of drum to the effect that if any one could cure the Rajah's son, he would be the Rajah's son-in-law and the owner of half his kingdom. An old woman, who went by the name of Phakir's mother, took hold of the drum, and declared her ability to cure the Rajah's son. On the tank where the princess had appeared was raised for Phakir's mother a hut in which she took up her abode; and not far from her hut another hut was erected for the accommodation of attendants who might be required to help her. It seems the goddess rose from the waters; Phakir's mother seized her with the help of the attendants, and carried her in a *palki* to the palace. At the sight of her, the Rajah's son was restored to his senses; and the marriage would have been celebrated at that time but for a vow which the goddess had made that she would not look at the face of any male person till the lapse of a year. The year of the vow is now over; and the music which you have heard is from the gate of the Rajah's palace. This, in brief, is the story.

Minister's son.—A truly wonderful story! And has Phakir's mother, or rather Phakir Chand himself, been rewarded with the hand of the Rajah's daughter and with the possession of half the kingdom?

Brahman. No, not yet. Phakir has not been got hold of. He is a half witted lad, or rather quite mad. He has been away for more than a year from his home, and no one knows where he is. That is his manner; he stays away for a long time, suddenly comes home, and again disappears. I believe his mother expects him soon.

Minister's son.—What like is he? and what does he do when he returns home?

Brahman.—Why, he is about your height, though he is somewhat younger than you. He puts on a small piece of cloth round his waist, rubs his body with ashes, takes the branch of a tree in his hand, and, at the door of the hut, in which his mother lives, dances to the tune of *dhoop ! dhoop ! dhoop !* His articulation is very indistinct; and when his mother says—"Phakir! stay with me for some days," he invariably answers in his usual unintelligible manner, "No, I won't remain, I won't remain." And when he wishes to give an affirmative answer, he says, "hoom," which means "yes."

The above conversation with the Brahman poured a flood of light into the mind of the minister's son. He saw how matters stood. He perceived that the princess of the subterranean palace must have alone ventured out into the tank by means of the snake-jewel; that she must have been captured alone without the king's son; that the snake-jewel must be in the possession of Phakir's mother; and that his friend, the king's son, must be alone below the waters without any means of escape. The desolate and apparently hopeless state of his friend filled him with unutterable grief. He was in deep musings during most part of the night. Is it impossible, thought he, to rescue the king's son from the nether regions? What if, by some means or other, I contrive to get the jewel from the old woman? And can I not do it by personating Phakir Chand himself who is expected by his mother shortly? And possibly by the same means I may be able to rescue the princess from the Rajah's palace. He resolved to act the rôle of Phakir Chand the following day. In the morning he left

the Brahmin's house, went to the outskirts of the city, divested himself of his usual clothing, put round his waist a short and narrow piece of cloth which scarcely reached his knee-joints, rubbed his body well with ashes, took in his hand a twig which he broke off a tree, and thus accoutred, presented himself before the door of the hut of Phakir's mother. He commenced operation by dancing, in a most violent manner, to the tune of *dhoop ! dhoop ! dhoop !* The dancing attracted the notice of the old woman who, supposing that her son had come, said—"My son Phakir, are you come? Come my darling; the gods have at last become propitious to us." The supposed Phakir Chand uttered the monosyllable "hoom," and went on dancing in a still more violent manner than before, waving the twig in his hand. "This time you must not go away," said the old woman, "you must remain with me." "No, I won't remain, I won't remain," said the minister's son. "Remain with me, and I'll get you married to the Rajah's daughter. Will you marry, Phakir Chand?" The minister's son replied—"hoom, hoom," and danced on like a madman. "Will you come with me to the Rajah's house? I'll show you a princess of uncommon beauty who has risen from the waters?" "Hoom," "hoom," was the answer that issued from his lips, while his feet tripped it violently to the sound of *dhoop ! dhoop !* "Do you wish to see a *manik*, Phakir, the crest jewel of the serpent, the treasure of seven kings?" "Hoom" "hoom," was the reply. The old woman brought out of the hut the snake-jewel, and put it into the hand of her supposed son. The minister's son took it, and carefully wrapped it up in the piece of cloth round his waist. Phakir's mother delighted beyond measure at the opportune appearance of her son, went to the Rajah's house, partly to announce to the Rajah the news of Phakir's appearance, and partly to show Phakir the princess of the waters. The supposed Phakir and his mother found ready access to the Rajah's palace, for the old woman had, since the capture of the princess, become the most important person in the kingdom. She took him into the room where the princess was, and introduced him to her. It is superfluous to remark that the princess was

by no means pleased with the company of a 'madeap, who was in a state of semi-nudity, whose body was rubbed with ashes, and who was ever and anon dancing in a wild manner. At sunset the old woman proposed to her son that they should leave the palace and go to their own house. But the supposed Phakir Chand refused to comply with the request; he said he would stay there that night. His mother tried to persuade him to return with her, but he persisted in his determination. He said he would remain with the princess. Phakir's mother therefore went away, after giving instructions to the guards and attendants to take care of her son.

When all in the palace had retired to rest, the supposed Phakir coming towards the princess said in his own usual voice—"Princess! do you not recognize me? I am the minister's son, the friend of your princely husband." The princess, astonished, at the announcement, said—"Who? The minister's son? Oh, my husband's best friend, do rescue me from this terrible captivity, from this worse than death. O, fate! it is by my own fault that I am reduced to this wretched state. Oh, rescue me, rescue me, thou best of friends!" She then burst into tears. The minister's son said, "Do not be disconsolate. I will try my best to rescue you this very night; only you must do whatever I tell you." "I will do any thing you tell me, minister's son; any thing you tell me." After this the supposed Phakir left the room, and passed through the courtyard of the palace. Some of the guards challenged him, to which he replied, "hoom" "hoom"; "I will just go out for a minute and again come in presently." They understood that it was the 'madeap Phakir. True to his word he did come back shortly, and went to the princess. An hour afterwards he again went out and was again challenged, on which he made the same reply as at the first time. The guards who challenged him began to mutter between their teeth—"This madeap of a Phakir will, we suppose, go out and come in all night. Let the fellow alone; let him do what he likes. Who can be sitting up all night for him?" The minister's son was going out and coming in with the view of accustoming the guards to his constant egress and

ingress, and also of watching for a favourable opportunity to escape with the princess. About three o'clock in the morning the minister's son again passed through the courtyard, but this time no one challenged him as all the guards had fallen asleep. Overjoyed at the auspicious circumstance, he went to the princess—"Now, princess, is the time for escape. The guards are all asleep. Mount on my back, and tie the locks of your hair round my neck, and keep tight hold of me." The princess did as she was told. He passed unchallenged through the courtyard with the lovely burden on his back, passed out of the gate of the palace—no one challenging him, passed on to the outskirts of the city, and reached the tank from which the princess had risen. The princess stood on her legs, rejoicing at her escape, and at the same time trembling. The minister's son untied the snake-jewel from his waist-cloth, and descending into the waters, both he and she found their way to the subterranean palace. The reception which the prince in the subaqueous palace gave to his wife and his friend may be easily imagined. He had nearly died of grief; but now he suffered a resurrection. The three were now mad with joy. During the three days that they remained in the palace they again and again told the story of the egress of the princess into the upper world, of her seizure, of her captivity in the palace, of the preparations for marriage, of the old woman, of the minister's son personating Phakir Chand, and of the successful deliverance. It is unnecessary to add that the prince and the princess expressed their gratitude to the minister's son in the warmest terms, declared him to be their best and greatest friend, and vowed to abide always, till the day of their death, by his advice, and to follow his counsel.

Being resolved to return to their native country, the king's son, the minister's son and the princess left the subterranean palace, and, lighted in the passage by the snake-jewel, made their way good to the upper world. As they had neither elephants nor horses, they were under the necessity of travelling on foot; and though this mode of travelling was troublesome to both the king's son and the minister's son, as they were bred in the lap of luxury,

it was infinitely more troublesome to the princess, as the stones of the rough road

“Wounded the invisible”

Palms of her tender feet wher’er they fell.”

When her feet became very sore, the king’s son sometimes took her up on his broad shoulders on which she sat astride; but the load, however lovely, was too heavy to be carried any great distance. She, therefore, for the most part, travelled on foot.

One evening they bivouacked beneath a tree, as no human habitations were visible. The minister’s son said to the prince and princess, “Both of you go to sleep, and I will keep watch in order to prevent any danger.” The royal couple were soon locked in the arms of sleep. The faithful son of the minister did not sleep, but sat up watching. It so happened that on that tree swung the nest of the two immortal birds, Bihangama and Bihangami, who were not only endowed with the power of human speech, but who could see into the future. To the no little astonishment of the minister’s son the two prophetic birds joined in the following conversation:—

Bihangama.—The minister’s son has already risked his own life for the safety of his friend the king’s son; but he will find it difficult to save the prince at last.

Bihangami.—Why so?

Bihangama.—Many dangers await the king’s son. The prince’s father, when he hears of the approach of his son, will send for him an elephant, some horses and attendants. When the king’s son rides on the elephant, he will fall down and die.

Bihangami.—But suppose some one prevents the king’s son from riding on the elephant, and makes him ride on horseback, will he not in that case be saved?

Bihangama.—Yes, he will in that case escape that danger, but a fresh danger awaits him. When the king’s son is in sight of his father’s palace, and when he is in the act of passing through its lion-gate, the lion-gate will fall upon him and crush him to death.

Bihangami.—But suppose some one destroys the lion-gate before the king's son goes up to it; will not the king's son in that case be saved?

Bihangama.—Yes, in that case he will escape that particular danger; but a fresh danger awaits him. When the king's son reaches the palace and sits at a feast prepared for him, and when he takes into his mouth the head of a fish cooked for him, the head of the fish will stick in his throat and choke him to death.

Bihangami.—But suppose some one sitting at the feast snatches the head of the fish from the prince's plate, and thus prevents him from putting it into his mouth, will not the king's son in that case be saved?

Bihangama.—Yes, in that case he will escape that particular danger; but a fresh danger awaits him. When the prince and the princess after dinner retire into their sleeping apartment, and they lie together in bed, a terrible cobra will come into the room and bite the king's son to death.

Bihangami.—But suppose some one lying in wait in the room cut the snake into pieces, will not the king's son in that case be saved?

Bihangama.—Yes, in that case the life of the king's son will be saved; but if the man who kills the snake repeats to the king's son the conversation between you and me, that man will be turned into a marble statue.

Bihangami.—But is there no means of restoring the marble statue to life?

Bihangama.—Yes, the marble statue may be restored to life if it is washed with the life-blood of the infant, which the princess will give birth to, immediately after it is ushered into the world.

The conversation of the prophetic birds had extended thus far, when the crows began to caw, the east put on a reddish hue, and the travellers beneath the tree bestirred themselves. The conversation stopped; but the minister's son had heard it all.

The prince, the princess, and the minister's son pursued their journey in the morning; but they had not walked many hours, when they met a procession consisting of an elephant, a horse, a *palki*, and a large number of attendants. These animals and men had been sent by the king who had heard that his son, together with his newly married wife and his friend the minister's son, were not far from the capital on their journey homewards. The elephant which was richly caparisoned, was intended for the prince; the *palki*, the framework of which was silver, and was gaudily adorned, was meant for the princess; and the horse for the minister's son. As the prince was about to mount on the elephant, the minister's son went up to him and said—"Allow me to ride on the elephant, and you please ride on horse-back." The prince was not a little surprized at the coolness of the proposal. He thought his friend was presuming too much on the services he had rendered; he was therefore nettled, but remembering that his friend had saved both him and his wife, he said nothing but quietly mounted the horse, though his mind became somewhat alienated from him. The procession started and after sometime came in sight of the palace, the Lion-gate of which had been gaily adorned for the reception of the prince and the princess. The minister's son told the prince that the Lion-gate should be broken down before the prince could enter the palace. The prince was astounded at the proposal, especially as the minister's son gave no reasons for so extraordinary a request, his mind became still more estranged from him; but in consideration of the services the minister's son had rendered, his request was complied with, and the beautiful Lion-gate with its gay decorations was broken down.

The party now went into the palace where the King gave a warm reception to his son, to his daughter-in-law, and to the minister's son. When the story of their adventures was related, the king and his courtiers expressed great astonishment, and they all with one voice extolled the sagacity, prudence and devotedness of the minister's son. The ladies of the palace were struck with the extraordinary beauty of the new comer; her complexion

was milk and vermillion mixed together ; her neck was like that of a swan ; her eyes were like those of a gazelle ; her lips were as red as the berry *bimba* ; her cheeks were lovely ; her nose was straight and high ; her hair reached her ancles ; her walk was as graceful as that of a young elephant—such were the terms in which the connoisseurs of beauty praised the princess whom destiny had brought into the midst of them. They sat around her and put her a thousand questions regarding her parents, regarding the subterranean palace in which she formerly lived, and the serpent which had killed all her relatives. It was now time that the new arrivals should have their dinner. The dinner was served up in dishes of gold. All sorts of delicacies were there, amongst which the most conspicuous was the large head of a *rohita* fish placed in a golden cup near the prince's plate. While they were eating, the minister's son suddenly snatched the head of the fish from the prince's plate and said, " Let me, prince, eat this *rohita's* head." The king's son was quite indignant. He said nothing, however. The minister's son perceived that his friend was in a terrible rage ; but he could not help it, as his conduct, however strange, was necessary to the safety of his friend's life ; neither could he clear himself by stating the reason of his behaviour, as in that case he himself would be transformed into a marble statue. The dinner over, the minister's son expressed his desire to go to his own house. At other times the king's son would not allow his friend to go away in that fashion ; but being shocked at his strange conduct, he readily agreed to the proposal. The minister's son, however, had not the slightest notion of going to his own house ; he was resolved to avert the last peril that was to threaten the life of his friend. Accordingly, with a sword in his hand, he stealthily entered the room in which the prince and the princess were to sleep that night, and ensconced himself under the bedstead, which was furnished with mattresses of down and canopied with mosquito curtains of the finest silk and gold-lace. Soon after dinner, the prince and princess came into the bed room, and undressing themselves went to bed. At midnight, while the royal couple were asleep, the minister's son perceived a snake of gi-

gantic size enter the room through one of the water-passages, and climb up the tester-frame of the bed. He rushed out of his hiding place, killed the serpent, cut it up in pieces, and put the pieces in the dish for holding betel leaves and spices. It so happened, however, that as the minister's son was cutting the serpent into pieces, a drop of blood fell on the breast of the princess, and the rather as the mosquito curtains had not been let down. Thinking that the drop of blood might injure the fair princess, he resolved to lick it up. But as he regarded it as a great sin to look upon a young woman lying asleep half naked, he blindfolded himself with seven-fold cloth, and licked up the drop of blood. But while he was in the act of licking it, the princess awoke and screamed; and her scream roused her husband lying beside her. The prince seeing the minister's son, who, he thought, had gone away to his own house, bending over the body of his wife, fell into a great rage, and would have got up and killed him, had not the minister's son besought him to restrain his anger, adding—"Friend, I have done this only in order to save your life." "I do not understand what you mean," said the prince, "ever since we came out of the subterranean palace, you have been behaving in a most extraordinary way. In the first place, you prevented me from getting upon the richly caparisoned elephant, though my father, the king, had purposely sent it for me. I thought, however, that a sense of the services you had rendered to me had made you exceedingly vain; I therefore let the matter pass, and mounted the horse. In the second place, you insisted on the destruction of the fine iron-gate, which my father had adorned with gay decorations; and I let that matter also pass. Then, again, at dinner you snatched away, in a most shameful manner, the *rohiti's* head which was on my plate, and devoured it yourself, thinking, no doubt, that you were entitled to higher honours than I. You then pretended that you were going home for which I was not at all sorry, as you had made yourself very disagreeable to me. And now, you are actually in my bedroom, bending over the naked bosom of my wife. You must have had some evil design; and you pretend that you have done this to

save my life. I fancy, it was not for saving my life, but for destroying my wife's chastity." "Oh, do not harbour such thoughts in your mind against me. The gods know that I have done all this for the preservation of your life. You would see the reasonableness of my conduct throughout, if I had the liberty of stating my reasons." "And why are you not at liberty," asked the prince, "who has shut up your mouth?" "It is destiny that has shut up my mouth;" answered the minister's son, "if I were to tell it all, I should be transformed into a marble statue." "You would be transformed into a marble statue!" exclaimed the prince, "you must take me to be a simpleton to believe this nonsense." "Do you wish me, then, friend," said the minister's son, "to tell you all? You must then make up your mind to see your friend turned into stone." "Come, out with it," said the prince, "or else you are a dead man." The minister's son, in order to clear himself of the foul accusation brought against him, deemed it his duty to reveal the secret at the risk of his life. He again and again warned the prince not to press him. But the prince remained inexorable. The minister's son then went on to say that, while bivouacking under a lofty tree one night, he had overheard a conversation between Bihangama and Bihangami, in which the former predicted all the dangers that were to threaten the life of the prince. When the minister's son had related the prediction concerning the mounting upon the elephant, his lower parts were turned into stone. He then turning to the prince said, "See, friend, my lower parts have been already turned into stone." "Go on, go on," said the prince, "with your story." The minister's son then related the prophecy regarding the destruction of the Lion-gate, when half of his body was converted into stone. He, then, related the prediction regarding the eating of the head of the fish, when his body up to his neck was petrified. "Now, friend," said the minister's son, "the whole of my body, excepting my neck and head, is petrified; if I tell the rest, I shall assuredly become a man of stone. Do you wish me still to go on?" "Go on," answered the prince, "go on." "Very well, I will go on to the end," said the minister's son, "but in case

“you repent after I have become turned into stone, and wish me to be restored to life, I will tell you of the manner in which it may be effected. The princess after a few months will be delivered of a child; if immediately after the birth of the infant you kill it and besmear my marble body with its blood, I shall be restored to life.” He then related the prediction regarding the serpent in the bed-room; and when the last word was on his lips, the rest of his body was turned into stone; and he dropped on the floor a marble image. The princess jumped out of bed, opened the vessel for betel-leaves and spices, and saw there pieces of a serpent. Both the prince and the princess now became convinced of the good faith and benevolence of their departed friend. They went to the marble figure but it was lifeless. They set up a loud lamentation; but it was to no purpose, as the marble moved not. They then resolved to keep the marble figure concealed in a safe place, and to besmear it with the blood of their first-born child when it should be ushered into existence.

In process of time the hour of the princess’ travail came on, and she was delivered of a beautiful boy, a perfect image of the mother. Both the father and the mother were struck with the beauty of their child, and would fain spare its life; but recollecting the vows they had made on behalf of their best friend now lying in a corner of the room a lifeless stone, and the inestimable services he had rendered to both of them, they cut the child into two, and besmeared the marble figure of the minister’s son with its blood. The marble became animated in a moment. The minister’s son stood before the prince and princess, who became exceedingly glad to see their old friend again in life. But the minister’s son, who saw the lovely new-born babe lying in a pool of blood, was overwhelmed with grief. He took up the dead infant, carefully wrapped it up in a towel, and resolved to get it restored to life.

The minister’s son, intent on the re-animation of his friend’s child, consulted all the physicians of the country; but they said that they would undertake to cure any person of any disease so long as life was in him; but when life was extinct, the case was

beyond their jurisdiction. The minister's son at last bethought himself of his own wife who was living in a distant town, and who was a devoted worshipper of the goddess Kali, who, through his wife's intercession, might be prevailed upon to give life to the dead child. He, accordingly, set out on a journey to the town in which his wife was living in her father's house. Adjoining that house there was a garden where upon a tree he hung the dead child wrapped up in a towel. His wife was overjoyed to see her husband after so long a time; but to her surprise she found that he was very melancholy, that he spoke very little, and that he was brooding over something in his mind. She asked the reason of his melancholy, but he kept quiet. One night while they were lying together in bed, the wife got up and opening the door went out. The husband, who had little sleep any night in consequence of the weight of anxiety regarding the re-animation of his friend's child, perceiving his wife to go out at that dead hour of night, determined to follow her without being noticed. She went to a temple of the goddess Kali which was at no great distance from her house. She worshipped the goddess with flowers and sandal-wood perfume, and said, "Oh, mother Kali! have mercy upon me, and deliver me out of all my troubles." The goddess replied, "Why, what further grievance have you? You long prayed for the return of your husband, and he has returned; what aileth thee now?" The woman answered, "True, Oh Mother, my husband has come to me, but he is very moody and melancholy, hardly speaks to me, takes no delight in me, only sits moping in a corner." To which the goddess rejoined, "Ask your husband what the reason of his melancholy is, and let me know it." The minister's son over-heard the conversation between the goddess and his wife, but he did not make his appearance; he quietly slunk away before his wife and went to bed. The following day the wife asked her husband of the cause of his melancholy; and he related all the particulars regarding the killing of the infant child of the prince. Next night at the same dead hour the wife proceeded to Kali's temple and mentioned to the goddess the reason of her husband's melancholy; on which

